

JULY 1932

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The American Magazine

25¢

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Story By

DASHIELL
HAMMETT

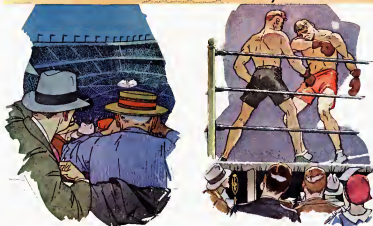
Shenidan

How to Make a Job for Yourself

Page
44

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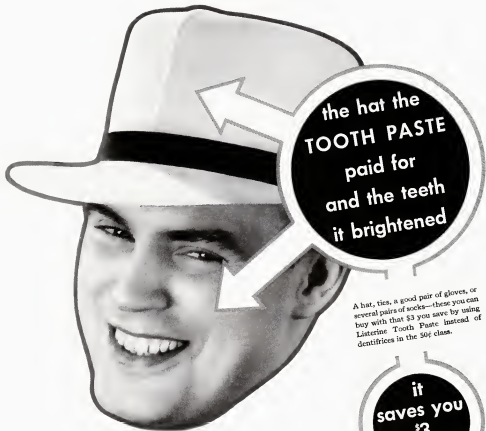
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THE QUALITY TOOTH PASTE AT A COMMON SENSE PRICE

Summer Blossom

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July * The American * 1932

Magazine

NEXT MONTH

WHAT'S the smallest animal? What's the fiercest? Do fish climb trees? And (here's a real stickler) what's a skink?

Offhand you'd probably be hard put to answer these questions. But Dr. Raymond Ditmars knows the answers. For thirty-three years he's been curator of mammals and reptiles in the New York Zoological Garden.

To most of us a shrew is just a nagging spouse (Shakespeare comes to mind). But to Doctor Ditmars it's something else again. In his article

WIZARD OF THE ZOO

in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE next month, Beverly Smith paints a graceful and informative portrait of this man who, as Mr. Smith says, "has lived among animals—has studied their antics through a telescope and their remains through a microscope."

Don't miss this engrossing story. It's packed full of information about an interesting and colorful man in a field that's never dull, never quite the same. It's the story of Doctor Ditmars, and it includes a wealth of material about the animals he knows so well.

Vol. cxiv *Something for Every Member of the Family* No. 1

ARTICLES

- If We Split Up All the Money in the Country— . . . William Bacon Bailey, Ph.D. 20
Illustrated by F. G. Cooper
- "There Are No Bad Times for Good Ideas" . . . Beverly Smith 23
Gordon Selfridge looks ahead
- It's Safer in the Wilds. . . . Roy Chapman Andrews 28
Painting by Harvey Dunn
- They Call Him "Crazy" . . . Charles B. Farmer 31
A glimpse of Hardcastle Penneck
- You Can't Put Out the Sun . . . Archibald Rutledge 37
Illustrated by Charles S. Chapman
- He Loaded His Luck into Freight Cars . . . Neil M. Clark 42
A personality sketch of Max Epstein
- What Can You Do to Make Money? . . . Edgar C. Wheeler 44
- Chauffeur for 200,000 People . . . John Friel 47
- He Changed the Map of a State . . . James C. Derieux 52
The story of T. C. Williams
Illustrated by B. J. Rosenmeyer
- I'm Glad I'm Absent-minded . . . Alexander Woolcott 59
Caricature by William Auerbach-Ley

FICTION

- The Admiral's Girl Friend . . . Frederick Hazlitt Brennan 15
Illustrated by Edward L. Chase
- Silk Train . . . Courtney Ryley Cooper 24
Illustrated by C. Peter Helt
- A Man Called Spade . . . Dashiell Hammett 32
Illustrated by Joseph Clement
- The Knight's Errand . . . Octavus Roy Cohen 38
Illustrated by George Howe
- Honeywell Harper Goes a-Selling! . . . Everett Rhodes Castle 48
Illustrated by Weldon Trench
- The Tall Ladder. A Novel. Part IV . . . Katharine Newlin Burt 54
Illustrated by Saul Tupper
- Forlorn Island. A Novel. Part V . . . Edison Marshall 60
Illustrated by Harold von Schmidt

SHORT FEATURES

- Interesting People
- Jacob Achenbach . . . Article by Mrs. Walter Ferguson 64
- Lola Van Buren . . . Article by Barbara E. Scott Fisher 65
- William M. Henry . . . Article by Mel Wharton 66
- Clyde Beatty . . . Article by Paul Brown 69
- You Don't Have to Climb a Mountain— . . . William Feather 30
- Index to Advertisers . . . 4
- Are We Getting a New Idea about "Values"? . . . Bruce Barton 128

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Index of Products Advertised

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	Page		Page		Page
A.I. Sauce	114	Ethyl Gasoline	2d Cover	Mark Twain	115
Absorbine, Jr.	85			Menhenitt Company Ltd., The	115
American School	117	Federal School of Com- mercial Designing.	116	Metropolitan Life Insur- ance Company	73
American Telephone & Telegraph Company	3	Fitch's Shampoo	120	Murine	119
Antrol	118	French's Bird Seed	105		
Arrow Shirts	103			Newspaper Institute	104
Associated Gas and Elec- tric System	115	Granger Tobacco	107	Nonspi	102
		Heinz Tomato Ketchup	98		
Blue-jay Corn Plasters	116	Home Correspondence School	114	Palmolive Shaving Cream	77
Camel Cigarettes	13	Ingram's Shaving Cream	95	Panama Mail Steamship Company	106
Campbell's Tomato Soup.	67	International Correspond- ence Schools	117, 123	Patterson School	94
Canadian National Exhi- bition	100	Irving-Vance Company Ltd., The	120	Pepsodent Tooth Paste	83
Central States Mfg. Co.	113	Ivory Snow	87	Philco Radios	79
Chase & Sanborn's Coffee.	75	Ivory Soap	14	Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes	90
Chesterfield Cigarettes 3d Cover				Prudential Insurance Co., The	89
Chevrolet Automobiles	68	John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company	114	Pulvex	113
Chicago School of Nursing	108	Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes	101	Scholl's Foot Balm, Dr.	110
Clicquot Club Ginger Ale	99			Scholl's Foot Powder, Dr.	119
Cocomalt	97	La Salle Extension Uni- versity	112, 119	Scholl's Zino-pads, Dr.	108
Colgate's Shaving Cream.	77	Laxseed Company	113	Simoniz Company	111
Colonial Greetings	108	Lewis Hotel Training Schools	94, 112, 117	Standard Brands, Inc.	75
		Lifebuoy Health Soap	81	Standard Business Train- ing Institute	115
Dentyne Chewing Gum	113	Listerine	71	Stay-A-Float Life Pre- servers	118
Directory of Schools.		Listerine Shaving Cream	86	Stephenson Laboratory	116
6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12		Listerine Tooth Paste	1		
Du Pont No. 7 Polish	121	Lux Toilet Soap	91	Waterman's Pens, Pencils, Inks	5
Dutch Boy White Lead	93	Lyon's Tooth Powder, Dr.	109	Westinghouse Dual-auto- matic Refrigerators	127
				Wildroot Hair Tonic	110
Eastman Verichrome Films	4th Cover			Wizard Corn Pads	120
Edgeworth Tobacco	96				
Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books, Dr.	125				

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Soap

July 1932

The **American**
Magazine



"So you're worried about Walter," Margie exploded. . . . "Maybe he couldn't study because he's discovered the game you've been playing on him!"

There's no fool like an old fool, except possibly a young one!

The Admiral's Girl Friend

By **FREDERICK
HAZLITT
BRENNAN**

MARGIE PATTON hated Annapolis. Oh, yes, she did. She d-double h-hated it. She looked out her bedroom window toward the white buildings in the Yard, and glowered. Why had she ever been such a ninny as to think that awful Naval Academy a romantic place? Why had she ever listened to those midshipmen?

Of course, the Academy did have a certain superficial charm. The trees

were so old and friendly; the Armory winked its lights in the nighttime and asked, "Do you like music? Do you want to dance? Do you like brass buttons?" There were glamorous, exciting shadows by the bleachers of Farragut Field behind the Armory. Lover's Lane was a pleasant path to walk in starshine, and the Sea Wall led you to a mile of silver water which had a voice of its own—a voice that whispered, "Ah, little girl, you love sailors, don't you?"

Margie shook her head vigorously. Love sailors? She detested them. The Academy itself couldn't help its deceptive appearance. It was just built that way. But there was no excuse for those darn' midshipmen. Especially Midshipman Walter Gorman. Midshipmen

were fickle, conceited, ignorant, fatuous; and the truth was not in them. Especially Walt Gorman.

WELL, she was through. Oh, yes, she was. After tonight she would never have another date with a midshipman; she would never go to another football game or hop. As far as she was concerned, the Regiment was finis, washed up, swabo. After tonight she was going to be more rhino than the hardest-boiled Red Mike in the Academy. Very probably she wouldn't have any more dates with any men, ever. Certainly not with midshipmen.

The hop this evening would be her last. She was only going because Pudge Hooper had got her a dance with Admiral Dixcell. Pudge said she'd have to



show up, and, besides, you didn't get a chance to dance with an admiral very often. Furthermore, her presence would demonstrate to a certain midsuipen just how little she cared what he did. He could make a fool of himself over that Ludington woman if he liked. He could stand around like a silly goof and make cat's eyes at her all he wanted. Margie didn't care. Margie didn't care what Walt Gorman did—

"Margie!" Her mother's voice outside the door. "Pudge is waiting."

"Be right down," she said.

She delayed long enough for a re-assuring appraisal in her mirror. H'm. Well—of course, she wasn't as stately and statuesque as La Ludington. She didn't have platinum blond hair and clothes from Paris and a reputation from Reno. She wasn't a dishing Navy "widow." In other words, she wasn't a

long, lean, lanky man-hunting creature like that Ludington woman. So, naturally, Walt Gorman, being the sort he had lately proved himself to be, would prefer Mrs. Ludington. Well, let him! Do you think she c-cared?

Margie hurried downstairs.

Pudge was amiably frank.

"Putting on the war point for the admiral, eh?" He turned her around by placing a fat hand on top of her head and twisting. "Not bad, woman; not bad. I'll give you a three-nine." Then, "But it's a waste of talent, I fear. Guess who the old boy's dragging?"

SHE guessed intuitively, but said nothing, and hid her thoughts behind a blank look and a shrug.

"None other than the Ludington," said Pudge gleefully. "And they tell me she broke a date with Walt Gorman.

Margie followed Mrs. Ludington and the admiral with her eyes, and said "Yes... no... yes" to Shorty Langham

Come on, now—give us a nice smile!"

"Why a smile?"

Pudge grinned.

"Don't go Mona Lisa on me," he said. "I know you."

She was haughty.

"If you think I care what happens to Walt Gorman, you're sadly mistaken. Mrs. Ludington is entirely welcome."

"You're a little liar. You're tickled to death. We all are. Walt's been making a sap of himself over that blonde, and the sooner he snaps out of it, the better."

"Mrs. Ludington is your sister's best friend," said Margie with dignity, "and a very charming person. Would it be possible for you to change the subject?"

"You're not Ruth Chatterton, either,"



Pudge observed. "But I'll spare your suffering pride. Let's get going."

They walked around the Circle and down Maryland Avenue to the Yard. She responded dutifully to Pudge's chatter, but her mind took in nothing of the talk or the warm spring evening or the streets of Crabtown. H'm. So Mrs. Ludington was after the admiral! Well, well! That was like her. The admiral was fifty-six and a bachelor. Fair game for dear Mrs. Ludington. The admiral had come to Crabtown to spend a leave with Mrs. Travis, a niece, and was walking right into Mrs. Ludington's trap.

So she had broken a date with Walt in order to go with the admiral. How like her. And would Walt stand for that? Of course he would! He'd submit to any insult from Mrs. Ludington. He had no pride . . . no perception . . . no sense. . . .

The moment Margie reached the Armory her mood of polite inattention changed. She entered on a peal of laughter at Pudge's story about the three sailors. She had heard it several times before, and it wasn't very funny, but she laughed. She hung on Pudge's arm and inspected her dance card, saying, "Oo-oh! Four with you? Pig!" and "Two with Savvy and one with Skipper. Angell!" She had gay greetings for Skipper and Savvy and Shorty and Jumbo and Arkansas. They gathered around her willingly, for Margie, albeit a Crabtown girl and rating little more than a Yard Engine by right and tradition, had always had her following.

STANDING in the center of this group, and flatteringly pestered by Youngsters and Second Classmen from the stag line, Margie really was not

there at all. The first two minutes had disclosed to her these facts:

That Walt Gorman had come to the hop as a stag and was loitering deep in the shadow of the balcony with his eyes fixed on the figure of a certain platinum blonde.

That Mrs. Ludington was beautifully dressed in black velvet, wore a strand of pearls that looked real, and was being very, very nice to a group of officers standing by the big cannon to the left of the doorway.

That Admiral Dixcell was a member of this group; that he was a strikingly handsome man with iron-gray hair; and that Mrs. Ludington was making a decided play for him.

Suddenly Margie was aware that Mrs. Ludington had seen her. She avoided the serene, pale-blue glances of Mrs. Ludington's experienced eyes. What

would the lady do? Ignore her? Merely nod? Or—

Mrs. Ludington detached herself from her group and swept across the floor.

"Ah, how are you, Margery?"

"Oh, good evening, Mrs. Ludington. What an adorable gown! Oh, how I wish I could wear black velvet!"

They smiled at each other as ladies do.

"Thank you, dear," said Mrs. Ludington, "but you shouldn't encourage my unholy passion for velvet in these parlor times. Tell me, how is your mother?"

"Quite well, thank you."

"I met her the other day at Mrs. Bradbourne's. Such a dear! You must warn her that I intend to drop around and beg some tea most any day now."

"She'll be delighted."

Mrs. Ludington beamed. Margie beamed. Mrs. Ludington would have carried on the conversation but two officers claimed her attention. With a nod to Margery she moved away. But as she went she remarked to a captain, quite audibly, "What a lovely child!"

Margie shot her a covert look of hate. Then her eyes strayed to Walt, who was still lurking in the shadows and trying to appear very nonchalant. How in the world, she tried to tell herself, had she ever imagined herself in love with that Walt Gorman? He was too big and too wide and too awkward. He never had his hair parted just right, and his nose was too thick at the tip, and—but Pudge wanted to dance.

MARGIE laughed and danced and talked—and watched Mrs. Ludington. She noted that Mrs. Ludington danced twice with the admiral, then with Captain Monagan, then with a First Classman Margie didn't know, then with Lieutenant Commander Pierce. She observed also that Walt was not dancing. She was careful not to let Walt know she was watching him.

Presently it was the admiral's turn again. She followed Mrs. Ludington and the admiral with her eyes and said "Yes . . . no . . . yes" to Shorty Langham's small talk as she danced.

When the music stopped this time, Walt appeared from the side line and joined the group around La Ludington and the admiral. Margie knew what that meant. Walt had a dance with Mrs. Ludington.

Margie turned quickly to Pudge and said, "Let's not dance the next one. I want to smoke."

Pudge snorted.

"You've got the next with the admiral. Come on; I gotta present you." Then, gripping her arm, "Take a brace, woman. After all, Walt will only be an ensign in June!"

She met the admiral.

The admiral said, "Well, young lady, if I fall, do you think you can catch me?"

Margie smiled and said, "I'll do my best, sir."

She liked the admiral very much. He had a nice twinkle in his dark eyes, and a sort of old-fashioned dignity about him which Margie thought charming. She would like to have the admiral for an uncle, she decided.

THE music started. It was a hot, fast tune—but the admiral surprised her by stepping off in perfect time.

Their conversation ran as follows:

"This tune is going to keep an old fellow like me jumping."

"You're doing splendidly, sir."

"Mrs. Ludington is lovely, isn't she?"

"Perfectly charming. Everyone is mad about her."

"I don't wonder at that at all. Do you know her?"

"Not very well. She hasn't lived here long, but I admire her tremendously."

"Lots of beaux, hasn't she?"

"Oodles of them."

A sigh; then, "Just my confounded luck!"

"Oh, I don't think she takes any of them very seriously."

"Don't you?"

Margie observed in a quick, upward glance that the admiral's bronzed face had flushed. He changed the subject abruptly and asked her questions about herself, her school, her friends and family, but, as she replied to them, she was sizing up the admiral with quick, indignant sympathy. He was a gentleman of the old school. He had not had a great deal of experience with women. It had been ships and men with the admiral. He would never see through Joan Ludington.

She peeped around Admiral Dixell's arm, to catch sight of Mrs. Ludington and Walt. She saw them twice as they passed, and noticed that they were absorbed in what appeared to be a quarrel. Walt looked sulky, but Mrs. Ludington was amused.

The cat! How dared she laugh at Walt? He was ten million times too good for her, and Walt—why didn't he see what a fool he was making of himself? Walt was twenty-one years old and Mrs. Ludington was twenty-eight. She claimed she was only twenty-five. Huh! She was twenty-eight. Pudge's sister had gone to school with her, and Pudge's sister actually admitted being twenty-seven.

"I beg your pardon! What was that, sir? Oh—Mrs. Ludington. Yes, indeed, a splendid dancer . . . wonderful poise . . . oh, yes. . ."

The music stopped and the admiral beamed upon Margie.

"Thank you for a most enjoyable dance," he said, and bowed.

"Thank you, sir," said Margie.

Admiral Dixell turned her over to the respectfully waiting Pudge and strode

off to claim the next dance with Mrs. Ludington.

Margie looked after him sadly. She and Pudge wandered to the side line, and Pudge went off to get ice water.

Walt Gorman walked over. He avoided looking at her until quite close. She observed, with a flash of understanding, that he was still angry with Mrs. Ludington and wanted to do something to show his independence.

"Hullo, Margie," he said, with awkward abruptness.

"Hullo," she said coolly.

To him she must have seemed a very haughty little girl. Her chin, held determinedly high, had lost its dimple, and her round brown eyes did their best to look cold and impersonal. But underneath she was far from haughty. She was frantically fighting back the small, insistent convictions that spoke to her: "You love him. You don't want her to have him. You want to get him back; you know you do."

Walt swallowed hard and said in an awkward, strained voice, "I suppose all your dances are taken?"

She nodded.

"So sorry, but they are."

He glanced at her for an instant—an appeal compounded of misery and sheepishness and impulsive regret that almost won. But she stiffened in time and turned away to greet the returning Pudge.

"They would be, wouldn't they?" said Walt, and his words traveled back to her with a clear bitterness that hurt.

Pudge stared after Walt.

"Did the great lover actually condescend to speak to you?" he inquired.

"Oh, pipe down, Pudge," she said crossly. "If you're going to dance this one, come on."

SHE had one last glimpse of Walt's tall, broad-shouldered figure lunging out a side door. That was like Walt. He was going back to Bancroft to sulk. Margie resisted an impulse to run after him. She wanted to run after Walt and stop him out there in the moonlight, and throw her arms around him and say, "Oh, Walt, dear. You poor kid. You poor kid." That was Walt's trouble. He was just a big kid. He always had been. He played football that way, galloping around without a helmet, his face smudged and wearing a grin of delight. He drew boyish cartoons for *The Log* and got put on the pap sheet for school-kid clowning. He collected guns and swords, worshiped naval heroes, was inordinately proud of the buzzard they gave him to wear on his sleeve. Poor Walt—he was just the sort to fall for a Mrs. Ludington. . . .

"Hey!" said Pudge in her ear. "We're supposed to be dancing!"

But that wasn't what saved her—it was the sight of Mrs. Ludington and Admiral Dixell strolling toward the bleachers of Farragut Field.

Margie danced out the evening, sustained by a cold, calm hatred.

Walking home with Pudge, however, she remembered that this was her last hop, and immediately sentiment assailed her.

The last hop? The last date? No more middies? Finis? Margie walked under the rustling trees toward No. 4 Gate. Behind her was the familiar bulk of the Armory, and the strains of *Home, Sweet Home* still seemed to linger there. To her right was the parade ground, where she had watched so many friendly young faces under the jaunty white caps. Ahead, the Chapel stood against the night sky like some monstrous paladin in a golden helmet. Margie had had many a church date there. And far beyond lay the boathouses and the Severn . . . "Don't put on any sail, Walt. Let's just drift!"

Margie had been a Crabtown girl for nearly four years. Her father taught English at St. John's College. She had, you might say, entered Annapolis with the class of '32. Being a Crabtown girl meant that you soon lost the O-o-o-ho-ho w-thrilling-it-all-is breathlessness. You saw midshipmen every day, and you got so you didn't let them kid you—at least, not very much. You learned to take the Navy with a grain of salt. You sometimes spoke of "Uncle Sam's pampered pets" and even of "gentlemen by act of Congress."

You knew all the Academy slang and most of its rates. You boasted, when you were seventeen or eighteen, "Weigh anchor, sailor; I'm a first-class drag and you're on the tree as far as I'm concerned." When a midshipman said he was snaky and was going to drag blind to a ten and slum, so help him Tecumseh! you knew exactly what he meant.

STILL—and Margie sighed—it got you. In spite of all the kidding and nonchalance, it got you. When the massed battalions of boys in blue sang, "Stand, Navy, down the field, sail set to the sky!" you had a sudden warmth in your heart and a catch in your throat. When the long ranks swept by on dress parade, you stood a little straighter on your high heels and smiled. June Week came and you said good-by to boys who had danced with you, and maybe kissed you, and told them to keep salty. They went out to grim, iron ships like those which lay in the bay; and whenever anyone spoke of The Fleet, you thought of them.

Yes, it got you. Underneath the kidding and the flirtations and all the grousing about heartless, fickle sailors, there was something more.

Well, she was through with all that. No more Navy for little Margie Patton. There was such a thing as falling too hard. You got to thinking

you belonged to the Navy. You got so you didn't like any other men as well as those who wore the blue. When you reached the state where, in speculations about the husband you might have some day, he was always a naval officer, it was time to call a halt. When you got so these imaginings focused entirely on one particular Navy man . . . and he an exasperating irresponsible like that Walt Gorman . . . it was time to quit. . . .

PUDGE said, at the Patton front stoop, "Well, woman, you've behaved pretty well tonight, considering the heart bowed down and all that. I'll reward you by inviting you to the next hop."

She squared her shoulders.

"Thanks, Pudge. It's sweet of you to ask me, but I'm not going to any more hops. I'm quitting the Navy."

Pudge blinked.



There were glamorous, exciting shadows by the bleachers of Farragut Field behind the Armory

ILLUSTRATED BY
EDWARD L. CHASE

"Quitting? You're crazy! It can't be done!"

"Oh, yes, it can. Father is going to teach at Illinois next year, and we'll probably move West in June." Then, to get the lighter touch, "I'm going to marry a farmer."

This brought a scornful "Ha-ha, me gal," from Pudge.

"Nope, you can't do it!" he said. "Why, you're one of the gang!" He grinned and patted her on the head. "See here—you go and get a good night's sleep. You'll feel seagoing in the morning. Besides, Mrs. Ludington is going to marry the admiral."

"I don't care whom that woman marries!"

"All right, all right. It was only a suggestion."

But Margie didn't get a good night's sleep.

She discovered in the next few days that it was going to be very difficult to quit the Navy as long as she lived in Annapolis.

People insisted upon telling her things. Myrt Rohring said, "Mrs. Travis is so worried about the admiral. He has fallen hard for Joan Ludington. He is a fine old boy and it's so distressing to see him being taken in like that. I was at a faculty tea fight on Porter Row yesterday—Mrs. Gehner's—and the admiral had dragged Mrs. Ludington. He didn't have a word for anyone else all afternoon." Savvy Miller reported, "Haven't you any influence over Walt any more? He took Mrs. Ludington to dinner at Carvel, right under the admiral's nose. If Walt doesn't watch out, he will be asked to resign."

IT WENT on like that. So-and-so had seen Mrs. Ludington and the admiral at the boat race. So-and-so had seen her with Walt Gorman at the track meet. Margie herself saw Mrs. Ludington and Walt coming out of Moore's one afternoon. She turned hastily up Prince

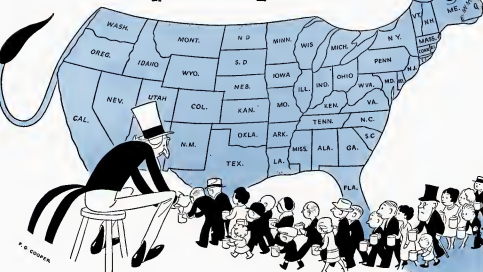
George Street. Gabbie about the odd triangle became open Crabtown gossip. In desperation, Margie made a date with Peter Brent, a St. Johnnie, to go to Baltimore for dinner and the theater.

But Brent, who had bilged out of the Academy in his Youngster year and still considered himself a Navy man, was as full of the talk as anyone else. She finally had to say, "Oh, I suppose she'll issue a bulletin when she decides upon a husband."

Then, one evening, her mother came to her room wearing an I-want-a-heart-to-heart-talk-with-my-daughter expression. She began:

(Continued on page 72)

If We Split Up All



What would be your share?

By
WILLIAM BACON
BAILEY, Ph. D.

IN THESE unsettled days, when the entire country is suffering the painful after-effects of an economic spree, we frequently hear dissatisfaction expressed with the present distribution of wealth. It is said by some that the buying power of the nation is crippled by the concentration of riches in a few hands. Suggestions are made for the partial or total division of all the wealth among all the people. Such suggestions are not new. They have been made during every serious depression which has afflicted us in the past.

We have suggestions for printing off two billions of dollars in bank notes and distributing them among the veterans; for inflating the currency and apportioning some of it to every citizen; for confiscating the bulk of the largest fortunes and using the proceeds to pay all government taxes. The plans range from the serious to the absurd.

Traveling up from New York to Hartford the other day, I went into the smoking-room of the car. The usual conversation was in progress, on the

usual subject—hard times. An acquaintance of mine, an earnest young man whom I will call Harold K. Divvy, was holding the floor.

"This is a rich country—the richest in the world," he said. "The real trouble is that the wealth isn't divided up properly. It's all in a few hands. You see one man with an income of a couple of millions a year, and hundreds of thousands of others with hardly enough to keep body and soul together. Is there any equity, any decency, any justice in that? If we divided it all up evenly there would be enough for us all to enjoy life, with something to spare. I know I could use a few thousand, and I guess the rest of you gentlemen could, too."

WELL, why not divide everything up? It is a fair question and deserves a fair answer. It is a subject which, because of our economic troubles, is perhaps more in the minds of the people today than ever before. I hear it discussed everywhere, but very seldom by anyone who has considered carefully what the results would be, to the individual and to the nation.

The question involves such complex economic factors that it naturally encourages a great deal of loose thinking and loose talking. One of the commonest errors was that made by my young friend, Mr. Harold K. Divvy. I said to him:

"We could all, as you say, use a few thousand dollars. But first tell me this—do you own your own home?"

"Yes, my wife and I have a modest little place of our own, not worth very much, of course—about \$7,000."

"And you make a reasonable salary?"

"I used to, before I was cut from \$4,000 down to \$2,500. That's not a reasonable income for a married man who wants to live in a decent neighborhood and keep up appearances."

"I must admit, Mr. Divvy," I said, "that you are an extremely generous man. You are proposing to make a noble sacrifice."

Mr. Divvy seemed surprised.

"You're being sarcastic," he said.

"There's nothing generous in my suggesting that we slice up the big fortunes and divide everything evenly among all of us. It's plain justice."

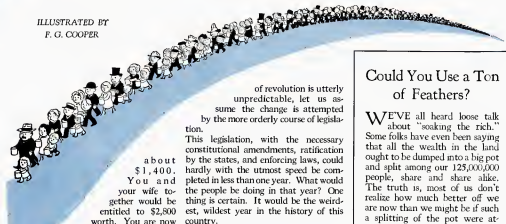
"The total income of this country," I told him, "is now about 60 or 65 billion dollars a year. Divide it evenly among 125,000,000 persons and your share would be \$500. Your wife's share would be \$300. Your total income would be cut from \$2,500 to \$1,000—assuming

of course—that income-producing machinery remained in operation after the division, which it would not.

Furthermore, the total value of land and buildings in the country is about 176 billion dollars. Divided evenly, that would entitle each person to real estate worth

the Money in the Country—

ILLUSTRATED BY
F. G. COOPER



of revolution is utterly unpredictable, let us assume the change is attempted by the more orderly course of legislation.

This legislation, with the necessary constitutional amendments, ratification by the states, and enforcing laws, could hardly be the utmost speed be completed in less than one year. What would the people be doing in that year? One thing is certain. It would be the weirdest, wildest year in the history of this country.

For the working of equal division, remember, every person would have to put into the common pool everything he owned. Then he would be entitled to draw out one 125,000,000th of the total. Whether his contribution to the pool was one dollar, or one thousand dollars, or one billion dollars, his share after the division would be precisely the same. Consequently, the natural instinct of everyone would be to spend all that he could before the day of the Great Divide. Those with money in the bank would draw it out and set about spending it. Those with insurance would cash it in and spend it. Those with expensive houses would try to sell them and spend the money.

But what to spend it on? There would be no use spending it on motorcars, or jewelry, or country estates, or any other nonperishable product, because all these, too, would go into the pool of the Great Divide. Theaters, night clubs, speakeasies, expensive restaurants, travel, trips around the world, every costly enjoyment would be patronized as never before.

Some sensible citizens, of course, would live along as usual, but most of us would behave like that favorite character of fiction who told by the doctors that he has just one year to live. Toward the end of the year, doubtless, currency would virtually disappear from circulation. "Money bootleggers" would bury it, hide it in the floors and walls, secrete it in a million holes and crannies.

Meanwhile, most of the really rich people would have quietly transferred their holdings to foreign securities and moved to other countries. The transfer would have to be made at an enormous loss, but they could probably salvage enough to live on fairly comfortably in

Could You Use a Ton of Feathers?

WE'VE all heard loose talk about "soaking the rich." Some folks have even been saying that all the wealth in the land ought to be dumped into a big pot and split among our 125,000,000 people, share and share alike. The truth is, most of us don't realize how much better off we are now than we might be if such a splitting of the pot were attempted.

Suppose you make a list of your possessions—your furniture, clothes, jewelry, groceries, books, children's toys—everything that goes to make the home. Add to these your real estate, stocks and bonds, automobile, tools, typewriter, garden hose—all other property. Ten to one, you'll be astounded at the total value.

Then compare this value with the amount Doctor Bailey, distinguished economist, says you would have if you got your 125,000,000th share of the divided wealth and income of America. Provided business could continue at all—and the chances are slim that it could—your income would be just about \$500 a year. You would get \$3,000 in wealth. Of this, \$39 would be in cash. The rest might include anything from real estate to the left hand wheel of a farm tractor, a slice of a locomotive, a ton of feathers, or a baby's bathtub.

Folks who have been talking so loosely about dividing wealth, should have been with me the other day when I visited a kennel during mealtime. A young Airedale was so busy running around and worrying for fear the other dogs were getting a fatter meal than he, that he neglected his own plate. By the time he was ready to settle down to enjoy it his neighbors had snatched away most of his bones.

These folks who are spending their time on envy and self-pity would better look after their own platter of bones. —THE EDITOR

England, France, or Germany. Among these *émigrés* would be some of the finest managerial and directing ability of America, some of our greatest engineers, architects, and inventors.

Here at home the desire to get rid of all solid property and spend the proceeds on pleasure would soon paralyze most of our substantial industries. The managers of industry would be abroad. The currency would be disorganized or hidden. Credit would be nonexistent. Taxes would be noncollectible. In other words, by the time the day of division came, we would have a thoroughly demoralized country to divide.

Already, as you can see, we are in complications up to our necks. If we want to go any further with our suppositions, we shall have to make some very doubtful and highly benevolent assumptions. Let us assume that everyone in America, rich and poor, is so meek and generous and just and nonacquisitive that he assents entirely to the equal-division plan and cooperates in carrying it out. The plan goes miraculously into effect tomorrow. What does each of us get? (I am assuming that it is only the United States which we are to divide up. Since this is by far the richest country in the world, the individual shares would be far less if we included other countries in the division.)

THE most reliable estimates of the total national wealth of the United States vary between the figures of 350 billions and 400 billions of dollars. Estimates of the total national income place it at between 60 and 65 billions. Let us average the figures and place the national wealth at 375 billions and the national income at 62½ billions. Assuming a population of 125,000,000 persons, every man, woman, and child in America would theoretically receive, on equal division, wealth of \$3,000 and an annual income of \$500. I say *theoretically* because a great many assumptions have to be made. The largest assumption is that everyone, after the division, would co-

operate to his full ability, because otherwise the country would fall into civil war and chaos, our entire system of supply and exchange would disintegrate, and a considerable part of our urban population would starve to death.

Let us make this assumption of full cooperation. Everyone, then, is to have wealth of \$3,000 and an annual income of \$500. That sounds pretty good. For a family of five it would mean wealth of \$15,000 and total income of \$2,500. But certain difficulties immediately appear.

LET us look a little more closely at this \$3,000 of wealth which each individual would receive. Would it be in cash? Assuredly not. The total money in circulation in America today is about \$4,800,000,000. Your share of that would be about \$39.

Far larger would be your share of the total land and buildings of the United States. Of these you would own about \$1,400 worth. But which particular \$1,400 worth would you own? This value might represent a spacious frame house in a desolate mountain region, or an area ten feet square near the radiator in an expensive New York apartment. You could exercise no great free will in the matter, because that would lead to endless fights, and so this little decision as to where you lived would have to be made for you by government agents. (And what spots, by the way, would the government agents pick out for themselves? You have guessed it!)

You have, then: \$39 in cash; a place to live which, though it may not be to your liking, is worth theoretically \$1,400; and about \$1,560 worth of other wealth. Of this sum about \$100 would represent a fifth interest in an automobile, about \$160 your personal belongings, and the remaining \$1,300 one share of

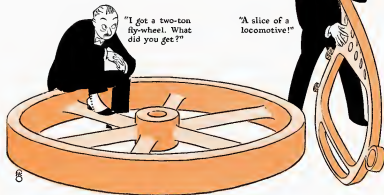
stock in United States, Incorporated.

This last item, your share of U. S., Inc., is made up of the wealth which cannot in any way be physically divided without destroying its value completely. We can, in a fashion, divide up land; we can divide up the relatively tiny amount of cash; but if we tried to divide up the rest, one man would find himself the proud possessor of a two-ton flywheel, another of a thin slice of locomotive, another of a large vat of sulphuric acid. Another with \$1,300 worth of a toothpaste company's "good will." And so, to apportion this at all, we must form one vast investment trust or holding company which owns the entire business of the country, operates it as a private company would do, and has as its equal shareholders the 125,000,000 citizens of the country.

BUT if this share of U. S., Inc., is to retain its value, the industries under its control must be operated *just as efficiently* as they were operated under private management. And that, under a system of equal division and equal income, with no rewards for hard work and skill and intelligence, and no penalties for laziness, carelessness, and incompetence, would, in my opinion, be impossible. Under such conditions, U. S., Inc., would be a very risky investment indeed.

One of the greatest difficulties after the division of wealth would be to find capital for the development of new industries. One of our future industries, for example, will doubtless be the large-scale manufacture of apparatus for "air-conditioning" homes, thus insuring a supply of fresh air at uniform temperature and humidity the year round. After equal division, who would put up the capital, necessary research, experiment, construction, and initial manufacture for such a new industry? The only practicable method of obtaining the capital would be for the directors of U. S., Inc., after deciding that the creation of such an industry would be beneficial to the health and happiness of the people, to withhold a portion of the dividends due to every citizen.

But would the citizens permit a portion of their dividends to be withheld for the creation of some, to
(Cont'd on page 101)



"There Are No Bad Times for GOOD IDEAS"

We can learn a lot from this American who last year added 400,000 new customers to his British stores

By BEVERLY SMITH

FOUR years ago, when my wife and I went to live for a while in London, we became very homesick for two things: corn on the cob and sweet potatoes. Waiters in restaurants and cockneys in the markets met our requests for these alien vegetables with raised eyebrows and discreet clucks of disapproval. At last I told our troubles to a veteran American newspaper correspondent.

"You overlooked the biggest store in town," he said; "Gordon Selfridge's department store in Oxford Street. He's an American. He knows his corn and sweet potatoes." As I made a bee line for the door, my friend called after me, "You can buy some rare old stamps or an airplane there, too, if you want to. Selfridge keeps everything."

We bought the corn and sweet potatoes, and cooked them, and enjoyed them so mightily that I conceived a great admiration for this Mr. Selfridge. I determined to find out more about him. This was easy enough. I discovered that everybody in London, and apparently everybody in the British Isles, has a fairly detailed knowledge of this American and his stores.

I learned that he started work as a boy of ten in the Middle West; that he made a fortune in Chicago and retired at the age of thirty-nine; that he tired of idleness and sank his fortune in what all agreed was the foolhardy venture of trying to establish a department store on American lines in conservative London; that the store, after supplying the British public with a great deal of innocent amusement, perversely turned profitable and grew into the biggest of its kind, doing a business of about \$50,000,000 a year; and that he had revolutionized retail merchandising in Great Britain.

All this and much more I learned about the amazing career of H. Gordon Selfridge, but I never met him until he came to America a few weeks ago on one of his periodic visits. I boarded his ship at Quarantine in New York harbor and

found him in a secluded corner of the deck reading an American newspaper which had just been brought aboard. His short, sturdy figure was hunched up comfortably in a deck chair; his felt hat was jammed back carelessly over his white hair. After the conventional greetings our conversation turned to the business situation.

He reared up a little in his chair and his blue eyes looked up at me over his eyeglasses intently, and then he said:

"I swung a pick the other day to begin construction on the enlargement of my London store. The work will take eight years and cost from twenty to twenty-five million dollars. On completion we shall have the largest department store in the world.

That is what I think of the situation."

My mind staggered a bit under the impact of these large figures.

"A gesture of defiance to the depression?" I suggested.

"A gesture of indifference," said Mr. Selfridge. "Depressions come and go. I believe in the long pull. There are no bad times for good ideas."

The words were spoken casually, but, coming from Gordon Selfridge, they took on a peculiar impressiveness. He started work at ten and is talking about the long pull. He is nearing seventy . . . and carefully planning eight years ahead.

Most European visitors come to lecture or explain to us our multifold deficiencies. Selfridge came with no such purpose.

"I want to see my old friends, put my arms around 'em, and tell 'em how much I love 'em," he said.—I noted that his good mid-West accent, like his American citizenship, remains unimpaired after a quarter of a century in London.—"And, furthermore, I want to learn from my colleagues over here. Why, I've been away two whole years. American merchants must have learned a lot in the (Continued on page 84)



Gordon Selfridge finds that now's a good time to build for the future. Here he is starting work on a \$20,000,000 addition to his London store

INTERNATIONAL
NEWS PHOTO

Silk Train

A thrilling
railroad story in
which seconds spell
victory or defeat

By
COURTNEY
RYLEY COOPER



ON THE way to the crew dispatcher's office to register for his run, Jack Hailey saw Chief Bangor of the railway guards drop from the footboard of a laboring yard hog and hurry toward the office of the Master Mechanic.

"Big case on, Chief?" he bantered. They were old friends. Bangor laughed. "No; riding a silkier out with the Master Mechanic. Got to give 'em a lot of entries these days."

A look of longing came into Hailey's dark eyes. The thunderous entrance of a silk train into the Tatlico Yards of Toronto had always fascinated him, the swift change of engine and crew, the rushing departure for customs inspection at Boundary before American lines completed the movement into New York. A silk train embodies all the romance of railroading. Silk is costly; prices fluctuate; insurance is high; raw silk from Japan must reach the New York market, under normal conditions, in the shortest possible time. Therefore, the railroad which gets silk traffic does so because it concentrates mechanical and man power upon a race from coast to coast in which seconds are priceless. But Jack Hailey had never been called for such a run.

He was a comparatively young man for the right side of the cab, as they say of engineers in Canada. His luck in seniority place had been good in the wedding of many lines, large and small, into the Trans-Canadian System. And he had a fairly fast passenger run, Toronto to Boundary.

He registered in, read the various

bulletins, and signed them. Then, on the way to the locker-room, he halted. With a hoister at the throttle, a sleek-appearing "Northern" type engine, gleaming with fresh paint, was being eased off the roundhouse turntable to await its crew. Hailey's eyes narrowed. "The 6103?" he snapped, and whirled, as if to hurry to the office of the roundhouse foreman and bellow objections. But, with an impulse, he desisted and went on to the locker-room. Five minutes later, Pop Fogarty blustered in from his run, with scathing remarks about his dumb-head fireboy. Then he noticed Hailey.

"See what they handed you, kid?" he shouted. "The 6103. Did you yell?" "What good is a yell?"

"Well, you could remind 'em that the lousy old hog went down the bank into the Saligouche River on her last trip and took fifteen varnished hacks with her. Blasted if I'd take out an engine that done what she done."

Hailey reached for his overalls. "Yes, you would, Pop," he said quietly.

FOGARTY jammed two fingers into a can of grease killer and turned on to the water.

"Yeah, I guess I would," he answered, at length. "But it's different with me." Jack Hailey knew why it was different. The cause showed in Pop's eyes, the deep

lines of his face, the shakiness of his hands; an old, tired man fighting retirement. Set-downs to less lucrative runs were common these days, and good records must be kept so. Besides, on the Trans-Canadian, a man over sixty may be retired before the compulsory limit of sixty-five. Pop was sixty-two; he looked much older. He was pushing himself to the limit; he feared constantly the decision of a superintendent that his time as a good railroader was past. He could not afford to be set down. There were heavy responsibilities at home. The younger man tried to bolster him: "Sure, you'd hog her, Pop. And do a swell job of it."

THERE was a bond between this pair. Years before, as a boy, Jack Hailey had clung to a farmhouse fence each day, waiting to wave a hand as the Niagara Limited boomed past with Pop Fogarty at the throttle. It had led to hero worship, contorted ideas of what an engine-man's life must be, dreams in which the whole railroad centered about the eagle-eyed engine-man as the life and soul of the system.

At last he left the locker-room, and, freed from the necessity of repression before his idol, hurriedly reached the roundhouse track, where he hoisted himself into the cab of the 6103. He was troubled in mind. The fact that the 6103 had been thoroughly overhauled in the back shop—almost rebuilt, in fact—and that she had been exercised and tested, helped not at all. This was her first regular trip since the Saligouche wreck, with



its sixty dead and eighty-five injured, coaches telescoped and torn apart, and the 6103 herself under thirty feet of water, her engine man and fireboy dead in her cab.

It wasn't fear which obsessed him; it was responsibility. That he had a good run and a good record had been due as much to youthful stamina as to steadiness. But lately his steadiness had been deserting him. Sometimes he awoke in the night chilled by dreams of horrible accidents resulting from faulty equipment. A minute's delay on schedule made him irritable. In roundhouse language, he was "working steam for the whole railroad." Lately he had heard that some of the gang were calling him "Grandma," a scornful word among railroaders. It had only heightened his mental turmoil.

Minutes passed in supercritical survey. The fireboy slid through the gangway, mentioned 6103 profanely, and went about his work. At last, on the seat box, Hailey jerked his cap visor lower against the glow of a setting sun, and backed his engine into the terminal train yard, where it was coupled to his train.

THE conductor came to the head end with orders and a clearance. They compared watches, squabbling over five seconds.

"Have it your way," the conductor groused. "Read your orders."

Hailey read.

"Follow Silk Extra 6199 south out of here on a ten-minute clock, eh?" he remarked. "She'll have to burn up the

forced onward by its terrific momentum, the Boundary Express rode toward an inevitable collision

railroad if she lets us into Boundary on schedule."

"She'll cremate it; what's eating you?" Whereupon the conductor returned to the rear end. Darkness came. At least ten minutes behind schedule, Number 92, the Boundary Express, a window-brightened black streak, passed out of the yard limits and onto the main line. Hailey sat tight-lipped on his seat box, passing a piece of waste ceaselessly from one wet palm to the other.

His tensely increased by the passage of miles. He harried his fireman, glancing constantly toward the steam clock. His nerves were raw with concentration, upon the drum of the fire box, roadside and switch signals, the grind of the automatic stoker, the swift, blurred exhaust from the stack. He sniffed constantly for the smell of hot oil.

They reached Hannibal, fifty miles

ILLUSTRATED BY
C. PETER HELCK

out from Toronto, and puffed out again. There had been irritating delays: a bad stop on the connection at Vertaine, two extra trucks of express at Monthuden. Hailey looked at his watch. He was three minutes late on schedule. Suddenly it struck him—thirteen minutes in all, on a hoodooed engine! He whirled, with a glance toward the steam gauge. "Give me something to run on!" he snapped.

"Stoker's been acting kind of nuts," the fireman answered. "It's all right now."

HAILEY gritted his teeth. He thought he knew what the gang would say if he failed to bring the 6103 into the terminal point on time. Harder and harder he rode his fireman; the hand of the steam gauge rose and stayed there. Temptation tugged at Hailey. He opened the throttle notch after notch. Plunging, swaying, its stack roaring, the 6103 obeyed.

Poised on the edge of his seat box, the engine man watched the blur of ties and steel rush into the black maw of the 6103. Hailey did not look at his watch; he knew what he was doing—far beyond the seventy-mile-an-hour speed limit. Suddenly, a jangling jangle came from the rumber of the tender. The automatic stoker with its worm conveyor was silenced. The fireman hastily turned a valve and, with a smoking throat, hurried within the coal gauge. Seconds passed.

Then Hailey called, irritably:

"What in thunder's wrong?"

The fireman stuck his head out of the torch-rednecked space.

"Somebody muffed an inspection. A piece of scrap got in with in the coal. It's stuck in. Late work."

"Get it out!"

"I'm trying, ain't I?"

The engine man waited again, without result. Suddenly his brain blurred. If only he didn't have to do the shimmering green of a block signal, only a hundred yards away. Then, in violation of every rule of railroading, he left his seat box and lurched toward the coal gauge. Nor did he notice that, as he passed, the green hue vanished, giving place to yellow, the warning of a train in the limits of the next block ahead.

There was no chance for the fireman to see; he was deep inside, bent over the worn conveyor with a chimney hook. Hailey joined him. A series of shrills came from the train communication whistle: the rear end calling to reduce speed. Neither heard.

"Now lean on 'er!" the engine man commanded.

They struggled fruitlessly; then, with

a great effort, forced the obstacle free, turning at once for the door, only to galvanize there. The swift splotch of a red block signal had spun past the cab window. Then a single torpedo exploded beneath the leading truck, followed swiftly by the crash of a red lantern, as it spun through the gangway, the last desperate effort of a brakeman guarding the rear of the silker stalled somewhere ahead.

"Soak 'er!" the fireman bellowed. "We're in a red block!"

Hailey swung wildly, tangling with the fireman; they sprawled together to the deck. Then, free at last, the engine-leaper in a movement of synchronized speed, one hand jamming hard to close the throttle, the other clawing for the air-brake valve. He did not reach it. A great shudder ran through the 6103, Jack Hailey hanging wildly to the throttle as the rear brakeman pulled the emergency brake valve, clamping every wheel into circling fire before they should settle to a sickening slide. Then, forced onward by its terrific momentum, the Boundary Express rode toward an inevitable collision.

DESPERATELY, Hailey spun the reverse gear and again hooked open the throttle to send the engine drivers into backward motion. The train slowed, but not enough. Vaguely he saw the fireman stagger to the gangway and disappear. Then, waiting, horror-bound on his seat box, the engineman watched the two red rear eyes of the silker come closer, closer; he crouched with the awful foreknowledge of thunderous contact. At last, her front end wedged deep into the rear car, a combination crew and guard coach, the 6103 came to a grinding, steamy halt. And in the dark hours of early morning,

bruised, shaken, with a burned hand in bandages, Jack Hailey sat in the General Superintendent's office in Toronto, fighting for his railroad life.

THE rest of the crew had vociferously defended him; trainmen stick together at an investigation. Doggedly they blamed everything on the fact that the silker had stopped for a broken-down automobile on a grade crossing, and that the rear end brakeman hadn't been back his required twenty-eight telegraph poles. The other crew fought as hard, for themselves. Pop Fogarty, as Hailey's representative, pounded upon the accused engineman's previous good record and the fact that no one had received worse injuries than a thorough shaking up. At last the General Super cleared his throat and fussed about his desk, before beginning a distasteful task.

"I'm sorry, Hailey," he said; "you've had a good record and these are hard times. But I've got to give you fifty-nine demerit marks, ninety days out of service, and on your reinstatement I can't promise anything more than the way freight waiting list."

Hailey gasped; sixty demerit marks mean a man's job in Canada. After a long time he found himself out in the hall with Pop Fogarty. The others had departed.

"We might have had a chance if it hadn't been that silker," said Pop. "Things like they are, then fellows in New York are just looking for an alibi to ship through the Panama Canal."

"Oh, I haven't any kick coming," the other said hollowly.

"Well, you're young," Pop continued. "You ain't like me, doing a trapeze act to hang on to my seniority."

"Yeah, that's right." Hailey tried to

answer as casually as Pop had said it. Tragedy was passing between this pair: Hailey all but jobless; Pop Fogarty, his house filled with offspring driven homeward by the commercial tempest; Mrs. Fogarty slowly nearing death. "Everybody's joke, Pop," added Hailey. "It's nobody's funeral but mine."

"Yeah, that's something. It ain't like you had a wife or kids—or a sweetheart."

Hailey merely looked again out toward the yards, at the green lane opening up before an incoming baggage train, the dim view of a grunting yard hog. He half turned, with the urge to tell the old man beside him that this was his sweetheart: the click of wheels on rail joints, the clatter of the cab, the whir of swift-working side rods. That it was the only sweetheart he'd ever wanted—headlights piercing the darkness of black nights, the red glow of an open fire box, the gleam of a clear block, the whip of the wind against his cheek as he leaned from the cab. But he only thanked Pop—and said good night.

THE next day Jack Hailey did two things: He drew out his savings account—it wasn't much; he had been an easy lender. Then he wrote an attempt at a casual note to Pop Fogarty, enclosed some money for the grandkids, and left town.

He had a vague idea that he would feel better if he could get away. But he didn't. Wherever he went, he only gravitated to the railroad yards and tortured himself with yearning. After a time his money ran out. At last, in Chicago, two months later, he started toward a freight yard, to grab a dead-head ride out of town by any one of the dozen devices which every true railroader knows. Suddenly he turned back.

It wasn't bitterness; it wasn't pique; he could not catalogue the feeling. He only realized that the sulphurous smell of engine smoke, the flashing view of fast-moving trains, the sight of a roundhouse, were doing something to his spirit. The usual railroader's cheer had left him; there had been times recently when he had wondered if he'd go back, even if they wanted him. Every train ride renewed the memory of that wreck, the belief that fellow workmen rawhided him whenever the conversation turned to good and bad enginemen. After that, he hitch-hiked.

Slowly he worked his way south and west to Denver and then into Wyoming, sometimes working for money, sometimes for his meals. At last came the time when he no longer wondered whether ninety-day extensions were allowing him to remain eligible for service. From town to town and ranch to ranch, he moved westward and northward, merely one of thousands driven into momentum by the swinging pendulum of hard times. Finally he crossed the line again into British Columbia, but railroading was no longer his object.

Instant rigidity shot through him. It was the 6103





As a boy, Jack Hailey had clung to a farmhouse fence each day, waiting to wave a hand as the Niagara Limited boomed past with Pop Fogarty at the throttle

That, at least, was fortunate. Depression had all but suffocated the railways. Pop Fogarty had been right; the silk with which Jack Hailey had collided had been the last to run over the line. Prices had fallen; the cost of insurance had dropped with them. Demand had lowered; the bales of a once precious product could now pursue their slow way from Japan to New York through the Panama Canal, with the delay in transit more than recompensed by the lesser cost of transportation.

Employment had dipped; weeks went by for old heads without a run. Engine dead lines had become crowded, stacks covered, movable parts grease-coated, side rods removed. Storage yards were congested with surplus rolling stock. Smoke had ceased to rise from shop stacks.

WINTER came and went. Spring arrived. A deadened commercial world began to stir; it stretched its giant arms. Waiting lists became shorter.

Factory whistles began to scream for labor. Engines came from the dead line to the call of reviving business. Then, one day, the Traffic Department got the Operating Department on the phone.

"What's our record for a silk train movement, Vancouver to Boundary?"

"Wait a minute." Then, "Seventy-six hours and ten minutes."

"Could it be cut to seventy-five flat?"

"Maybe; I'll call you back."

Shortly after that an electric shock ran over the wires, to carry its thrill into office, roundhouse, dispatcher's room. Chief Bangor of the railway guards packed his bag and grabbed a fast train for Vancouver, there personally to select necessary guards for a precious cargo.

The pride of the Trans-Canadian had once more come to life. A steamer plowed across the Pacific, Vancouver-bound from Japan. The price of silk had bounded upward; again importers called for swift transport. But a silk train is expensive; excess tariff must buy new speed, new records, another hour lopped from the fastest schedule hitherto known. Across the Dominion, the man power of the Trans-Canadian was poised, like a racer awaiting the gun.

The day before the Maru Yiochi docked in Vancouver, Chief Bangor took a taxi far out into the residence district of the city, where a paving gang was working, and called aside a man who

seemed to have grown much older since their last meeting.

When the surprise was over, Jack Hailey asked:

"How did you know where to find me?"

"Pop Fogarty wired me; said you'd written him." There was a moment's wait. "Get lonely?"

"No; only for Pop." Then, quickly, "How is he?"

"NOT so good. Oh, things are a little better in some ways. Joe, the son-in-law, has got a job, but he's loaded with debt. The old lady is about to pass out. Between you and me, half of what's wrong with Pop is home worries. We've got to keep him going in the meanwhile."

"We?"

"You're still eligible for a run."

"I've quit the business, Chief."

"Yeah? There's plenty else doing. Lots of building going on now in Toronto. A fellow can get a stationary job easy."

Hailey stared at his palms. From far away came the whistle of an incoming train. The chief continued:

"I'm hand-picking my guards—just for the looks of the thing. Using four this time, (Continued on page 120)



PAINTING BY BASIL DEAN

It's Safer in the Wilds

By ROY
CHAPMAN
ANDREWS

IN THE Orient, I carry just enough accident insurance to cover polo and steeplechasing mishaps, of which I have had several. But a few days ago, as a result of three narrow escapes from death or injury by motorcars in New York, I quickly summoned an insurance agent and signed up for a

\$20,000 policy which covers accidents only while I am in America. I told him I wanted it for America as I was much more likely to be killed or injured here than in some far-away corner of the world.

In 1921, just before I left for Mongolia on an expedition into the Gobi Desert of Central Asia, I wanted to take out additional straight life insurance. My reason was simply that the time had come when I could carry the increased financial burden of the premium, and had nothing to do with the approaching expedition.

I went to the great company in which I already had a \$5,000 policy and asked

for \$15,000 more. To my astonishment, they refused point-blank: The dangers were too great in Mongolia; I wasn't a good risk. Indignantly I compared the dangers of city life and of exploration. Finally the company reluctantly consented to issue a \$5,000 policy at a high premium. I signed the papers, gave a check, and left the office. As I swung around a street corner where some repairs were being made to a building, a great icicle dropped from the scaffolding, missing me by inches. The first thought that flashed into my mind was what a joke it would have been on the company if the icicle had landed on my head.

I want to relate another experience of



"A second later, a horseman appeared on the ridge of the hill"

mine in New York three days after I returned from China last October. At five o'clock my secretary, Miss A. L. Seeling, left the American Museum of Natural History and walked through a quiet residential street. Suddenly the door of a brownstone house was flung open and a man staggered down the steps. He was badly wounded and carried a pistol in his left hand. A taxi dashed by. A fobble gesture brought it to the curb, the wounded man muttered something to the driver and then made his way painfully back up the steps of the house. A moment later he and another man came down the steps, supporting between them the sagging body of a young Italian, whom they lifted into the car. A dark red stream followed them across the pavement. Miss Seeling had seen enough. Weak and sick, she signaled a cruising taxi to take her home.

Fifteen minutes later I left the Museum and started through the same street. A big police truck swung around the corner and stopped at the brownstone house. Twenty uniformed officers, some of them carrying sawed-off shotguns, piled out. Two more trucks with sirens shrieking followed. The street was alive with police, all armed with shotguns or pistols. Four of them hustled out a wicked-looking machine gun and set it up on the opposite side of the street, facing the door of the house.

I COULD hardly believe that this was real life and not a movie thriller. The action was fast and dramatic. A second machine gun, mounted on the high steps of a near-by dwelling, pointed its black muzzle to the flat roof of the house. Beside it a powerful searchlight picked out every brick and stone as it played along the cornice. A cat could not have

moved on the edge without being seen by the grim officer who swung the gun back and forth along the beam of light. God help the man who tried to escape that way!

In the street a danging ambulance drove a path through the packed line of spectators. Four policemen with a big hand searchlight, shotguns, and pistols crossed the street to the front door of the house. I tried to slip in behind them, but the rearmost officer caught me by the arm.

"Hey, buddy, what's the big idea? There's likely to be some shooting in there."

Shoepishly I grinned and backed out. The officers disappeared. After five or ten minutes, one of them came to the door and called the ambulance. The body of a man was lifted onto the stretcher.

Fifteen minutes later two plain-clothes

men came out of a basement door leading between them a hatless man in shirt and trousers. They had found him in bed in the upper story of an adjoining house. He was still protesting his innocence.

"You haven't got anything on me!" I heard him wail.

Grimly silent, the officers hustled him into the waiting police car.

By that time I knew pretty well what it was all about. A detective, patrolling this district, had recognized a gunman who was wanted for the murder of a policeman three years ago. He trailed the man to the brownstone house and telephoned for assistance. Two other detectives joined him, and the three started to search the house. The killer, with two other gunmen and a woman, was in a room on the third floor. They shot through the door, badly wounding two of the detectives. The one Miss Seeling first saw had six bullets in his arms and body. The other had five. He died the next day. The officers returned their fire, killing the murderer and wounding another. The remaining man and the woman escaped over the flat roofs of the adjoining houses.

There were fifty uniformed police, a dozen plain-clothes men, two machine guns, five service cars, gas bombs, and heaven only knows what other gear clustered in front of that house. It looked like a miniature army. And this almost in the sacred shadow of the American Museum of Natural History, where, at the moment, I toil and have my being!

It was well-nigh incredible. Only eighteen days before, I had left China, with its war and bandits. Here in the so-called safety of New York, virtually at my office door, were more war and worse bandits than I had seen in all of China. I must admit that I got a great kick out of it.

CHINA just swarms with bandits. But they are not the Chicago or New York kind. They don't shoot you in the back nor pot you from an automobile with a machine gun. Chinese brigands are still somewhat loath to kill a foreigner. They give their victims a chance, and if they can get what they want without shooting they won't open fire. But from all I can learn of our modern city gunman, he has no conscience or ethics about killing. He would kill just as soon as not, and do it in a nasty way when you didn't have a chance.

Chinese bandits annoy us every time we go to the Gobi Desert. At Kalgan, where we leave the railroad and civilization, half a dozen big camel trails converge. Brigands always concentrate in this region to rob the caravans carrying opium, furs, and other valuable goods. Bands of from ten to a thousand infest the trails, but they are all bad shots. Moreover, they don't like to stand up to rifle fire. If one or two of them are killed in the first volley, the rest run like stags.

You Don't Have to Climb a Mountain—

In a large city, one daily passes hundreds of people on the streets.

Happiness as often appears in the eyes of the street cleaners as in the faces of those who ride in luxurious limousines. The owner of the limousine may be ugly because his roses did not win a prize at the flower show. The street cleaner may be elated because he found a dime in the litter at the curb.

Many men enjoy golf from the day they frankly acknowledge that they belong in the dub class. On the other hand, the man who is the second-best player in his club may be the most miserable member.

One can increase his own happiness by accepting his limitations.

Of course, the high pretensions of individuals often contribute mightily to national progress, whereas it is doubtful if a nation of easily satisfied men and women can be progressive.

Children are often cursed by the excessive ambitions of their parents for their success and welfare. Many a boy who could happily adjust himself to the modest income of a routine worker is brutally whipped into striving for an income and a position far beyond his capacity. Such lives are often scarred.

Ambition, endeavor, and struggle are splendid qualities. Even illusions are desirable, but there comes a day when they must be shed. We cannot all be millionaires and we cannot be eternally young. The wise man, it would seem, faces realities bravely. He does not resign from life. Because he cannot reach the peak of the mountain, he does not refuse to enjoy the view from a lower level.

WILLIAM FEATHER

About twenty Chinese bandits to one well-armed foreigner is proper odds, as we have found by experience. Of course, when we get well out into the desert there are no brigands at all, for there is no one to rob and they cannot live off the country.

A Chinese bandit sounds like a very terrible person from the distance of New York, but the closer you get to him the less fearsome he becomes. He is just about the opposite in all things of the American variety.

IN OCTOBER of 1930, MacKenzie Young, my late Chief of Motor Transport, was attacked in Mongolia by thirty-seven bandits. They fired forty or fifty shots at him with pistols and rifles. Mac fired only five times, but he wounded two men and killed one horse. The remaining thirty-five brigands ran away. They were not accustomed to that sort of shooting.

Poor Mac! I encountered three times in the war, and with all the experiences that we had together in the Gobi behind him, he met his death last September in "safe" America. He was alone in his car driving from New York to California. In Nevada he met two nice-looking young men who asked him for a lift. Of course, he consented. Mac never refused a kindness to any human being.

Near Lovelock they suggested that it would be well to fill his water bottle from a spring beside the road. While he sat in the car, one of the men doped the canteen and offered him a drink. A short time later the drugged water made him so sleepy that he could not go on. He stopped the car beside the road and while one of the men effusively thanked him for the ride, the other stepped behind, bashed him over the head, robbed him, and left him in the car. He died a victim of the criminals. Had he remained in China or the desert, doubtless he would be alive today. It was only when he returned to the "safety" of civilization that he met his death.

In 1923 our expedition was encamped on the desert two hundred and fifty miles north of Kalgan. I had to return to Kalgan to bring up some additional supplies, and drove back with one man and two motor trucks. A week earlier two Russian cars had been attacked by brigands on the trail which we were following and robbed of several thousand dollars' worth of sable skins. When we neared the spot where the holdup had occurred, I was alone and three miles ahead of the other truck. The thought flashed into my mind:

"I wonder if those bandits would dare to try it again in the same place."

A second later, the head and shoulders of a horseman appeared over the ridge of a hill three hundred yards away. He was either a bandit or a soldier, and as the two are synonymous in China, I did not care to have him around. I dropped a couple of (Continued on page 80)

They Call Him "Crazy"

And **HARDCASTLE PENNOCK** admits it—
Just crazy enough to
find rich rewards from
sharing with others his
thrill of living

By **CHARLES B.
PARMER**

A STALWART chap, in the mid-afternoon of life, walked briskly into a leading New York bank and said to a secretary:

"Please tell the chairman of your Board that I'm crazy, and must see him immediately. If he asks my name, tell him it's Hardcastle Pennock."

The secretary smiled. He'd heard bank officials laughingly say, "Oh, Pennock? He's crazy;" but this was the first time Pennock—well-known life insurance man—was heard to admit it.

Five minutes later Pennock, sitting beside the chairman, said bluntly:

"I want to declare myself incompetent to manage my financial affairs. I want to establish a living trust for myself—and turn all my finances over to that trust; and my funds are to be invested in United States bonds only."

The official whistled. "With inside track, and stocks going up? You are crazy!" he exclaimed.

"I know it," Pennock laughed. "That's why I want a trust established to handle my funds."

That was done in the early fall of 1929.

A few weeks later Wall Street reeled. While newsboys cried "Extra!" Pennock sat in a club window, smiling. Fellow club-members rushed about madly, trying to stave off their personal catastrophes.

"Did you know this was coming?" one demanded of him. "Why didn't you tell us?"

"Why didn't I tell you?" Pennock retorted, smiling. "I didn't know it myself—I'm too crazy to know such things."

"Yes, you're crazy! Crazy as a fox," the other commented.

This is the Hardcastle Pennock who recently obtained from New York State



a charter for the oddly named "Association for Improving the Condition of the Rich." Behind that act lies a story, never told before, of one of America's unique personalities, a man who, known to his friends as "Crazy Pennock," has achieved financial independence and happiness by strange methods.

PERHAPS he has been a bit unusual always; but there was a time when he was not rated as wealthy. Leaving his Beverly, N. J., birthplace when a youth, he went to a mid-Western city, where, he said to me, "in 1899 and 1900 I went hungry many a night."

At dusk, one winter's day, a drizzle was falling. Pennock, having neither overcoat nor umbrella, crouched against the glass front of a restaurant. Within, a waiter was serving a corpulent diner. "At that moment," he said, "I turned to the heavens and I prayed, 'Dear God, give me a chance. If you do, I'll help out a few hungry souls like myself.'"

The answer to that prayer, he told me, was the beginning of a new life for him, with a promise to fulfill.

One day he was so dispirited—he had not made a success as a business

Have you the courage to be original, even though others laugh? Mr. Pennock has found it the surest way to happiness

trader—that he thought he'd see if anyone else was more unfortunate. He went through the hallways of the shabby building where he had his office, calling:

"There will be a *weep hour* in Pennock's office at five o'clock. Come one, come all, to Pennock's *weep hour*."

Impelled by curiosity, a nondescript group—men down at the heels—came into Pennock's room.

"A *weep hour*, eh?" one ratty-faced man said to the crowd. "Say, I think this guy's crazy."

THAT was the first time he was dubbed crazy.

"Fellows, times are so hard that I thought we'd all get together and weep on each other's shoulder," Pennock announced.

For half an hour these failures commiserated one another and blamed everything from the government to blind luck for their troubles.

Pennock learned much from that "weep hour." He said:

"I discovered I wasn't so down-and-out as I thought. I had some things that many of them didn't have: health, and a belief that somewhere there was a Creator who was going to give me a chance. That hope was priceless to me. I learned this, too: Most of those men were failures because, when tripped by circumstance, they stayed down, waiting for someone to pick them up."

"I decided to pick myself up."

Selling his office furniture for a few dollars, he took a day coach for New York. He began *peddling insurance*, as it was phrased in those days.

"I didn't like that term, so I began working differently. I tried to see the biggest men in New York—and frequently I got access to them by saying frankly to their secretaries:

"Please tell Mr. G. that I wish neither to sell him insurance nor to borrow money from him. In fact, my company wishes to offer him something without charge—I am here merely to make the presentation."

Frequently that opened the door for him. Fellow underwriters called it "a crazy way to approach a man." Perhaps it was crazy, for those days.

By way of introduction to his prospective client he would say:

"Mr. G., I don't know whether it is wise for you (Continued on page 122)

A MAN Called SPADE

By
DASHIELL
HAMMETT



SAMUEL SPADE put his telephone aside and looked at his watch. It was not quite four o'clock. He called, "Yoo-hoo!" Effie Perine came in from the outer office. She was eating a piece of chocolate cake.

"Tell Sid Wise I won't be able to keep that date this afternoon," he said.

She put the last of the cake into her mouth and licked the tips of forefinger and thumb. "That's the third time this week."

When he smiled, the v's of his chin, mouth, and brows grew longer. "I know, but I've got to go out and save a life." He nodded at the telephone. "Somebody's scaring Max Bliss."

She laughed. "Probably somebody named John D. Conscience." He looked up at her from the cigarette he had begun to smoke. "Know anything I ought to know about him?" "Nothing you don't know. I was just thinking about the time he let his brother go to Sam Quentin."

Spade shrugged. "That's not the worst thing he's done." He lit his cigarette, stood up, and reached for his hat. "But he's all right now. All Samuel Spade clients are honest, God-fearing folk. If I'm not back at closing time just run along."

He went to a tall apartment building on Nob Hill, pressed a button set in the

frame of a door marked 10K. The door was opened immediately by a burly dark man in wrinkled dark clothes. He was nearly bald and carried a gray hat in one hand.

The burly man said, "Hello, Sam." He smiled, but his small eyes lost none of their shrewdness. "What are you doing here?"

Spade said, "Hello, Tom." His face was wooden, his voice expressionless. "Bliss in?"

"Is he?" Tom pulled down the corners of his thick-lipped mouth. "You don't have to worry about that." Spade's brows came together. "Well?"

A man appeared in the vestibule behind Tom. He was smaller than either Spade or Tom, but compactly built. He had a ruddy, square face and a close-trimmed, grizzled mustache. His clothes were neat. He wore a black bowler perched on the back of his head.

Spade addressed this man over Tom's shoulder: "Hello, Dundy." Dundy nodded

briefly and came to the door. His blue eyes were hard and prying.

"What is it?" he asked Tom. "B-I-I-s-s, M-a-x," Spade spelled patiently. "I want to see him. He wants to see me. Catch on?"

Tom laughed. Dundy did not. Tom said, "Only one of you gets your wish." Then he glanced sidewise at Dundy and abruptly stopped laughing. He seemed uncomfortable.

Spade scowled. "All right," he demanded irritably; "is he dead or has he killed somebody?"

Dundy thrust his square face up at Spade and seemed to push his words



"The man who came in with you," Dundy said harshly. "Who is he? Why didn't you say anything about him?"

out with his lower lip. "What makes you think either?"

Spade said, "Oh, sure! I come calling on Mr. Bliss and I'm stopped at the door by a couple of men from the police Homicide Detail, and I'm supposed to think I'm just interrupting a game of rummy."

"Aw, stop it, Sam," Tom grumbled, looking at neither Spade nor Dundy. "He's dead."

"Killed?" Tom wagged his head slowly up and down. He looked at Spade now. "What've you got on it?"

Spade replied in a deliberate monotone. "He called me to this afternoon—say at five minutes to four—I looked at my watch after he hung up and there was still a minute or so to go—and said somebody was after his scalp. He wanted me to come over. It seemed real enough to him—it was up in his neck all right."

He made a small gesture with one hand. "Well, here I am."

"Didn't say who or how?" Dundy asked.

Spade shook his head. "No. Just somebody had offered to kill him and he believed them, and would I come over right away."

"Didn't he—?" Dundy began quickly. "He didn't say anything else," Spade said. "Don't you people tell me anything!"

Dundy said curtly, "Come in and take a look at him."

Tom said, "It's a sight."

THEY went across the vestibule and through a door into a green and rose living-room.

A man near the door stopped sprinkling white powder on the end of a glass-covered small table to say, "Hello, Sam."

Spade nodded, said, "How are you, Phil's?" and then nodded at the two men who stood talking by a window.

The dead man lay with his mouth open. Some of his clothes had been taken

A mystery story
with the reality
of a photograph

off. His throat was puffy and dark. The end of his tongue showing in a corner of his mouth was bluish, swollen.

On his bare chest, over the heart, a five-pointed star had been outlined in black ink and in the center of it a T.

Spade looked down at the dead man and stood for a moment silently studying him. Then he asked, "He was found like that?"

"About," Tom said. "We moved him around a little." He jerked a

thumb at the shirt, undershirt, vest, and coat lying on a table. "They were spread over the floor."

Spade rubbed his chin. His yellow-gray eyes were dreamy. "When?"

Tom said, "We got it at four-twenty. His daughter gave it to us." He moved his head to indicate a closed door. "You'll see her."

"Know anything?"

"Heaven knows," Tom said wearily. "She's been kind of hard to get along with so far." He turned to Dundy. "Want to try her again now?"

Dundy nodded, then spoke to one of the men at the window. "Start sifting his papers, Mack. He's supposed to've been threatened."

Mack said, "Right." He pulled his hat down over his eyes and walked

towards a green secrétaire in the far end of the room.

A man came in from the corridor, a heavy man of fifty with a deeply lined, grayish face under a broad-brimmed black hat. He said, "Hello, Sam," and then told Dundy, "He had company around half past two, stayed just about an hour. A big blond man in brown, maybe forty or forty-five. Didn't send his name up. I found the Filipino in the elevator that rode him both ways."

"Sure it was only an hour?" Dundy asked.

The gray-faced man shook his head. "But he's sure it isn't more than half past three when he left. He says the afternoon papers came in then, and this man had ridden down with him before they came." He pushed his hat back to scratch his head, then pointed a thick finger at the design inked on the dead man's breast and asked somewhat plaintively, "What the deuce do you suppose that thing is?"

Nobody replied. Dundy asked, "Can the elevator boy identify him?" "He says he could, but that ain't all ways the same thing. Says he never saw him before." He stopped looking at the dead man. "The girl's getting me a list of his phone calls. How you been, Sam?"

Spade said he had been all right. Then he said slowly, "His brother's big and blond and maybe forty or forty-five."

Dundy's blue eyes were hard and bright. "So what?" he asked.

"You remember the Graystone Loan swindle. They were both in it, but Max eased the load over on Theodore and it turned out to be one to fourteen years in San Quentin."

DUNDY was slowly wagging his head up and down. "I remember now. Where is he?"

Spade shrugged and began to make a cigarette.

Dundy nudged Tom with an elbow. "Find out."

Tom said, "Sure, but if he was out of here at half past three and this fellow was still alive at five to four—"

And he broke his leg so he couldn't duck back in," the gray-faced man said jovially.

"Find out," Dundy repeated.

Tom said, "Sure, sure," and went to the telephone.

Dundy addressed the gray-faced man: "Check up on the newspapers; see what time they were actually delivered this afternoon."

The gray-faced man nodded and left the room.

The man who was searching the secrétaire said, "Uh-huh," and turned around holding an envelope in one hand, a sheet of paper in the other.

Dundy held out his hand. "Something?"

The man said, "Uh-huh," again and gave Dundy the sheet of paper. Spade was looking over Dundy's shoulder.

It was a small sheet of common white paper bearing a penciled message in neat, undistinguished handwriting:

When this reaches you I will be too close for you to escape—this time. We will balance our accounts—for good.

The signature was a five-pointed star enclosing a T, the design on the dead man's left breast.

Dundy held out his hand again and was given the envelope. Its stamp was French. The address was typewritten:

MAX BLISS, Esq.
AMSTERDAM APARTMENTS
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.
U. S. A.

"Postmarked Paris," he said, "the second of the month." He counted swiftly on his fingers. "That would get it here today, all right." He folded the message slowly, put it in the envelope, put the envelope in his coat pocket. "Keep digging," he told the man who had found the message.

The man nodded and returned to the secrétaire.

Dundy looked at Spade. "What do you think of it?"

Spade's brown cigarette wagged up and down with his words. "I don't like it. I don't like any of it."

Tom put down the telephone. "He got out the fifteenth of last month," he said. "I got them trying to locate him."

SPADE went to the telephone, called a number, and asked for Mr. Darrell. Then, "Hello, Harry, this is Sam Spade. . . . Fine. How's Lil? . . . Yes. . . . Listen, Harry, what date a five-pointed

star with a capital T in the middle mean? . . . What? How do you spell it? . . . Yes, I see. . . . And if you found it on a body? . . . Neither do I. . . . Yes, and thanks. I'll tell you about it when I see you. . . . Yes, give me a ring. . . . Thanks. . . . By."

Dundy and Tom were watching him closely when he turned from the telephone. He said, "That's a fellow who knows things sometimes. He says it's a pentagram with a Greek tau—t-a-u—in the middle; a sign magicians used to use. Maybe Rosicrucians still do."

"What's a Rosicrucian?" Tom asked. "It could be Theodore's first initial, too," Spade said.

Dundy moved his shoulders, said carelessly, "Yes, but if he wanted to autograph the job it'd been just as easy for him to sign his name."

He then went on more thoughtfully, "There are Rosicrucians at both San Jose and Point Loma. I don't go much

for this, but maybe we ought to look them up."

Dundy nodded. Spade looked at the dead man's clothes on the table. "Anything in his pockets?"

"Only what you'd expect to find," Dundy replied. "It's on the table there."

SPADE went to the table and looked down at the little pile of watch and chain, keys, wallet, address book, money, gold pencil, handkerchief, and spectacle case beside the clothing. He did not touch them, but slowly picked up, one at a time, the dead man's shirt, undershirt, vest, and coat. A blue necktie lay on the table beneath them. He scowled irritably at it. "It hasn't been worn," he complained.

Dundy, Tom, and the coroner's deputy, who had stood silent all this while by the window—he was a small man with a slim, dark, intelligent face—came together to stare down at the unwrinkled blue silk.

Tom groaned miserably. Dundy

curled his hand around the knitted necktie to look at its back. The label was a London haberdasher's.

Spade said cheerfully, "Sweet, San Francisco, Point Loma, San Jose, Paris, London."

Dundy glowered at him.

The gray-faced man came in. "The papers got here at three-thirty, all right," he said. His eyes widened a little. "What's up?" As he crossed the room towards them he said, "I can't find anybody that saw Blondy sneak back in here again." He looked uncomprehendingly at the necktie until Tom growled, "It's brand-new;" then he whistled softly.

Dundy turned to Spade. "The deuce with all this," he said bitterly. "He's got a brother with reasons for not liking him. The brother just got out of stir. Somebody who looks like his brother left here at half past three. Twenty-five minutes later he phoned you he'd been threatened. Less than half an hour after that his daughter came in and found him dead—strangled." He poked a finger at the small, dark-faced man's chest. "Right?"

"Strangled," the dark-faced man said precisely, "by a man. The hands were large."

"O. K.," Dundy turned to Spade again. "We find a threatening letter. Maybe that's what he was telling you about, maybe it was something his brother said to him. Don't let's guess. Let's stick to what we know. We know he—"

THE man at the secrétaire turned around and said, "Got another one." His mien was somewhat smug.

The eyes with which the five men at the table looked at him were identically cold, unsympathetic.

He, nowise disturbed by their hostility, read aloud:

"Dear Bliss:

"I am writing this to tell you for the last time that I want my money back, and I want it back by the first of the month, all of it. If I don't get it I am going to do something about it, and you ought to be able to guess what I mean. And don't think I am kidding."

"Yours truly,

"Daniel Talbot."

He grinned. "That's another T for you." He picked up an envelope. "Postmarked San Diego, the twenty-fifth of last month." He grinned again. "And that's another city for you."



ILLUSTRATED
BY
JOSEPH CLEMENT

"It's a ten-to-one bet there wasn't any funeral," said Spade, shaking his finger at Tom. "Click on it . . . don't miss a trick!"

Spade shook his head. "Point Loma's down that way," he said.

He went over with Dundy to look at the letter. It was written in blue ink on white stationery of good quality, as was the address on the envelope, in a cramped, angular handwriting that seemed to have nothing in common with that of the penciled letter.

Spade said ironically, "Now we're getting somewhere."

Dundy made an impatient gesture. "Let's stick to what we know," he growled.

"Sure," Spade agreed. "What is it?" There was no reply.

Spade took tobacco and cigarette papers from his pocket. "Didn't somebody say something about talking to a daughter?" he asked.

"We'll talk to her." Dundy turned on his heel, then suddenly frowned at the dead man on the floor. He jerked a thumb at the small, dark-faced man. "Through with it?"

"I'm through." Dundy addressed Tom curtly: "Get rid of it." He addressed the gray-faced man: "I want to see both elevator boys when I'm finished with the girl."

He went to the closed door Tom had pointed out to Spade and knocked on it.

A SLIGHTLY harsh female voice within asked, "What is it?"

"Lieutenant Dundy. I want to talk to Miss Bliss."

There was a pause; then the voice said, "Come in."

Dundy opened the door and Spade followed him into a black, gray, and silver room, where a big-boned and ugly middle-aged woman in black dress and white apron sat beside a bed on which a girl lay.

The girl lay, elbow on pillow, cheek on hand, facing the big-boned, ugly woman. She was apparently about eighteen years old. She wore a gray suit. Her hair was blond and short, her face firm-featured and remarkably symmetrical. She did not look at the two men coming into the room.

Dundy spoke to the big-boned woman, while Spade was lighting his cigarette: "We want to ask you a couple of questions, too, Mrs. Hooper. You're Bliss's housekeeper, aren't you?"

The woman said, "I am." Her slightly harsh voice, the level gaze of her deep-set gray eyes, the stillness and size of her hands lying in her lap, all contributed to the impression she gave of resting strength.

"What do you know about this?"

"I don't know anything about it. I was let off this morning to go over to Oakland to my nephew's funeral, and when I got back you and the other gentlemen were here and—and this had happened."

Dundy nodded, asked, "What do you think about it?"

"I don't know what to think," she replied simply.

"Didn't you know he expected it to happen?"

Now the girl suddenly stopped watching Mrs. Hooper. She sat up in bed, turning wide, excited eyes on Dundy, and asked, "What do you mean?"

"I mean what I said. He'd been threatened. He called up Mr. Spade"—he indicated Spade with a nod—"and told him so just a few minutes before he was killed."

"But who—?" she began.

"That's what we're asking you," Dundy said. "Who had that much against him?"

She stared at him in astonishment. "Nobody would—"

This time Spade interrupted her, speaking with a softness that made his words seem less brutal than they were. "Somebody did." When she turned her stare on him he asked, "You don't know of any threats?"

She shook her head from side to side with emphasis.

He looked at Mrs. Hooper. "You?" "No, sir," she said.

He returned his attention to the girl. "Do you know Daniel Talbot?"

"Why, yes," she said. "He was here for dinner last night."

"Who is he?" "I don't know, except that he lives in San Diego, and he and Father had some sort of business together. I'd never met him before."

"What sort of terms were they on?" She frowned a little, said slowly, "Friendly."

Dundy spoke: "What business was your father in?"

"He was a financier."

"You mean a promoter?" "Yes, I suppose you could call it that."

"Where is Talbot staying, or has he gone back to San Diego?"

"I don't know."

"What does he look like?" She frowned again, thoughtfully.

"He's kind of large, with a red face and white hair and a white mustache."

"Old?"

"I guess he must be sixty; fifty-five at least."

DUNDY looked at Spade, who put the stub of his cigarette in a tray on the dressing table and took up the questioning. "How long since you've seen your uncle?"

Her face flushed. "You mean Uncle Ted?"

He nodded.

"Not since," she began, and bit her lip. Then she said, "Of course, you know. Not since he first got out of prison."

"He came here?"

"Yes."

"To see your father?"

"Of course."

"What sort of terms were they on?"

She opened her eyes wide. "Neither

of them is very demonstrative," she said, "but they are brothers, and Father was giving him money to set him up in business again."

"Then they were on good terms?"

"Yes," she replied in the tone of one answering an unnecessary question.

"Where does he live?"

"On Post Street," she said, and gave a number.

"And you haven't seen him since?"

"No. He was shy, you know, about having been in prison—" She finished the sentence with a gesture of one hand.

Spade addressed Mrs. Hooper: "You've seen him since?"

"No, sir."

He pursed his lips, asked slowly, "Either of you know he was here this afternoon?"

They said, "No," together.

"Where did—?"

Someone knocked on the door.

Dundy said, "Come in."

Tom opened the door far enough to stick his head in. "His brother's here," he said.

The girl, leaning forward, called, "Oh, Uncle Ted!"

A BIG, blond man in brown appeared behind Tom. He was sunburned to an extent that made his teeth seem whiter, his clear eyes bluer, than they were.

He asked, "What's the matter, Miriam?"

"Father's dead," she said, and began to cry.

Dundy nodded at Tom, who stepped out of Theodore Bliss's way and let him come into the room.

A woman came in behind him, slowly, hesitantly. She was a tall woman in her late twenties, blond, not quite plump. Her features were generous, her face pleasant and intelligent. She wore a small brown hat and a mink coat.

Bliss put an arm around his niece, kissed her forehead, sat on the bed beside her. "There, there," he said awkwardly.

She saw the blond woman, stared through her tears at her for a moment, then said, "Oh, how do you do, Miss Barrow."

The blond woman said, "I'm awfully sorry to—"

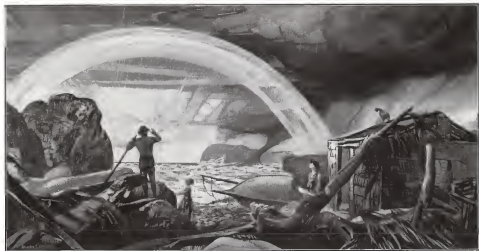
Bliss cleared his throat, and said, "She's Mrs. Bliss now. We were married this afternoon."

Dundy looked angrily at Spade. Spade, making a cigarette, seemed about to laugh.

Miriam Bliss, after a moment's surprised silence, said, "Oh, I do wish you all the happiness in the world." She turned to her uncle while his wife was murmuring "Thank you" and said, "And you too, Uncle Ted."

He patted her shoulder and squeezed her to him. He was looking questioningly at Spade and Dundy.

"Your brother (Continued on page 92)



ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES S. CHAPMAN

Storm and disaster are doomed by the rainbow

You Can't Put Out the Sun

*And you can't kill
the comeback in a
gallant heart*

By ARCHIBALD
RUTLEDGE

IN TIMES of distress I find it immensely heartening to observe how nature responds to trouble, how her children of a humbler order than man meet and overcome difficulty and disaster. After apparent ruin, nature always stages a recovery. She never shows fear. She is never hopeless. The glory of going on is immutably hers. And since we are her children, it can be ours.

So much of my life has been spent in the fields and woods that I have seen many a calamity befall nature as a whole, or certain of her lesser children. And I have found that by observing their escape from plights analogous to ours, it is possible to discern a way out for ourselves.

For almost every natural shock to which the human flesh is heir, I find a counterpart in nature. An old Negro once said to me, "Sorrow is common to the Race." In a deep sense sorrow is common to life. This same dusky philosopher remarked, "Unless a man is in

trouble, his prayers ain't got no suction." Our faith and hope are perhaps never so fervent as when we are in distress.

To nature come storms, fires, floods, extremes of heat and cold, droughts. Not long ago I stood in the lonely heart of a swamp from which, a week before, a great flood had subsided. For a fortnight every plant and flower had been lost under the yellow smother of waters. The sun had hardly dried off the reeking death of the drowned swamp lands before nature had set about her work of repair. Bushes that had lost all their leaves showed hints of coming greenery. Serried ranks of marsh-blades that had been mashed flat by the freshest tide were already recovering their upright positions. Everywhere there was an air of serenity, as if disaster were temporary. With nature ruin is transient. Life and the resurrection of beauty are eternal.

A month later I revisited the swamp. Wild flowers were peeping out shyly from the dingy wreckage of the flood. Ferns of magic size were unfolding their mystical emerald fronds. A spirit of subdued triumph brooded over all, a spirit of quiet rejoicing, which kept singing to my heart, "Hope is stronger than fear; love is greater than grief; life is mightier than death; disaster is an incident of time. The shadows and rain of today will nourish the blossoms of tomorrow."

In that same swamp, during the gloomy height of the flood, I observed how a flock of wild turkeys took that calamity—a real one to them, for they

were cut off for a fortnight from their exercise, on which they are very dependent, and from all their regular food supply. Wild turkeys never stay in trees except to roost. But these, driven from their familiar haunts on the ground, took refuge in the great tupelos and cypresses.

As I was in a canoe, and far below them, I was able to approach within good scouting distance without being observed. They swayed back and forth on the limbs as they balanced themselves while eating buds. High in their new homes, adjusted to their evil day, they took reverses as they came, and found a way out; and did so of themselves, without lamentation.

LATE one afternoon I saw a telltale red glow in the pinelands near home. Uneasy for fear that it might be a forest fire, I rode four miles down the highway. When I reached the scene, I discovered a home in ruins, a humble home of a humble friend of mine, a one-armed oar-maker.

He was standing in the road with his wife and little children, watching the smoldering pile. I shall never forget his first words to me:

"She's gone; but I will start to rebuild tomorrow—"

He had lost every material thing he owned—even the simple tools of his trade. But he had not lost his heart. Living in the woods, he had spoken like a true son of nature. For nature always starts again; and she starts tomorrow—sometimes (Continued on page 87)



The Knight's

*Love sent Greg Conroy to Hollywood
on a fantastic mission*

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

TOMORROW night," announced the young man, "you are having dinner with me."
"Indeed? And why?"
"Good excuse, to see a show afterwards."
"I'm fed up on theaters."
"Then we'll dance."
The girl smiled in spite of herself. "Sorry, Greg. Tomorrow night I shall probably dine with the Convention of Foreign Philosophers. They yearn to discuss deep things with a person who knows all the answers."

"Let 'em wait, Midge. Philosophers grow on mulberry bushes. I'm unique. Besides, this is a celebration."
"Of what?"
"My departure."
She considered the matter gravely. "That truly is worth celebrating. Where goest thou?"
"California."
"Really? All the way across the country—alone? And such a youth!"

"The blood of pioneers courses through my veins. Hardships mean nothing to me. I shall rough it across the waste lands in a drawing-room."

"My hero! But why is Los Angeles to be brightened by your presence? Or is it a community secret? Perhaps you'd better tell me; I might be the mayor's daughter."

He lowered his voice: "Hist! A very sibilant *Hist!* I'm looking for new worlds to conquer. The conquering business has been 'way below par around here lately. The depression, probably."

THE girl studied him for a moment.

He was young and slender and more than moderately handsome. His features were finely chiseled and his hair attractively tousled. His eyes were gray and humorous, and his mouth twisted engagingly at the corners when he spoke lightly—which was always.

All about them was the subdued, discreet hum of a fashionable tea-room at five-thirty in the afternoon: people well dressed, well mannered, and utterly sure of themselves; soft music and velvet-footed waiters; excellent food, about



ERRAND

which no one seemed to get excited. Greg returned her stare with interest.

"You're tiny," he announced abruptly, "but pretty."

"Which still doesn't explain this sudden passion for California. Are you just going for the sake of giving the movie stars a thrill?"

"No stars in my itinerary. Don Mabry is flinging a house party. Lots of tennis, lots of golf, and much whoopee. New York is boring me—excepting only you. I hunger for the coastal sunshine."

Her eyes deepened with mock seriousness. "But, Greg, please—for my sake, for the sake of all humanity—don't withhold yourself from the movie stars. Be your natural, normal, big-hearted self and give them the thrill of meeting you."

"Sure, I will, Midge. I'm generous. When they come around I'll say hello. I'm quite democratic."

SHE cupped her chin in a tiny palm and continued to regard him with great gravity.

"And when you leave them, will their hearts be as completely smashed as mine?"

"I suppose so. Somehow, I can't control my deadly fascination."

"It must frighten you sometimes."

"Right-o!"

"I'm so worried about the cinema ladies."

"They shall not suffer. I will accept from each a souvenir lock of hair, and in

return mail a cheerful post card."

Her seriousness was submerged in an infectious little laugh.

"You'll bring back a blond curl all right, Greg—and you'll tell me some great star presented it to you—somebody like . . . well, we'll say, Tyra Karlsen. Then some day when I'm visiting in Hollywood, I'll find a golden cutie serving in a restaurant—a little girl lacking one curl—and I'll know you have tricked me."

"Ah! You're planning to visit Hollywood, too?"

"Some day."

"Inspiration! An idea right out of my own head. You can go to Hollywood now—immediately. With me. We'll be married and call it a honeymoon."

"No!" Her tone was sharper than she intended.

"Oh, come; I'm crazy about you."

"Well, I'm not crazy—not crazy enough for that, anyway."

"You mean that you loathe and despise and detest and abhor me!"

"I wouldn't go quite that strong, Greg. But I couldn't think of clut-

"My dear, you do me wrong," he exclaimed. "I shall, if you brutally insist, bring you a curl from the cranium of Tyra Karlsen herself!"

tering up your drawing-room with any extra sultriness."

"He sighed. "I never did have any luck with you. You possess a heart of agate. I shall flee away and drown my misery in tennis."

"And blond curls?"

"Preferably blond. Didn't you say you preferred one from the great Karlson?"

"Certainly. Isn't she the only star you've ever written about?"

"Do I have to explain all over again that I'm generous? I'm letting you do the choosing—provided, of course, that you must have a curl."

"Curls are imperative. But not from waitresses."

"My dear, you do me wrong. I shall, if you brutally insist, bring you a curl from the cranium of Tyra Karlson herself, in person."

"You'd never get within a mile of her."

"Say not so! Your lack of confidence in my ability is positively insulting. I have personality, perseverance—"

"That is funny."

"I'm a misunderstood young man. My philosophic calm is regarded as indifference. Aside from enjoying myself in California, I shall accomplish big things. But I warn you—after Tyra sees me I may not be yours for the asking. Now to something important: Do we stop out tomorrow night?"

"I suppose so." Her eyes dwelt on him caressingly. "I do like you a lot, Greg. How far is it to California?"

GREG CONROY arrived in Los Angeles late one afternoon and found a telegram at his hotel:

WELCOME TO THE LAND OF MILK AND HONEY
IN THE MIST OF YOUR PLEASURES
DON'T FORGET THE SOUVENIR YOU PROMISED LOVE MIDGE

Young Mr. Conroy pondered. Then he dispatched a wire to New York:

WHAT SOUVENIR QUESTION MARK
YOUR MESSAGE IS COMMA SHALL I SAY
COMMA ENIGMATIC STOP LOVE STOP
LOVE STOP GOAT STOP LOVE

Early the next morning Midge's reply arrived:

A LOCK OF KARLSON'S CROWNING GLORY
STOP IT MAKES ME FEEL BROAD-MINDED
STOP I'M BEING ENIGMATIC
RIGHT BACK AT YOU STOP LOVE

Greg settled himself to a session of contemplation. Midge was such a charming, delightful, irresponsible kid. The whole thing was absurd, of course, but it did appeal to his sense of humor.

As a matter of fact, until this very moment Greg Conroy had been one of

the only masculine persons in the United States who had not cherished an ambition to become personally and intimately acquainted with the slim, slumberous, exotic, and exciting Scandinavian picture star. Nor would he have troubled himself further if he hadn't considered the undertaking a gorgeous absurdity. He sent one more telegram:

AM STARTING OUT ON THE QUEST FOR THE GOLDEN FLEECE THIS MORNING
STOP WILL WIRE RESULTS PROMPTLY
STOP WITH ASSURANCES OF MY HIGHEST ESTEEM I AM YOURS TRULY GREG

Blithely he went to the reception-room in the imposing Administration Building of the Pinnacle plant. It was larger than he expected and more formidable. Actors of assorted ages and sexes sat around with stern expressions of grief, hunched over their faces, and a youthful and dapper reception clerk eyed the gathering with what appeared to be either boredom or annoyance.

Greg breezed into the room and up to the desk. His confident manner compelled respect and the clerk glanced at the card which Greg flipped onto the desk.

"Send that to Miss Karlson, please."

"You have an appointment?"

Greg chuckled. "Just tell her it's Mr. Conroy, of New York."

The youth was doubtful, but willing. He dispatched the card and waited. Unemployed actors stared at Greg with some resentment.

A few minutes later the messenger returned.

"Miss Karlson doesn't remember you, Mr. Conroy, and she asks—"

"Doesn't remember me?" Greg was shocked. "Amazing!"

"She asks if you will state your business."

"No business, my boy. Purely social. Kindly trot back and tell her so."

AGAINST his better judgment the lad did as bidden. Ten minutes later a superlatively imposing gentleman—somewhat addicted to girth—appeared.

"Miss Karlson doesn't recall you, Mr.—"

"Conroy, I'm her manager."

"How do you do," said Greg politely.

"When do I see Miss Karlson?"

"Why—perhaps if you told me the nature of your business . . . You understand . . ."

"Social," explained Greg. "Purely social."

"Where did you meet Miss Karlson?"

Greg bent closer. "It's a secret, old chap. I've never met her. I desire to make amends right now."

An expression of annoyance appeared on the manager's countenance. "You don't mean—"

"I don't mean anything I shouldn't mean. I want to meet Miss Karlson—on a friendly, personal basis. No tricks, I promise you."

The manager glared wildly about the reception hall and wondered where the special officer might be. He was convinced that he was conversing with a lunatic.

"But, my dear sir, it isn't possible."

"Anything is possible. There's no such word as can't in my what-you-call-it. I'm grim!"

"You're crazy!"

"Sane. Absolutely sane. Let's go to an alienist together and he'll prove it."

"Nuts!" exclaimed the manager. "Get out."

"But I must see her. It's vital to my future happiness. Let me explain . . ."

"Boloney!" exploded the large gentleman and fled down the corridor.

THE waiting troupers snickered audibly as Greg marched out with such nonchalance as he could muster. He made a reconnaissance by stealth and came eventually to the main gate—far, far removed from the obnoxious reception hall. From outside the iron-

work, he engaged the severe gatekeeper in conversation and pressed two fine cigars upon him. Eventually the gatekeeper permitted himself to be convinced, and he, too, summoned a boy and sent him to Tyra Karlson with a card. Under his name, Greg had written:

"Must see you. Urgent. Personal. Won't bother you long. Explain to your manager no bologna."

Tyra did not appear, but a hefty, gray-uniformed special policeman did.

"Scram, yep!" said he with some show of hostility.

"Eh?"

"On your way. Park yourself elsewhere. Beat it. Take it on the lam. Pronto!"

"I wish to see Miss Karlson."

"Oh, yeah? Well, for seven years I've been craving to take dinner with Greg George, but it ain't got me no farther than you're gonna get; see?"

"I see. But this is important."

"Out, for you! Or I'll plant you in the housegoose."

"Sounds terrible," agreed Greg. "I'll trot along, but I'll return."

He dropped in at a telegraph office and fled a wire:

DEFEATED IN FIRST SKIRMISH STOP MY BACK IS AGAINST THE WALL AND I WILL FIGHT UNTIL THE LAST FRENCHMAN IS DEFEAT STOP YOUR MISSION MORE GOOFY THAN EVER STOP BUT I STILL LOVE YOU

TWO days later Greg, bitterly discouraged, again communicated with Midge:

CAN'T WE SETTLE THIS SOME OTHER WAY QUESTION MARK THE LADY IS UNBELIEVABLY LACKING IN DISCREETMENT STOP HER STRONGHOLES ARE GUARDED BY DRAGONS AND GORGONS STOP NO HOPE FOR EARNEST YOUNG MAN LOVE

Came an answer from Midge:

WHY NOT INTRODUCE YOURSELF TO THE REAL MR GREG CONROY STOP

GO ON AND PLAY MARBLES STOP I NEVER THOUGHT YOU COULD ANYHOW

"Brutal," groaned Greg as he read the wire. "Women are all heartless."

The quest, which had started innocently enough as a lark, was now a nuisance, but Greg confessed that it had assumed importance of a sort. He laughed at himself for being an idiot, and then decided that because he had started the thing he'd see it through; so during the next week he made himself a cheerful pest around the Pinnacle lot. But the attitude of reception clerks and gatekeepers changed. Regarding him at first as a harmless maniac, they eventually thawed a trifle. After all, he was a decent-looking sort and his smile was pleasant and he never grew angry at their most enthusiastic insults. At the end of nine days the reception clerk on duty unobtrusively asked the whys and wherefores.

"Marriage!" explained Greg. "Aw, shucks! (Continued on page 124)"



"It was the bumper and right fender that socked him, but it turned out he was only knocked cold . . . anyway, they got introduced awful abrupt!"

He Loaded His Luck into Freight Cars

MAX EPSTEIN
made Chance work
overtime and built
a \$100,000,000
industry



By
NEIL M.
CLARK

MAX EPSTEIN sat at his desk in the Continental Illinois Bank Building in Chicago and made a remarkable admission. He said that if he hadn't had a lucky break thirty-four years before, he wouldn't be sitting at that desk. Wouldn't be the head of a \$100,000,000 concern which builds thousands of freight cars every year and operates 49,000 of them, wouldn't be one of the recognized Titans in the world of business.

He didn't say it just that way, but he made it perfectly clear that a stroke of luck started him on the road to fortune, and that he wasn't ashamed to admit it. Indeed, the thing that puzzled him was why so many of his fellow business executives try to conceal the part luck has played in their careers. He could tell you about plenty of them.

If a certain man, he says, hadn't inherited a few thousand dollars just when he needed it . . .

If an old banker hadn't died, opening the way for a brilliant youngster . . .

If a young financial genius hadn't fallen in love conveniently with an heiress . . .

So it goes. Luck, as signified by that



By taking advantage of the breaks, Mr. Epstein developed modern tank cars which now serve the daily needs of all of us

mighty little word *if*, is rated as highly important by Epstein. And nobody, he contends, would be ashamed of being lucky, because *ifs* never do anybody much good without *buts*.

See how that worked out in his own case. If he hadn't happened to hear of certain Pittsburgh brewers who wanted to buy some refrigerator cars back in 1898, and if he hadn't happened to hear at the same time about certain Chicago packers who wanted to sell some refrigerator cars, he probably wouldn't have founded the General American Tank Car Corporation.

You can see, however, that it is going to take a pretty big *but* to bridge the gap between the haphazard dickering about a few freight cars and the building up of a \$100,000,000 business. Max Epstein might have cleared \$1,000 on the deal and let it go at that. *But he had the imagination, enterprise, and ability to make his stroke of luck count for more.* So, instead of merely pocketing the

thousand dollars, he revolutionized freight cars. As a consequence, he revolutionized a score of industries and, by providing cheaper transportation, cut the cost of a lot of things you and I use every day.

Today Mr. Epstein is just the sort of man you would expect him to be: the sort of man who knows he has had better luck than some men, but also knows that luck alone would never have put him in his present advantageous spot. In other words, he has a decent respect for his own abilities, without any of that arrogant superiority which power and money sometimes breed.

THE chairman of the board of the General American Tank Car Corporation evidently doesn't feel the need of any thesaurus. When I first called on him he was ready to see me, and within two minutes from the time I had sent in my name, I was in his office. No formalities. No hemming and hawing. "How are you?" said Epstein, and waved toward a chair. "Have a seat."

He finished scratching his signature on some letters that lay on his desk, and I looked around. And right then, even before he began to talk, I began to perceive the nature of the man: a man who will neither put up bars against his

fellow men, sight unseen, nor lower his own standards to meet them.

For there was no door shutting off his private office from the corridor outside.

There was, rather, a wide, hospitable archway. But in that archway, partially closing it, was a wooden screen, on which the carving was so delicate that it looked almost like lace. It seemed to me that the screen was somewhat like a sign: This Office Is Always Open, But Remember It Is Max Epstein's Office.

I mentioned the beauty of the screen, and got a further glimpse of Epstein's way of thinking. "It is a beauty, isn't it?" he said, without looking up from his letters. "I bought it in India."

He went on to say that this wonderful handwork was that of highly skilled Hindu workmen, who are paid the equivalent of twenty-five cents a day. "You can imagine what unskilled workers must get," he said. I knew by his tone that he was sorry for those fellows. They weren't getting their share of the world's luck.

THE very appearance of Max Epstein was wholly in character. He was well dressed, but in the quiet manner that does not call attention to itself: gray suit, blue shirt with a stiff collar of the same color, gray spats. And his vest was unbuttoned for comfort.

He isn't, I soon discovered, the type of man who "lets himself go" easily. He thinks more in terms of principles than events, more in terms of other human beings than himself. As he talked I soon realized that he was shy away from speaking of his own exploits, not because of any false modesty, but simply because he saw no sense in talking about those

exploits except in terms of what they proved about men in general and also about the world we live in.

He talked about the people who are out of jobs. That, he said, seemed to be a poor distribution of luck.

"The five-day week looks to me like the way out," he added. "It would mean putting four million more people to work in this country. And it will come. Machines will do more and more of the world's work in the future, and that will be lucky in the long run, because it will force us to readjust our economic system and give men more leisure for play, study, and cultural development."

"I am satisfied that within twenty-five years the average working week will not be more than twenty-five hours." Five five-hour days!

He talked about his visit to Russia recently. "Communism carries the theory of luck entirely too far," he told me. "It won't work. Divide all the world's wealth equally among all people, and within one minute some would have more, some less. That's human nature. Even the Russians themselves are making concessions to private property."

HE PAUSED a moment, then spoke very earnestly. "In business," he said, "men are after money. Don't let anybody tell you different. The job of organized society is to see that luck isn't allowed to be too important in distributing wealth. Taxes are one way to even things up. Through taxes on inheritance and income, those who have the most

contribute to the general well-being of those who have less, by means of good roads, schools, and so on. And this is as it should be." Unusual economic ideas, these, for a capitalist!

MAX EPSTEIN was born in Germany in 1875. His parents became naturalized American citizens. Brought up in Cincinnati, then later in New York, he entered the College of the City of New York when he was thirteen—the youngest student, it is said, ever admitted up to that time. He remained two years, then got a job as head office boy with an insurance company in Cincinnati.

Right away he began to learn that luck plays a part in affairs—bad luck as well as good luck. His wages were four dollars a week. His employers agreed to pay him five if, in addition to other duties, he took care of the file-room. This room was lined to the ceiling with letter boxes, the higher ones being reached by a ladder. One day young Epstein slipped, and the heavy ladder dropped with a terrific clatter. No damage was done, except to somebody's nerves, but that was bad luck enough. They took him out of the file-room and cut off that extra dollar.

In the meantime, his father had gone into the packing business in Chicago. After a few months in Cincinnati, young Max moved on. (Continued on page 76)



What Can You Do to Make Money?

By EDGAR C. WHEELER

ONE evening not long ago my family and I were sitting in our suburban home when the doorbell rang. The visitor was a rangy, neatly dressed man of middle age.

"I understand you have a clock in the house that won't run," he said. "Perhaps I can fix it."

We all smiled, for right there above the fireplace was a mantel clock which persistently refused to go. For more than a year I had tried to tinker it without success. Hopefully I had put off carrying it to a jeweler. But how did this stranger know? I asked him.

"Somewhere in almost every house is a clock like that," he explained. "That's why I'm here."

We learned his story. A few months before, he said, he had held a responsible position with a large wholesale house. In his spare time he had enjoyed the hobby of collecting and tinkering with all kinds of odd clocks. His house was so full of them that there was hardly room for pictures on the walls. And so, when his job blew up, instead of tearing his hair he sat down quietly among his clocks and let his mind tick along with them.

Before long it ticked out an idea—that the world of homes has need for a traveling clock-mender.

Of course, we were glad he had come, and we gave him the job of fixing our clock. Then, to our astonishment, he drew from his pocket an illustrated booklet and proceeded to sell us a fine new electric wall clock. A double-barreled idea!

This man's resourcefulness in rising to an emergency struck me as something pretty admirable. When the pins were knocked from

How to Coax a Job Out of Hiding

IT'S time to stop blaming our misfortunes on the depression; time to set about overcoming its obstacles. And, as Mr. Wheeler says in this article, you can't get anywhere unless you do some thinking and some observing. That requires industry and humility.

Maybe the friend who comes to you seeking advice about a job can't mend clocks, paint emblems on airplanes, or import shells, but—he can do something. The best advice you can give him is to look

honestly at himself, to get a fair estimate of his own talents and character. Perhaps after the examination he'll think more of himself—perhaps less—but in any event he'll be nearer the facts. Give him this list of questions prepared by John S. White, employment expert for the American Telephone & Telegraph Company. His answers will indicate how he may create for himself an emergency or stop-gap job which may well become a permanently profitable occupation.—THE EDITOR

WHAT HAVE YOU TO SELL?

1. In what kind of work are you most proficient?
2. What are your hobbies, pastime interests, and unused talents? List as many as you can think of. Place them in the order of preference, considering each of them thoroughly

- in the light of the next question:
3. What kind of work do you most enjoy? Outdoor work? Desk work? Dealing with other men? Dealing with facts or figures? Manual work? Do you prefer to work alone or with large groups?

Now carefully weigh each answer against the following:

WHERE CAN YOU SELL IT?

4. Is there any present demand for the services for which you are best fitted?
5. If not, is there a current demand for one of your pastime inter-

- ests, or could a demand be created?
6. Who demands it? Individuals? Companies? Can they afford to pay for your services? Would you enjoy serving them?

As you go through your list of assets, weighing them in this manner, cross out, one by one, the least promising. By the process of elimination you may thus arrive at last at the one best way to capitalize your value.

under him he refused to worry himself sick. He didn't go out and walk the streets or ask an employment bureau to give him something to do. He didn't even appeal to his friends for help. He simply forgot the old job that he couldn't bring back and turned to his one surest bet—himself. He took an inventory of himself. What particular ability or interest or idea did he possess that other people might need and be willing to pay for? The answer was there, at home in his own house.

I BEGAN to wonder whether I would use the same intelligent initiative if I should find myself in the same situation, and I wondered how many other men are using it, and in what way. I determined to find out.

For the last several weeks I have been traveling here and there over the country talking with all kinds of people who

have faced the need of re-making a living. Some, I found, are walking around in circles, getting nowhere—paralyzed by fear, unable to see or think beyond the lost job, depending on others to lead them somehow to a new one. They showed me that you can't get anywhere unless you do some thinking and observing. But I discovered many others who are proving how far a man can go by taking stock of himself and selling whatever of himself is most marketable. Rising like champions after the knockdown, facing the future serenely and confidently, some of them are actually making more money than before. They have established new trades, founded new industries, and have shot a healthy new spirit into commercial life which, whether the rest of us realize it or not, is

changing the world right under our eyes.

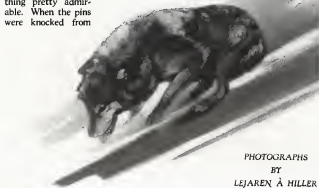
On the first day out I stopped at a flying field. In one of the hangars I came upon a young fellow in overalls busily painting a lurid skull and crossbones on a small cabin monoplane.

"What's the idea?" I asked.

He told me that until recently he had been a bookkeeper. He had dabbled in art on the side. With natural talent, and some instruction in night art school, he had become fairly proficient. And when he lost his bookkeeping job, the thought struck him, "Why wouldn't a private airplane owner find a thrill in having his own personal emblem on his plane?" He sketched a number of ideas and showed them to private flyers. Sold! So here he was at work with paint and brush.

"Of course, the number of privately

Fortune
rides with many
a man who has
mounted his hobby to
chase the wolf from the door



PHOTOGRAPHS
BY
LEJAREN A HILLER

owned planes is somewhat limited," he said to me. "But I get \$15 for painting one insignia. That's enough to carry me along while I am breaking into commercial art."

He had turned his pastime talent into cash by using his wits to find a market for it.

ONE hot afternoon I entered a gorgeous room. It was a bathroom in a newly built home in Virginia. It was not a large room, yet all the cool breezes from far-off seas seemed to have gathered there. For its walls were of glimmering golden pearl. They had been faced with a veneer of overlapped and polished pearly seashells. Not long afterward I discovered the same fairyland surface on a vaulted ceiling in the new building of a Wall, Street. (Continued on page 70)



PHOTOGRAPH BY NADY GLAZER

John Friel has learned a lot about human nature from the driver's seat of a bus. He's been driving busses on long and short trips about the country for the past ten years

CHAUFFEUR for 200,000 People

How the
Bus Driver
sizes us up

By
JOHN FRIEL

I'M one of those fellows that drive a bus. I've been pushing along over the roads for ten years now, making an average of 95,000 miles a year. I've taken bus-loads of through passengers part of the way on the long trip from Chicago and Denver out to the Coast, and I've plugged through New England and the South and the Middle West on the short hauls. I've had runs out of a good many of the big towns in the United States and passed through hundreds of little ones on the way. I've carried, in all, I suppose, upwards of 200,000 passengers. And I've noticed curious and interesting things about the folks who ride with me and the folks I pass on the road.

One of the first things I noticed when I started driving a bus was that the moods of passengers are more catching than measles. Let a healthy, good-natured fellow with a big smile climb into a bus some dull, rainy morning, and almost immediately a general air of good fellowship comes over the rest of the passengers.

It's the same with a grouch. Let a couple of crabby, complaining folks get aboard an otherwise peaceful bus and they can make a whole crowd grim. Sometimes a grouch will spoil the party deliberately. He'll object to singing or noisy good-nature on the part of the other passengers. One thing a grouch just can't stand is youthful good spirits. I've heard that when you like good food better than anything else in the world and hate a sudden noise, old age has got you. I'd say that when you hate to see other people enjoying themselves, you're old.

I've noticed, though, that there's nothing like a little food and freedom to get folks together. I can unload a busful of strangers at the lunch stop. They'll get chatty over their sandwiches and coffee, talking about the scenery and where they're going and such, and when I load them up again for the afternoon run, I've got a busful of friends.

I remember one experience with a couple of passengers who took an early morning dislike to each other and got it more than straightened out at a lunch stop later. I was on the run from New York to Washington, and once a week or so I used to take a good-natured, generous fellow down on some political job or other. He was a great story-teller, and he always had a pocketful of cigars which he passed out freely. One day an-

other pretty regular New-York-to-Washington passenger—a fine-looking woman who had a job in some detective bureau and had been a good friend of mine on the trips—happened to travel with me the same day as my big cigar-smoker. It took less than five minutes for those two first-class folks to pick a good fuss. The young woman objected to the man's cigar smoke. Whereupon he said some things not just calculated to flatter a lady.

But at the lunch stop she sat on a stool beside me, as usual, and began to chat. And my smoker friend, having finished his coffee, came over to give me a cigar. The lady explained that she had had a dreadful headache, but that generally she liked the smell of a real good cigar. And it developed that she actually knew something about cigars. She'd picked up the knowledge in connection with her detective work.

A COUPLE of weeks later the man got on to my bus again for a trip to Washington.

"Heard anything of Lucille lately?" I asked.

"Sure," said he, grinning. "She sent me a box of good cigars last week."

The foolish little rows that passengers get into is a perpetual surprise to me. Windows, probably, make more disturbance than anything. One passenger wants more air and another wants less in the same bus. Sometimes, when we're running with every ventilator open, a woman wants a window open but refuses to sit by it. She wants somebody else to do that.

But I'm glad to say that most folks are good-natured and friendly.

Another thing I've observed is that something in human nature is always hankering after a little personal attention. For instance, I can stand in the door of my bus and shout, "Through bus

to Buffalo," and before I get settled behind the wheel six passengers will slip up and ask me if they have to change before they get to Buffalo. It isn't that they didn't understand me in the first place. They merely want to ask foolish questions—just to be sociable.

Or I'll be driving all day long through mountain scenery and suddenly a woman in the rear seat will pipe up, "Driver, what is the name of that creek?" It'll be a little drip of water coming down out of the hills just like a hundred others we've passed. But a woman in the back seat has reached the point where she's just got to open the pot with a bit of sociable small change.

The three old faithfuls that every bus driver answers a thousand times a week are, "Why do you stop at a railroad crossing?" "What do you do when you get a flat tire?" and "How many miles a day do you drive?"

BUT say, boy, if you get engine trouble, then's when you're in for chatter trouble too, believe me! If you stop out of your bus for a look-see, the passengers crowd around like a swarm of bees and ask questions nobody could answer. If you can fix the trouble yourself, you do—to a barrage of questions. It looks like they all want to have a hand in it without doing any of the work. Once in a while, when you're fixing a flat, a fellow will step up and help you with the jack, but the chances are all against it. They're more likely to kill the time goofing you while you work. Once in a great while somebody will blame you entirely for the delay and tell you what a rotten driver you are and threaten to complain to the company.

I remember one time I had a blow-out on the road through Imperial Valley, below sea level, with the thermometer at 105. I got out and set to work, with the sweat rolling off me. And a fellow came up to me and started calling me names. "Say, you," he said, "I'm Mr. Blank of Los Angeles, and I've got important matters to attend to. How long are you going to hold us up while you fix this blankety-blank tire on your blankety-blank bus?"

"Ten minutes," said I.

"Ten minutes!" he squawked. "I could do it in five."

"You're welcome to try," I said. And then he blew up. "My name's Blank," he screamed at me again, "and you ask anybody (Continued on page 111)"

Most people don't know
what they want, till . . .

Honeywell

By EVERETT
RHODES CASTLE

HONEYWELL HARPER brought his small roadster to an abrupt stop in front of the girl perched on the white fence and removed his battered brown felt hat in greeting. The act of salutation revealed a pair of very light blue eyes which danced in the sunlight against a backdrop of clear brown skin and a mop of tousled hair the color of taffy still to be pulled. The grin he offered as a preliminary to speech revealed two rows of gleaming white teeth and an engaging upward twist of the upper lip.

"Hello!" he suggested tentatively. The girl—Honeywell Harper put her down at between eighteen and twenty—continued to swing her long legs lazily. A large straw hat flapped above her face, and her small nose offered an almost delicious problem in perspective. Her eyes, large and sooty, in the shadow of the hat, stared out calmly, first at the dusty little car and then at the young man whose legs jackedknifed the limited area before him.

"Hello!" she answered levelly.

Honeywell Harper leaned forward over the steering wheel.

"By any chance," he inquired eagerly, "do you happen to live here? I mean," he went on rapidly, "if you do, would you mind telling me if there happens to be a little brook somewhere on the premises?"

"I do—and there is—over beyond that stretch of white birches in the meadow," the girl admitted, and the lightning shadow hinted at a fleeting smile.

Honeywell Harper slipped out of the driver's seat and leaned over the door

of his roadster closest to the fence. "There doesn't happen to be a little summerhouse down by the edge of the pool—I mean," he corrected himself anxiously, "there is a pool, isn't there?"

"A dam," the girl assented, still ticking away with her legs. "Uncle Ben has several rustic benches down there where he sits and—"

"I knew it!" the young man leaning over the door shouted joyously. "I knew it the minute I came over the hill yonder and saw the white house with its green blinds, nestling against that dark green of the fir windbreak. Something told me there would be a brook gurgling across the meadow into the cool depths of a pool where Marshman K. Andrews could sit in the depths of a big chair and listen to the songs the old trout sing. I knew I had found Coldbrook Farm at last!"

"But you haven't," the girl objected

tranquilly. "This farm happens to be called Old Oak Farm and it belongs to my uncle, Benajah Carter."

"Don't let that sign part of it bother you," Honeywell Harper assured her cheerfully. "I have a new sign hanging in the rumble seat. Two cracks of the hammer and we have Coldbrook Farm." "And have you got your friend Mr.—Mr. Andrews back there with it?"

THE young man laughed. Something about it made the girl laugh too. "Of course I haven't. I never heard of the old boy until the day before yesterday. A friend of mine works for him. He's a big broker in Wall Street. In fact, if my friend hadn't happened to mention at lunch that his boss was looking for a small farm I wouldn't even be here now. Naturally, when I heard he was interested in buying a farm I went to see him and told him I had just the

Harper Goes a-Selling!

property he wanted—Coldbrook Farm."

"But—"

"A charming old New England farmhouse," Honeywell Harper rushed on happily, "set in a grove of fine old trees, with a little brook gurgling across the meadow into the cool depths of a pool, where he could sit in the depths of a big chair and listen to the songs the old trout sing. I told him Coldbrook Farm was—"

"There are only frogs in the pond beyond our gate," the girl began again. "A mere detail," Honeywell Harper assured her carelessly. "The main idea is the same."

The girl slid down off the fence. "But why don't you take him to the farm you spoke to him about—where—where the big trout really are?" she asked with a puzzled frown.

Young Mr. Harper opened the door of the tan roadster and stepped out.

"How could I," he inquired, "when I didn't know where it was till now?"

"You—you mean you went to see—this man—and got him interested in buying something that didn't exist—?"

"But it does exist," persisted Honeywell Harper earnestly. "Here it is. White house. Green blinds. Big trees. Gurgling brook. Everything. Andrews will go crazy over it."

THE girl took off her large straw hat and ran a slim brown hand through her dark hair. It was beautiful hair, Honeywell Harper decided instantly, especially as the slim brown hand and the sunlight brushed it with blue highlights.

"I still don't think I understand," she confessed finally. "You see, this farm has been in the Carter family for nearly a hundred years and Uncle Ben is dreadfully set—"

Young Mr. Harper stopped her by

taking a cardcase out of the pocket of his dusty blue coat and holding out a card with a flourish.

"This girl will help you to understand," he suggested.

The girl took the card and stared down at it. It read:

HONEYWELL HARPER
Buyer's Agent

"Buyer's agent," she repeated wonderingly.

"Buyer's agent," the card's owner reiterated proudly. "There are a million people in the country who are seller's agents—salesmen—but there is only one dyed-in-the-wool original buyer's agent."

Do you get the idea? I got the idea from my great-grandfather. That's where I got my name. He was a Yankee trader. I used to be a washing-machine salesman. Every day I called on twenty or thirty people, trying to sell them on the idea of easier, quicker washing. Perhaps only one of the calls I made resulted in the possibility of a sale. But everyone that I called on was interested in buying something. Do you get the idea now?"

"Not—not quite."

"It's really awfully simple." The girl raised her black brows. "I mean," Honeywell Harper hurried on, "it is really very simple when you get the principle of the thing. Now, instead of calling on twenty or thirty people trying to sell them something they don't want, I spend all my time trying to find out what people want—and then I supply them with it. Instead of one prospect out of thirty I have thirty out of thirty. None of them want the same things, but they all want something."

Young Mr. Harper stared gloomily ahead. "Listen, Cy," Uncle Benajah chorled; "meet Captain Benajah Carter of the good ship What's-Her-Name!"



It adds interest to life, don't you see? Instead of just being in the washing-machine business, I am in the automobile business and the refrigerator business and the radio business—"

"And the farm business," the girl put in with a little laugh.

HONEYWELL HARPER laughed too. The girl discovered he had a left-handed dimple.

"And the farm business," he agreed, still grinning. "You see now why I wanted to know about the gurgling brook?"

"Where the frogs sing like trout." The big hat swung slowly across the white corduroy skirt. "Do—do you always paint such alluring pictures of your nonexistent waters?"

"You've got to interest people," Honeywell Harper protested. "Most people have only a vague idea of what they want; you have to paint a picture for them, crystallize their thought, so to speak."

"And you never fail to produce—what you create for them?"

The young man walked slowly over to the white fence and pounded upon it.

"Not often," he answered solemnly. The girl watched him amusingly. "That sounds a little on the smart-Aleck side, doesn't it?" she asked. "I mean, as if some people might consider you a bit of a pest instead of a super-salesman?"

Honeywell Harper studied the brown tip of his shoe reflectively. "Maybe," he conceded after a moment, "but I never thought of it in that way. I guess just because I—I couldn't afford to. You see, I wasn't born with a silver spoon—not even with a tin one. I had to sell aluminum ware during the summer to put myself through school. Did you ever have a door shut in your face? Did you ever walk up one street and down another until your feet felt as if they were window weights, and only earn eighty cents in commissions? You never did, of course."

"I'm sorry," the girl began. "I didn't mean—"

The erstwhile super-salesman flushed. For a moment he lost his seeming brightness. "I wasn't trying to arouse your sympathy," he said after a moment.

"It—it was just your mentioning young Mr. Smart-Aleck. When you have to

eat—and—have things to—consider, you can't afford to have telephone girls tell you that Mister Brown is too busy to see you or—or to be so thin-skinned you rap on an office door and pray that the man you want to see is out, because—you don't feel as if you can stand still another twindown."

The girl suddenly held out her hand. "Come along," she invited, "and meet Uncle Ben. I—I am his niece, Cynthia Carter."

Honeywell Harper took the hand. "With eyes like yours," he said earnestly, "it would just have to be."

UNCLE BENAJAH CARTER sat in the shade of an ancient apple tree sharpening a crosscut saw. On his little round, red face he wore three tufts of white whiskers, one in front of each ear and the third sticking out defiantly like a chip on a boy's shoulder, below his drooping lower lip. A scarred pipe and two extra files lay on the up-turned bottom of an empty paint can beside him.

"Uncle Ben," said his niece, "here is a young man who wants to see you."

"I don't want to buy anything," said Uncle Ben promptly.

"He doesn't want to sell you anything," his niece went on, smiling.

"Don't let him fool you," her uncle went on without looking up. "That's the way they always begin. A fellow here the other day wanted to give me a set of books for nothing. When I told him to send 'em along, he said that all I would have to pay was five dollars a book every year for the loo-leaf monkey business that kept 'em up to date. Tell him I'm busy."

Honeywell Harper spoke for the first time.

"Really, Mr. Carter, I haven't a thing to sell. The shoe is on the other foot. I want to buy something from you."

"I don't believe you," said Uncle

Ben promptly. "What have I got to sell?"

Cynthia explained: "Mr. Harper is—is I mean he has a client interested in buying the farm."

"It's a beautiful little property," Honeywell Harper said. "My—my client will be glad to pay very liberally for it."

Uncle Benajah kept steadily at his filing.

"And, after all, Uncle Ben"—his niece tapped his huddled shoulders with her hat—"you know what I've been telling you every summer since I've been coming out here. You're not so young as you used to be. If you got a good price for the farm you could come into town and be much more comfortable. And now that Father is thinking of buying a yacht, think of the fun you could have—remember how you wanted to be a sailor when you were young, Uncle Ben?"

"You would be proud of the old place," Mr. Andrews' agent added softly. "My client is a rich man and he would keep the place in apple-pie order. And farm land isn't selling for very much just now."

Uncle Benajah stopped his labor for the first time since the interview began. He spat combatively in the general direction of the tree trunk. He looked up, squinting into the sun.

"I AIN'T interested," he announced decisively. "Now let me alone. I'm busy."

"You're an obstinate old man," scolded his niece, with a twinkle in her sooty eyes. "Just like your brother."

"I'm not," maintained Benajah stoutly, and added craftily, "How do I know your father'll buy a boat? Ain't he a-been goin' to do it for the past ten years?"

"I am sure my client will pay you twenty thousand, cash," Honeywell Harper put in mechanically. The

girl noticed the sudden lack of interest in the tone. Was this young man with the happy eyes and the infectious grin, who knocked on wood against the possibility of a first defeat, already admitting the possibility of failure?

"I'M AWFULLY sorry," she murmured, as they walked back toward the little tan roadster, "but all the Carters are just like that. I—I really hoped he would sell. He is getting too old to live here all alone. And he's really wealthy."

"I thought—I mean, at first—that you lived here with him," Honeywell Harper told her absently.

"I keep house for my father in New York. He is Asa Carter of the Travelers National Union Bank."

Young Mr. Harper nodded.

They reached the road in silence.

Cynthia spoke first.

"I'll speak to him again tonight," she promised softly. "As I said before, I'm awfully sorry to be the occasion of your first failure."

About to replace his battered felt hat on his curly head, Honeywell Harper turned and stared at the girl in astonish-

ment. "Failure?" he repeated. "What failure?"

Cynthia Carter opened wide her sooty eyes.

"Why, Uncle Ben. The house."

The young man laughed. Loudly. Joyously. "I wasn't even thinking about the old boy or the house," he bubbled. "That doesn't bother me. I have to hurry back to town. Your talking about how he used to like the sea gave me an idea. If a man has a weakness he has practically no sales resistance. I'll be back tonight with my bag of tricks—and—and, besides, I have some other business that really shouldn't be neglected."

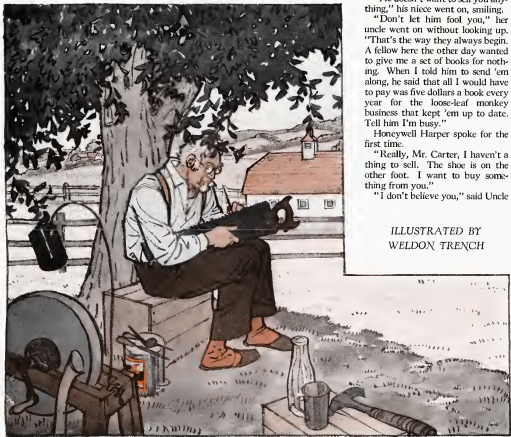
THE girl watched him climb into the roadster with a little smile.

"You're a busy young man, aren't you?"

Honeywell Harper did not answer the friendly gibe until the sputtering of his motor had become a more or less steady purr. Then he waved his hand.

"Sure," he shouted above the din, "but I won't be too busy after I get through buying Uncle Ben's farm to-

night to take you (Continued on page 88)



ILLUSTRATED BY
WELDON TRENCH



"Uncle Ben," said his niece, "here is a young man who wants to see you."
"Tell him I'm busy," retorted her uncle

WELDON
TRENCH

He Changed the Map of a State

By
JAMES C.
DERIEUX

THE office door swung sharply open and there entered the brisk caller I had seen in the first week I had served as

rookie secretary to a new governor of South Carolina. A veteran state official, in the act of telling me who was who and who wasn't, glanced up at the new caller. "Here's where I beat it!" said he. Another old-timer made a sound under his breath, his warning signal to me to beware of someone who had entered.

"Who is he?" I whispered to my sagacious friend.

"A nut," he replied. "None the less, we had to be courteous to callers, even 'nuts.'"

"I'm T. C. Williams," announced the stranger. "I want to tell the Governor about a plan. I want to develop some water power in this state. Can you fix it for me to see him?"

"Certainly," I answered, for this chief of mine, Governor Robert A. Cooper, was the friendliest of officials. The appointment was made, and Williams came back to tell his Tale of Two Rivers to the Governor, while I listened in. He had told that story a thousand times before, always hoping someone would believe it. No one had, but Mr. Williams was one of those enthusiastic persons who are not defeated by defeat.

Affable, white-haired, and with as bright a pair of eyes as I had ever seen, he talked rapidly, earnestly, and with obvious sincerity. He had maps and charts and figures to show how two comparatively small streams might be harnessed in a vast project of power development of endless benefit to the state. The Santee and the Cooper Rivers, he explained, meandering through the apparently level coastal plain of South Carolina, approached to within about fourteen miles of each other. At that point the elevation of the Santee was seventy-five feet above that of the Cooper. Cut a canal between them, he urged, and there would be created an

artificial stream with a waterfall capable of generating enough electrical energy to work wonders in the development of industries, farms, and homes.

The idea seemed simple enough. But in all the years that Williams had been telling about it and gathering facts to prove that it would work, he had encountered only ridicule. In the eyes of state officers and private capitalists alike, he was a "nut."

After his talk with the Governor, I asked a business executive about him. "Williams? He's a fool and a nuisance," replied this financier. "He thinks there is water power in these low country swamps. Level swamps, mind you. When Williams first got after me on this thing I asked an engineer about it, and he told me that I might as well go fishing in a desert as power hunting on level land."

That about expressed the attitude of the business community.

AND yet behold, now, what miracles may be wrought when a man has faith in his idea and the backbone to stick to it for twelve years in the face of daily rebuff. Go with me to Columbia, South Carolina, today and you will see the final chapter of the Tale of Two Rivers—an artificial lake larger than the famous Lake George in New York State, and a power house now developing annually more than 300,000,000 kilowatt hours of electrical energy. You will see a whole community stimulated in hard times by the twenty million dollars or more turned loose in the construction of that lake and power house. You will learn that in prospect are two more lakes, a power canal and another power house equal in capacity to the first.

All this grew out of Williams' "nut" idea—backed by money. And it came to fruit just at a time when mid-Carolina was praying for something to happen. Industry was in the doldrums. Banks were blowing up, crops were disappointing, young men were going elsewhere looking for jobs.

Somebody had to do something, and Williams did it. He changed the map and the future of his state by putting across the biggest single business enterprise it has known in a generation. But not before he had stood up under more disappointments than any other man on or off the records.

There is an old saying that every man

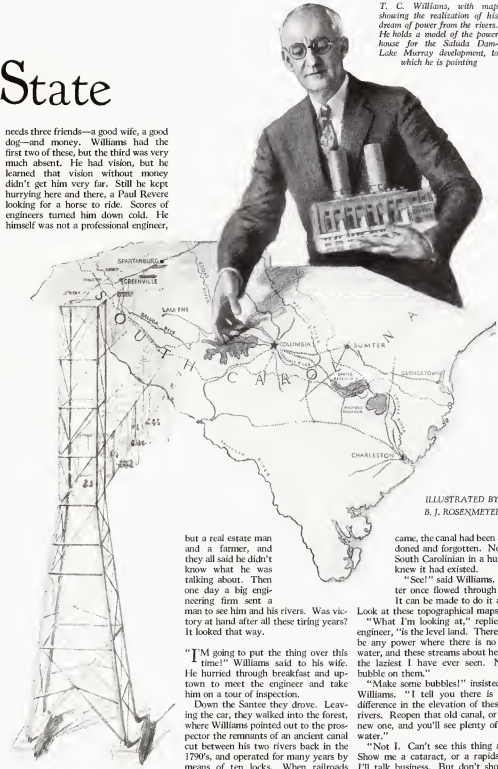
needs three friends—a good wife, a good dog—and money. Williams had the first two of these, but the third was very much absent. He had vision, but he learned that vision without money didn't get him very far. Still he kept hurrying here and there, a Paul Revere looking for a horse to ride. Scores of engineers turned him down cold. He himself was not a professional engineer,

but a real estate man and a farmer, and they all said he didn't know what he was talking about. Then one day a big engineering firm sent a man to see him and his rivers. Was victory at hand after all these tiring years? It looked that way.

"I'm going to put the thing over this time!" Williams said to his wife. He hurried through breakfast and up-town to meet the engineer and take him on a tour of inspection.

Down the Santee they drove. Leaving the car, they walked into the forest, where Williams pointed out to the prospector the remnants of an ancient canal cut between his two rivers back in the 1790s, and operated for many years by means of ten locks. When railroads

T. C. Williams, with map showing the realization of his dream of power from the rivers. He holds a model of the power house for the Saluda Dam-Lake Murray development, to which he is pointing



ILLUSTRATED BY
B. J. ROSENMEYER

came, the canal had been abandoned and forgotten. Not one South Carolinian in a hundred knew it had existed.

"See!" said Williams. "Water once flowed through here. It can be made to do it again. Look at these topographical maps."

"What I'm looking at," replied the engineer, "is the level land. There can't be any power where there is no swift water, and these streams about here are the laziest I have ever seen. Not a bubble on them."

"Make some bubbles!" insisted Mr. Williams. "I tell you there is a big difference in the elevation of these two rivers. Reopen that old canal, or cut a new one, and you'll see plenty of swift water."

"Not I. Can't see this thing at all. Show me a catarract, or a rapids, and I'll talk business. But don't show me

any more swamps," said the visitor. They returned to Columbia. Another anticlimax. Another wasted trip of inspection. Another jolt to hope. "What news?" asked Mrs. Williams. "Same old thing," her husband replied, and dropped wearily into a chair. "I want you to do something for me," said Mrs. Williams. "What?" "Give this thing up. You'll run yourself crazy or kill yourself working over it. Of course, your idea is good, but nobody else has sense enough to see it, and you haven't money enough to put it over. I'd rather live in a log cabin in the woods than have you go on like this. Give it up!"

HE WAVED HER. He was about ready to chuck it. But then he went to bed, and sleep restored his faith and energy. Next morning he breezed up-town again, an eager expression on his face, as though everything were fine and the powers all ready to be signed as soon as he could reach his office. A group of men were standing, Southern fashion, on the street corner, laughing and talking. He approached them, but they saw him and scattered. He went into a bank.

"Oh, my Lord!" said the banker under his breath, and then aloud, "Good morning, Mr. Williams. What's the good word? Those rivers still flowing?" "Yes, and if some of you fellows would help a little we could make 'em flow fast enough to do South Carolina a lot of good. I had a man down here yesterday from New York—"

"What did he quote?" asked the banker.

"Well, he couldn't quite—" "I know," the banker broke in. "He said the same thing the rest of us have been saying. Why don't you drop this idea, T. C., and go after something that has money in it?"

"That's what I'm after now," answered T. C., and there was a note of distress in his voice, for surely he needed money. It had been quite a while since any fortunes were made at farming or real estate.

"An offer of a good job came along, with a salary attached."

"Take it!" said Mrs. Williams.

"Grab it!" said his friends. But he let it slide, and it did look as if he were doomed to chronic failure. Past fifty now, and nothing in prospect. That is, nothing much. This was not the first time he had followed a trail and found emptiness at the end of it. Once he had been interested in a river transportation company, hoping to have shippers use boats instead of box cars. What remained of the company was an old steamer beached near Columbia, its gloomy skeleton visible to everyone who passed.

"What is the old boat down there?" visitors and newcomers would inquire.

"That's the (Continued on page 82)

The Tall Ladder

When a man
wants to hurt
anything, he
uses his fists . . .
a woman uses
her tongue

By
KATHARINE
NEWLIN
BURT

JULIA OLIPHANT headed her horse across the clearing, skirted an alfalfa field, and took the mountain trail. Jefferson Wager's tracks were along it. He'd been riding fast.

She had not gone a hundred yards up under the glittering aspen leaves when Jasper Cere startled her. He must have run at top speed, choosing a short cut, to intercept her at a point that would be out of sight of the bunk-house.

"Julia," he said, "please don't ride out after Wager alone like this. He's dangerous."

"Dangerous? That's absurd. He's the less dangerous man I've ever known! I'm going on now. Please get away from Trusty."

Jasper stepped out of her way and she rode on, her pulses tingling with excitement.

Only six years ago, Jasper had been her husband, dearest and closest of comrades. But this happy marriage suddenly ended when Jasper was convicted of a stock fraud and sentenced to prison. Julia refused to help him, and secured a divorce. Two years later, she had planned to marry Locksley Greene, but, on the very eve of the marriage, evidence was uncovered that Locksley was partly responsible for Jasper's conviction.

Fleeing West alone, Julia's fancy was caught by the Flying O Ranch located in the cañon wilds of Wyoming. Its owner, Seth Gaylor, was eager to sell, and, purchasing the ranch, Julia became the empress of her own kingdom. Rescuing from the clutches of the law a

mysterious bandit who she thought was Joe Carr, a fugitive from justice, Julia set him up as her foreman under the name of Jefferson Wager. Ma Orme, a tyrant-faced woman from the nearby town of Coyote, and her helper, Maiste, a couple named Peavy, and several cowboys completed the retinue. The ranch was stocked with cattle and a few polo ponies, and its new owner intended to run the Flying O in a Western manner and on a paying basis.

In the hope of making amends to Jasper, who, she now knew, had been wronged, Julia sent for him at the close of his prison term and put him in charge of the horse-raising. But she had not foreseen what it would do to her to have Jasper here on her ranch. It was not long before Jefferson Wager and Jasper became involved in a fist fight. Julia reprimanded them both for their childish actions. Later that night Jefferson demanded that Julia tell him just what there was between Jasper and herself, adding that, unless he knew, he was likely to lose his head and kill Jasper. At this point Ma Orme entered the room, saying, "And it won't be the first man you have killed, Mister Wager."

Jefferson walked out quickly. Julia at once determined to watch him carefully. Rising early the next morning, she sent for him, only to find that long before daylight he had saddled a horse and ridden up the mountain trail. Quickly mounting her favorite horse, Trusty, she started up the trail in mad pursuit, ignoring Jasper's warning of the danger ahead.

She was beginning to repent her rash decision when Trusty came to an abrupt and startled stop. They stood on the brink of a hidden gulch. A secret horse corral. She counted eleven head . . . six of them were recognizing her own. Horse thieves in Folsom River country? She took the trail toward home. A sound of hoofs, behind her, made her turn. Wager came out from the tangle of stunted and twisted aspens.

"I didn't know you were out after me, ma'am," he said.

Now go on with the story. . . .

JEFFERSON kept his horse abreast of Julia's, although this meant a continual weaving in and out of the wilderness bordering on their slender trail—a Cheshire-cat act of appearance and disappearance that was particularly trying, at this crisis, to her nerves. She knew that he was watching her narrowly with that hooded look and a downward bend of his head.

He hazarded a few questions, intended, she knew, to draw from her for the aid of his own uncertainty information as to her day's experience: "You didn't see nothin' of them horses, ma'am?" "The Idaho strays?"



"Since when," Wager asked her, "have you been namin' me a bad bet?"

"Yes, ma'am. I didn't light onto them, myself."

Julia merely lifted her shoulders as though the matter were of no interest to the owner of Flying O.

"You been ridin' some time, Mrs. Oliphant? Were you alone?"

"Yes. Since eight o'clock."

It was probably rash. She should have hidden her cards. She should not have allowed the man to guess that he was in danger of discovery. But a cool-headed rashness was Julia's ordinary method of procedure and she was colicky angry. She took the satisfaction of her rashness in seeing the tinge of color creep up under his sun-blackened skin. He rode away amongst the trees and back. Should she ask him to keep behind her or, perhaps more prudently, insist that he ride on ahead?

"Ride up, Wager. This isn't a two-way road and Trusty gets jumpy with Timber coming in and out this way. No, no behind, please. Timber can walk faster."

The wolf spoke suddenly.

"Lady," he said in a drawl that drew somewhere in its wake a rustic laughter, "I'd like you to savvy that I am about twice't as scared of you as you are of me, ma'am. If I ride ahead of you it's only because I'm the bravest feller of the two."

AND Julia laughed. She could not help it, for all her anger. There was that in his dry tone that was irresistible. She turned upon him her brilliant, cold, laughter-smitten eyes in a face that still had not lost again its look of Nemesis.

"Why should you be afraid of me, Mr. Carr?"

"Don't call me that!"

"I'm beginning to dislike your story-book name, Mr. Wager. It's not so good to be continually reminded of a . . . bad bet."

"Since when," he asked her very softly, "have you been namin' me a bad bet?"

Then, after a silence, he answered her question belatedly:

"I am scared of you because I have not been able to forget the time you stuck

ILLUSTRATED
BY
SAUL TEPPER

your little gun between my shoulder blades and tied up my hand to your saddle, and run me down towards Coyote without tellin' me your plans. That was a walk I ain't likely to let myself take again, Mrs. Oliphant, if I can see my way, that is, to declining the invitation."

"I SEE you haven't forgotten that I have information which the sheriff still needs."

"No, ma'am. I'm not a good hand at forgettin'. I seen the minute you looked up this trail at me this afternoon . . . well, sir, I knowed even when I heard the way you was hammerin' home along this one-way road, that you had been spyin' on me."

"Spying? That's pretty good!"

"Say, then . . . that you had happened upon seein' me, yourself unseen."

"Carrying on a private business that you would rather your employer, Mr. Foreman, had not been able to observe."

He drew in his breath deeply.

"You saw me . . . doin' just what, ma'am?"

She moved closer and laid a hand on his rein and, rising a little in her stirrups, looked at him, level with his eyes.

"I saw you signal to someone in the cliffs. And I heard him fire off his gun. And that must have been a shot that you were expecting, because you didn't so much as lift your head at sound of it. You rode straight on down. You have a friend up there in hiding."

He was meeting her eyes steadily.

"Yes, ma'am."

Julia's flexible young mouth gave itself a twist of contempt.

"And I believe that he is"—she began to quote the sheriff literally, for Julia had a memory of her own—"one of the more dangerous men that got hold of a certain easy-goin', friendly, hand-to-mouth fool named Joseph Carr. That man up there, Jefferson Wager, is one of the stronger crooks that used you as a tool until they were over you in a burglary and murder. You are wanted for evidence against that bigger man, Joe Carr, weak, easy, soft towards women."

"Say, lady," Jefferson cringed with



an exaggerated gesture of one enduring blows . . . but she was satisfied, too, that it was the exasperation of a genuine wincing. "You are hittin' kind of hard for a soft feller to stand without cryin' out. I thought I'd got me rid of most of the softness and the easy-go'in'-ness."

"I RATHER hoped that you had. But that's hoping too much, isn't it? We don't lose our natures quite so easily . . . no matter how easy-going we may be. There is your master again back there in the hills, and he's got the whip hand of you and you're still afraid of him, still loyal to him . . . more loyal than you are to me, 'living or dying,' more afraid of him than you are of me or of the sheriff behind me."

Jefferson wheeled, his hand springing back. "Behind you?"

"Not literally," she laughed again, this time not pleasantly. "I mean that he would come if I should send for him."

"Yes, ma'am. But you don't scare me so much now as you did. You wouldn't have reminded me of the sheriff if you had made up your will to send for him."

"Wager, I want you to send for him."

"If you are talkin' to amuse me, lady, I'm bound to tell you that you are not succeedin'. Not noticeably."

"You're in the power of this killer hiding out up there above my ranch?"

Jefferson put up an uncertain hand towards his mouth, the first fumbling gesture, she told herself, that she had ever seen him make. His eyes had turned away from her.

for the man that shot Leigh Price."

"And if they get him . . . will they get you? Will he squeal, this man?"

"Sque—? Oh, sure; I get your meaning. I don't rightly know. I reckon he might if they kept after him. He's not what you'd call an awful close-mouthed feller. He likes to make a noise. That's why he fired off the gun so soon as he found it. I had not arranged that for a signal. But he's near about as scared as you and I are, Mrs. Oliphant."

"He has reason to be . . . if he's the man who robbed and killed

"Yes, ma'am."

"Listen to me instead, Joe Carr."

"I'd sure be grateful if you wouldn't call me that."

"I want you to let the law take its course. I want you to give yourself up and let this man be taken. After all, now, I believe that is the only chance you will ever have for a fresh start. You can never in the world climb up the sort of ladder you pictured with that man on your back. You must face the music. You say you stole. You say he killed. You don't like the thought of jail . . ."

"It would be hangin' for the man that shot Leigh Price."

myself up . . . which more'n likely means givin' him up . . . to his death."

They had come through a small aspen copse out on the last low ridge above the valley. Below them lay the fields, the woods, the stream, the silver lake of Flying O. Lamps had been lighted in the cabin windows. They were the exotic color of tea roses in this bluish dusk.

SUDDENLY Julia struck a hand down on her saddle horn.

"If you do not send for the sheriff, I will," she told him. "But not because of your secret meeting with your real employer in the hills. It will be because—and she had her right hand now on the cold, hidden shape of an automatic—"of your secret cavvy up there. Eleven head. At least six of them carrying the brand of Flying O . . . which, I imagine, you and your fellow thief have not yet had a chance to alter."

He had caught her left wrist in his stead hand.

"Say that again. Tell me I'm a thief of your horses. Go on. Are you a coward?"

"I saw them with my own eyes back there in a gully behind the hill that carries that big lightning-struck Douglas fir. A fence of felled trees had been laid across the throat of the hollow. There was good feed. Spring water. Eleven head, hidden away in a cleverly chosen place. You must have done a heap of riding on my horses. Let go of my wrist, Joe Carr. Perhaps you can explain to me how you 'kind of figgered out' your ride to my horses."

"In a gully . . . back of Dead Fir Hill? 'Twas from that rock yonder that you were watchin' me?"

"Yes. I followed your own tracks . . . as far as that rock."

"And how'd you happen on the cavvy?"

"The wind was blowing hard. I heard a neigh. Far off. Trusty took me over to see his friends. We couldn't



"Yes, ma'am; I reckon I am . . . sort of. He's got a holt on me."

It was a voice almost patient in its helplessness.

JULIA asked with abruptness, "What does he want . . . the man up there? . . . Money . . . to make a get-away?"

"He can't make a get-away now, lady. His only chance 't is hidin' out. I have fetched him food and a gun."

"My food . . . and you spend my time . . ."

"I been ridin' afore daybreak."

"On the horse I provide for a workin' man's day in the saddle."

"You are sure hard when you choose to be, ma'am."

"I will choose to be harder than this day forward. Are they hunting for him, do you think?"

"Mrs. Oliphant, they're bound to be. They're bound to be everlastin'ly huntin'

'Leigh Price,' that is."

"He is the man that killed him. I am the man that robbed him, lady."

"Ah!" It was a sharp and anguished little gasp. "The sheriff didn't quite know that, did he?" And yet she might have realized that he must be not only a weakling but a thief.

"I kind of figgered I had a right to the money . . ."

"Thief's argument! I don't want to hear your story. I hate such explanations of cowardice and of guilt." And yet if she had listened patiently to the explanations of one, Jasper Clerc . . . !

Jefferson's face was gray, a muscle twitched in his cheek. "You never faded the thought of givin' up a man that was your friend, to be hanged by the neck till he was dead."

Julia felt that grip of the tormentor on her nerves, and cold, difficult tears rose to her throat.

"I let a man go to prison once," she said painfully, "and that is why I saved you from the sheriff."

"But now you want me to give

Locksley Greene sulkily threw off his covers and began to dress. There was that in the young man's face which was implacable

get down to them. It was too steep."

He let go of her, turned his horse, spurred, and went with a rattle of hoofs back and up along the darkening trail.

"Wager, come back. Tell me the truth. I'll listen before I give you up!" She did not call that after him. The weak and womanish sentences of surrender were locked down by her will. She stared and listened and then rode slowly down. At last she came to the ranch and turned toward the corrals. She was so tired and weak that she was glad of Arizona's steady hand as she slid down from Trusty.

"Any news of them strays, ma'am?"

"Yes. I think Wager knows where they are now. Any news on the ranch, Arizona?"

"Well, yes, ma'am. You might call it news. We have got a visitor. A gentleman from New York with a shaver and a big car, to see you, Mrs. Oliphant. He answers to the name of Mr. Locksley Greene."

JULIA'S first impulse was to climb back upon Trusty and to ride after Jefferson Wager into the closing night. Her second was to laugh incredulously, and her third was to move quickly up toward the main house. The supper bell was ringing. Ma's energy gave it the sound of an angry woman's voice. Behind her, Julia heard Arizona murmur gently, "I sure hate to give a lady bad news."

"It is that!" Julia repeated blankly. "It sure enough is that."

The past that hung upon a woman's neck when she started to climb! Again she mastered an impulse to follow Wager back into the tumbled hills. Queer how her heart trusted this man, confided in him. Not since her father's death, except for that chance friendliness with Seth Gaynor, had she felt so sure of refuge or of help from anyone. She wished that Wager were here on the ranch tonight. He wouldn't let her be bothered by any Locksley Greene. But . . . good heavens! . . . she stopped with her hand on the door . . . this was a man she had promised to marry! By this time, if it hadn't been for fate, she'd have been, for three long months, his wife. Well, naturally he wouldn't give her up so easily. Not Locksley Greene. She might have expected his appearance like this at Flying O. She opened the door and saw him.

Locksley had the look of a prize-winning schoolboy, a very eager, clever, acquiring sort of look. He was tall, thin, distinguished in build and carriage, with a faintly sidelong pose of his head, one shoulder lifted higher than the other, one hand informally in a tweed pocket—a pleasant, deprecatory attitude acquired probably in an effort to disguise, in the interests of popularity, his superiority of achievement from less clever men.

All this bright-eyed, thin-faced, quick-

mouthed acquisitive cleverness had kept him astonishingly young, but the fixity of middle age—he was more than fifteen years Julia's senior—was beginning to set his face unbekomingly. At forty-five a man should be able to admit the world into his mellowing confidence. He should be at his ease with the full, or even with the empty, hands of his experience. He should be jingling, or distributing, rather than reaching for his coins.

ALL this jumped into Julia's consciousness for the first time as she advanced gallantly enough up the long length of her Western living-room to greet him. "You are a brave man, Locksley." "And you are an extraordinary woman."

He had run forward—another youthful mannerism—caught up both her hands, and held them, looking down at her. He had never seemed theatrical to her before, probably it was her recent accustomedness to the easy, self-conscious gravity of Western men that forced the contrast upon her. She felt extravagantly Western herself, slow of speech, chary of smiling. He looked at her with his big, bright, wrinkled eyes stretched wide.

"I'd never have known you, Julia. When you came in at that door I thought you were the youngest cowboy. It's charming . . . the get-up. Perfectly enchanting. But you're as brown as a berry and your hands are as hard as hickory. I got in at sundown. My chauffeur's nearly dead. As he would put it, that's some road. They've taken him to the bunk-house. Where will he eat?"

"With us. Supper is ready. Where have they put you? Have you washed up?"

"In a tin basin on a bench outside the kitchen . . . 'yes'm.' And they've rigged me up a camp bed in what they call your 'office,' Julia. It's quite a circumstance to be head of a Western cattle ranch, isn't it? I'd no idea."

"You sit here, Locksley. At my right."

And then she saw Jasper on the threshold of that room and her heart stopped beating. All her blood stood still. She had . . . incredibly . . . forgotten Jasper. He was talking over his shoulder to Slim, talking and laughing. He came in, still with his eyes on Slim, sat down heedlessly, took up his napkin, raised his head and saw Locksley. Locksley was painted white, a dense and even white that seemed to obliterate his features . . . all but the staring eyes. Jasper laid down his napkin and slowly rose. The room was still. His chair legs shrieked across the boards. He spoke to Julia:

"If you will excuse me, please, Mrs. Oliphant, I'll take my supper in the kitchen."

And Julia, like a schoolmarm, an-

swered expressionlessly, "You are excused," and watched him stride quickly out past Maisie and Ma, staring above their trays.

Before Julia could have believed it possible, Locksley was making conversation, putting the bewildered table at its ease. "He thinks," Julia commented to herself, almost with amusement, "that it's shock that makes them so silent, eating with their eyes down that way. He doesn't know it's just good table manners!"

How unfairly like a gesturing monkey he seemed amongst these silent men, with their clear, steady eyes and controlled faces. Locksley chattered and questioned and told anecdotes. His face flushed, his eyes glittered, his hands moved. She tried, in unwilling pity for him, to lend him some sort of aid. She even tried to laugh a little at his anecdotes of travel. She said to herself, "He's really pretty wonderful. This must be an awful experience for him. Over Castle Cañon . . . and me . . . and Jasper. Jasper, especially. But, oh, why must he try to be humorous? That's not his line at all."

It was hard to bear. She dropped her eyes from his mirth-contorted face. How awful her hands looked. She hadn't even washed up. Hadn't had the self-possession to think of it. And her hair. And her lips. She must be horrible, like some sort of troll. Maybe he'd just take one good look at her and go on out tomorrow morning. Certainly, he wouldn't be staying . . . not after finding Jasper. What would he say? What must he be thinking back of those hard, bright young eyes with their wrinkled lids?

SHE had been starved, but now she couldn't eat. She drank strong coffee. Huge cupsful. So did he. They wouldn't either of them sleep a wink . . . probably talk all night. Quarrel. No. No. No. She must absolutely keep her head, and her temper. Locksley never lost either. He'd be horribly cool, horribly kind, just, patient, and forgiving. Now they were going to be alone. The boys were filing out . . . earlier than usual. Ma and Maisie had stacked up the dishes. Locksley, smiling and bowing . . . oh, the fatuous condescension of him! . . . held open the kitchen door for them.

"Thanks," from Maisie. And, from him, "You are entirely welcome, madam." Facetious . . . that was the dreadful, necessary word.

Now he was coming back to where she stood, lonely as royalty again before her hearth, but feeling tonight so little royal, so like a tired and frightened girl, ready to cry. Jasper might have stayed to help her. . . . Well, hardly! For all he knew she might have sent for his enemy herself. Jefferson would have stayed. Thief, weakling, outlaw, but he would have stayed. Living or dying, he was her man.

"Locksley, (Continued on page 104)

I'm Glad I'm Absent-Minded

By ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

MY DEAR Aunt Julie was a handsome and snowy-haired widow who died at a great age in a country house which had been her home for more than eighty years. On summer evenings in my own time there would be a great hubbub until all hours, a drift of young voices from the vine-hung verandas, the twang of romantic guitars under the trees, and, on great occasions, the noise of the larder being raided by candlelight and of contraband ice being cracked in the kitchen sink.

But in the winter, except during the Christmas holidays, my aunt was usually alone, and after dinner she would draw the curtains, pull down the swinging lamp, sit on her foot (a habit she shared with me and with Little Lord Fauntleroy), and write long letters to her friends all over the world.

These were notoriously illegible missives, and, indeed, one graceless son-in-law used to insist that he once took a letter of hers around to a Chinese laundry and received a couple of shirts in exchange for it. But she was oblivious of these petty complaints. Through the snowbound evenings, all that could be heard in the house was the matter of the fire in the stove and the scratch of her indefatigable pen.

Long after dark one winter's evening, she was startled during the ritual of this communion by the sound of a knock at her door—startled because a visitor at such an hour was unheard-of, unthinkable. It must be a tramp. Living as she did in a tiny settlement five miles from the nearest town and a mile and a half from the nearest village, she was always more or less on the lookout for tramps.

To the best of my knowledge, no knight of the highway had been seen on that lonely and unpromising road since before the Civil War, but it was part of Aunt Julie's credo that a tramp might be expected at any moment. And so, when the unaccustomed knock disturbed the quiet stream of her correspondence, she was filled with an old anxiety.

Putting down her pen, showing her spectacles up on her forehead, and restoring her captive foot to circulation, she went to the door. Standing on the wind-swept stoop was the elderly artist who was her next-door neighbor. At the sight of him she fairly beamed with relief.

"Well," she exclaimed, "if it isn't Mr. Sauerwen!"

And having cleared up that little point, she musingly shut the door in his face and went back to her letters.

Fortunately he knew both the natural hospitality of her



CHARACTERS BY
WILLIAM AUGER-BLOOM

There's consolation for the woolgatherer in the experiences of Alexander Woollcott, dramatic critic, actor, and author

heart and her reputation for fits of abstraction, and since he had come a-calling at so late an hour to borrow a stamp where-with he might dispatch a letter by the morning collection, he did not propose to be thus lightly thwarted. Another and sharper drumfire on the door brought her to, and, once she had ushered him in, she dropped into her chair and laughed at herself until the tears rolled down her cheeks.

Then she felt she must make him some amends for that first rather chill reception. Only that very day a basket of notable apples had arrived from afar, and he must have the pick of the lot. From a fearful cabinet in which she kept envelopes, ink, old china, bottles of raspberry vinegar, and other treasures, she produced the basket with a flourish, pawing over its contents critically, sampling several as she talked to him, and finally, to his considerable bitterness, putting the basket back on the shelf without remembering to give him one, after all.

FROM which domestic episode you may deduce that my dear aunt was absent-minded. She was notoriously so, and for years the assembly of the clan at Christmas-time was enlivened by the latest anecdotes of her woolgathering. Admittedly it was something of a family trait. Half the tribe was touched with it.

Consider just one of them—a learned fellow who occupied the chair of mathematics in a New England university and moved through the college town with his head in a rosy cloud. There was that night during the summer vacation, for example, when he came home late to a (Continued on page 74)



Caught up by his conquering spirit, Eric's two comrades fought as they had never fought before

Forlorn Island

By EDISON
MARSHALL

IT WAS the ninth day since the shipwreck of Felix Horton's yacht, the Intrepid. The millionaire owner's foolhardy determination to penetrate a remote and dangerous shoal off the northern coast of Alaska had resulted in disaster. The Intrepid had gone down with her mutinous crew aboard. By a miracle of good luck, Horton, his beautiful and spirited daughter, Nan, and his aged but dauntless mother had escaped, along with Roy Stuart, a guest, Wilcox, Horton's secretary, Marie, Nan's maid, and Eric Ericsson, the Alaskan-born first officer of the lost yacht, under

whose leadership a landing on Forlorn Island had been effected. Eight members of the crew had also survived.

For Eric Ericsson, the nine days on Forlorn Island had been patterned with hope and despair, with victory and defeat. Now, as he sat beside Nan on the bird cliffs overlooking the ocean, his heart was heavy with the responsibilities imposed by his self-assumed leadership.

Suddenly Nan looked into his sea-blue eyes. "Eric," she demanded, "what would you give to see a sail out there? A ship we could signal to—one that would come in and take us home?"

"I wouldn't give my hopes of you," said Eric almost roughly. "But that's just what I would have to give up if a ship came in now."

And deep in her heart Nan Horton knew that he spoke the truth. For her father made no bones of the fact that he

expected Nan to marry Roy Stuart, who moved in her own world. Roy shared Horton's wishes, and there had been a time when Nan thought she did. Now she didn't pretend to know her own heart. Since they landed on this lonely spot, she had watched Eric make himself master of a delicate situation. By sheer force of personality, he had forced Roy and her father to accept his leadership. By an exhibition of cool nerve, he had reduced to temporary subjection the survivors of the Intrepid's cutthroat crew led by the deaf giant, Sandomar. A diplomacy which fell little short of genius enabled

him to remain in the good graces of Fireheart, the high priestess of the native Aleuts. Fireheart had complicated the drama by falling in love with Eric at first sight. At this moment, stirred by jealousy of the white girl, the priestess was stealthily plotting her death. Crouching on the cliff above Eric and Nan, she gave an immense boulder a slight push, sufficient to send it crashing down upon her rival. Only Eric's quick-witted action saved Nan.



Many nights later trouble loomed from a fresh quarter. Eric was awakened by a long, harrowing scream which proved to have come from a native who

had been roused from his sleep beside his wife and stabbed.

De Valera, a member of the crew and Horton's toady, had killed the husband because he desired the wife for himself. In the trial that followed, Eric acted as judge and decreed that the killer should put to sea in a one-hatch kayak and take his slim chance of survival.

The men of Eric's party objected on the ground that De Valera's departure would reduce their numbers and thus strengthen the ranks of the common enemy, Sandomar. Even Nan protested, and begged him to spare the miserable wretch. But Eric was adamant in his decision that justice must be done.

As he watched Nan's lovely eyes darken with resentment, Eric bitterly reflected that the prisoner was not the only one who would pay for his sin against society! Now go on with the story. . . .

What promised to be lasting peace was only
a breathing spell in the thick of the fight

IT WAS September and still summer on Forlorn Island. The skies were glassy-blue, but under the horizon the purple banners of autumn gales were already waving. Beyond the pearly rainbow haze, the cohorts of the North rode fast, armed with fine shot of sleet and bayonets of cold, and the sea birds circled endlessly over the cliffs, uttering troubled cries.

"We may as well resign ourselves to a winter on Forlorn Island," Nan said quietly one morning.

"There's no help for that now," Eric told her.

The girl's look grew dreamy as she glanced from Eric to Roy, and back again.

The morning was the calmest and most beautiful of the year. The smoke from the cooking-fire made a straight, round pillar to the blue. The wind that

had seemed part of the landscape but had ceased to breathe; in the utter stillness, Nan's low tone sounded overboard. Of all the violence she had lived with, not one strike remained—the scudding clouds had passed; save for a long, lazy swell, the sea lay still and blue as a glacial lake. Even the sea birds darted and screamed no more, but flew in slow circles, like vultures, high over the cliffs.

"I don't like it, and I don't know why," Eric told her, as they stood on the silent beach. "The Old North hasn't quit us—you can bet on that—and I believe she has something up her sleeve."

Nan pointed to the billowing edge of a greenish cloud just emerging above the northern sky line. "Is that the sign?"

Almost before Eric could turn his head, the cloud was noticeably larger. It seemed to grow and swell with magic swiftness. As they watched, it darkened from greenish-yellow to deep olive—and there was a queer writhing at its edges. The white morning light itself turned sallow, then weirdly green.

Suddenly Eric pricked up his ears. Far out to sea he heard a long, soft sigh. This grew to a low whistle, farther down the scale than any sound Nan had ever heard, and rising and changing to a long groan. The groan swelled to a distant roar. There was not yet a breath of air, yet the dark sea was wrinkled all over like an old Aleut's face. The air began to crackle.

"The *borga*," Eric told her. He did not know why he used the mystical native word—implying not merely a wind approaching hurricane force, but an evil god riding its wings.

A SECOND later the gale struck. As though on their own volition, the waves leaped to meet it. Instantly all Nan's and Eric's world passed away in a roaring chaos of blown sand, spindrift, and foam.

Eric took Nan's hand and, bending low, plowed through the wall of wind to the village row. Dark figures appeared before them, waved their arms, and were lost to sight in the wild purple shadows. By a common impulse, the whole populace of the isle began to assemble before the kashga. In older days they would have entered to make medicine—perhaps to recite in a high-pitched singsong the ancient prayer of propitiation to the storm gods—but now they pressed close about the paleface chiefs. They were only Aleuts—children of the night.

Eric found Chechagou, and spoke in his ear: "All here?"

Chechagou glanced from face to face. "Think so. No can tell. Man here. Squaws here too. No can count children."

"Tell families get together, take count."

Chechagou moved from man to man, shouting Eric's order. The squaws began to mill through the crowd, yelling, gesticulating, and collecting their own. Eric's fears had almost passed when an inert figure at the outskirts suddenly came to life with a guttural, agonized cry. It was a squaw named Chugalin (Good Fur), owner of a considerable brood.

Eric sped toward her, but at first she was incoherent with terror. He could catch only one word—"Chikak." This was the name of Chugalin's ten-year-old daughter—and though his gaze leaped in all directions, Chikak (Little Bird) was nowhere to be seen.

Chechagou listened to the woman's

cries with a look of doom. "Chikak—she gone," he interpreted dully.

"Where?" Eric demanded, almost shaking the man.

"Know little islet off West Cape?"

Eric knew it well. It was little more than a big sandspit, partly grown to sedge. "Good heavens, man! Not there?"

"She take little kayak, paddle out in bay, around cape, dig clams in sand. No come back."

THIS was just the kind of accident Eric had feared. The Aleut children were always playing in the little one-hatch canoes, on calm days exploring the rocks and the sand islets, on both sides of the

harbor. He turned and glanced once at the darkling sea.

"... Must have gone... low tide... turning now." He was addressing Nan, but she caught only broken phrases.

"... Not breaking over... already."

"... Hope... not tried... start back..."

He raised his arm in a sweeping gesture and, with the whole populace at his heels, sped down the high, narrow headland. The wind quartered behind him—his feet seemed hardly to touch the sand. In a moment he stood where the waves pounced, roaring, and drew back, gazing with narrowed, strained eyes into the storm. At first he could see no more than the gray shadow of the islet,

dimmed by blowing spindrift. But presently the air cleared for a few brief seconds—the curtain of mist fluttered to one side, revealing in stark detail a strange scene.

THE low, sandy ridge still stood well above the waves. Occasional billows broke over it, but they had already spent their power on the shelving sands, and only white foam leaped across. There on the highest point stood a small, dark figure, bracing itself against the wind. It was Chikak—her arms crossed before her face to shut out the sight of her approaching doom.

There was strange travail in Eric's breast. Nan's eyes were on his face, and

he saw it as white as the foam at his feet. Yet it was not the pallor of terror—it seemed to be the serene radiance of some grim, almost terrible exultation. She had thought she knew him, after these long months—suddenly she realized that his sea-soul had depths she had never fathomed.

Eric turned to Chechagou. It was no longer hard to make him hear—the scoured-out headland formed a pocket of compressed air strangely eddying and crackling—and his voice cut through the wave-crash like a steel spear hurled from the throwing-stick. "Take all the hunters and sprint to the landing," he ordered. "Get a two—no, a three-hatch kayak—make them carry it on their shoulders straight across the headland. You carry the paddles, and crack their heads if they don't run!"

Chechagou started to protest, but when his sullen gaze met Eric's, he turned quickly. His call rallied the hunters—in a moment they had vanished in the muck.

"What are you going to do?" Roy demanded. He spoke without effort, in this backwater of the gale.

"We're going after the child."

"Don't you know it's suicide? No boat can live ten seconds in that sea!"

"We'll try it, anyway. Kayaks go good in a gale, if they don't cave in. The kid won't last long—she's a game little scout or she'd have blown off before now." Then, when the curtain blew aside again, "Look at her kneel down and brace against the wind!"

"An Aleut child," Roy said. "Will her own people go after her?"

"Not them! Her own father wouldn't take that trip."

THIS was only too true. Chikak's father worshipped her—he would starve for her in a lean winter, or die for her when death was written in black and white—but he could not push out into that watery death trap for life nor love. It was not just wind and wave, but the *borga*. For him, the smoking scud barely concealed unearthly living shapes.

"If they don't go, who will?" Roy insisted.

"I, for one. You'd better not try it, if I can get two of the sailors. They're handy at jobs like this—and, anyway, Nan'll want you to stay."

"Catch me going!" Roy's cold eyes flashed. "I'm not such a fool as that." Then, almost shouting, "It's a crazy gesture. The child's done for, anyway. Eric, you musn't go, either. You're needed here. It's the life of an Aleut brat against Nan's future safety."

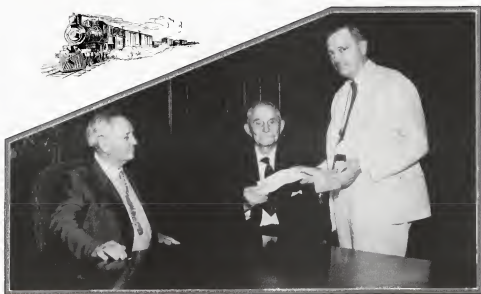
Eric hesitated only an instant. "You'll have to protect her, the best you can. If I'm lost, two of the gang will be lost too, and you (Continued on page 113)

Nan's mind moved clear and sure.

... She began to stalk across the room behind Sandomar's back.



ILLUSTRATED BY
HAROLD VON SCHMIDT



Jacob Achenbach receiving the check for \$2,300,000 for his homemade railroad

This Farmer's Railroad Brought A Rich Harvest

TWO million three hundred thousand dollars for 105 miles of jerkwater railroad is not such a poor return on a business venture begun after one has passed three score years and ten. It takes a man out of the neophyte class, to say the least, and puts the seal of success upon his efforts.

Jacob Achenbach is an eighty-seven-year-old Kansas farmer whose independent ways of thinking and acting have thus been rewarded. His German background gives him a kind of unruffled acceptance of whatever knocks Fate may hand him, and his pioneer life on the plains has taught him to take fullest advantage of the breaks.

During the years when men surged hysterically into the Cherokee strip, for instance, he lived in western Kansas, and in his vicinity there were thousands of acres of farm land that had been mortgaged and were then being abandoned by hopeless men and women. The drought, the grasshoppers, and the heat had conquered their ambition. They left by hundreds, and Mr. Achenbach bought their huge tracts of seemingly worthless soil for small sums. While his neighbors were cursing heaven and the Kansas plains, he remained gravely contempla-

tive, weighing the future possibilities of the land they were deserting. It paid him well for his trust, for there came a day when the droughts were over and the grasshoppers did not appear. Then the desolate prairie grew green with wheat, and to this man who believed in it the earth yielded its harvests.

Nor did he share the average man's scorn for the humble mule. When everybody in his part of the world aspired to become a cattle king, Jacob raised many a laugh among his neighbors because he decided to go in for mules. He was then by way of being a prominent small-town banker, and was always ready to lend money on these animals, making no protests, as did so many of his profession, when he was obliged to foreclose on a team. Before long his herd began to assume impressive proportions and he commenced to cast about for work enough to keep the beasts busy.

Then, along in 1915, a few farmers in the Panhandle of Oklahoma began to raise a good deal of wheat. They wanted a railroad, but nobody was interested in them or their wants. Isolated as they were, remote from the common carriers, the farmers made frantic efforts to connect with the main railroad, at Forgan,

Okla., seven miles away. They banded together bravely and, with back- and purse-breaking efforts, succeeded in building three miles of rails. Then their plans collapsed.

Jacob Achenbach, although past seventy at that time, was not averse to looking into a new investment. Something about this wild, virgin land attracted him, and his mules were eating their stupid heads off, so he bought the three miles of road and moved himself, his youngest son, August, and his herd of three hundred mules to the scene of action. The animals hauled ties, helped in building a firm roadbed, and proved almost invaluable. Jacob took to railroad building as he had to all his other various occupations—with zest and energy, tempered with caution. A large part of the time he, himself, directed operations, while many men watched events from afar off and chuckled to themselves. By and by the seven miles were completed, and the town of Beaver celebrated with wild hilarity and some shooting.

But "Jake's fool project" soon commenced to make real money. Day and night his second-hand, miscellaneous equipment worked for him, tugging to market the golden flood of wheat, for

the land seemed suddenly bursting with grain. The owner of the "Beaver, Meade & Englewood Railroad," encouraged and aflame with a new vision, began to build it slowly toward the setting sun.

Five years ago officials of the near-by railroad system bestirred themselves and made overtures to negotiate a trade. They even went so far as to hint to Jacob that they might be able to pay \$600,000 for his jerkwater line. Mr. Achenbach, accustomed to doing business without too many preliminaries, dressed himself in congress gaiters, a

new rubber collar, and a none-too-smart hat, and marched one bright morning into the outer offices of the railroad sanctum, asking to see the president.

The office secretary announced that the president was in an important conference and could not be disturbed. Forthwith, Jacob, in lusty German, invited the secretary, the president, and the whole railroad company to betake themselves to the nether regions. His language was untranslatable, but thoroughly understood by the secretary, who became very polite and solicitous while ushering out the intruder.

Jacob went back home and continued to superintend the work of his herd of mules.

Every year saw several miles added to the railroad and additional funds deposited in Mr. Achenbach's account at the bank.

Last June, when its sale finally took place, "The Orphan," as the little road was humorously called, boasted but 105 miles, but the main line officials considered it well worth the price they paid—\$2,300,000.

And that didn't include the mules.

MRS. WALTER FERGUSON

Recovering "Lost Chords" of Earlier Days

LOTTA VAN BUREN'S shopping list is frequently made up of the most curious items. It may run, for instance, something like this: 1 handful Siberian boar bristles, 1 doz. crow quills, three inches unidentified veneer (sample attached), two pewter sconces (preferably with turned edges), several sheets antique parchment. These, and similar oddities, are used in restoring old musical instruments, which profession Miss Van Buren has found both pleasant and profitable.

Nearly everybody who needs antique instruments repaired thinks first of her. She has recently supervised the restoration of the famous Steinert Collection at Yale University and the Joline Collection at Barnard College. The Beethoven Society entrusted to her skilled fingers two pianos which the great master had himself owned and played upon. But what she undertakes for museums is only a small part of her work; she does a great deal for individual antique lovers, and for herself.

When Miss Van Buren was learning to play on the piano, she discovered that many of the pieces she enjoyed most were written by Johann Sebastian Bach, not for the piano, but for "the well-tempered clavichord," and decided she

must have a clavichord on which to play them. Her search lasted some time and, as her interest increased, led her across the Atlantic, into dim and dusty attics, to bazaars, auctions, and sales, and to libraries, where she unearthed a great

deal of information about the way old instruments were made. In time she gathered a representative collection of the forerunners of the piano, mended each one with care (and some difficulty), and learned to play upon them. Then she returned to this country and opened her shop and studio.

The business of putting old instruments in condition is not altogether without its thrills. The materials used by the early builders were so different from those we employ now that occasionally they defy recognition. Miss Van Buren has as much fun identifying these as she has in solving a mystery story. And then there's frequently the job of tracking down similar materials to be used in the repair work. Siberian boar bristles, for example, were used as springs to push back into place the fragile little tongues on the notes of certain instruments. Miss Van Buren finally discovered that shoemakers also used the bristles in bygone days, and succeeded in buying a small supply from a wrinkled and much-mystified cobbler. Vener sometimes gives her a good bit of trouble, too. Craftsmen in the old days contracted with sailors to obtain rare kinds of wood from all over the world. Perhaps of more importance is the



Lotta Van Buren restores antique musical instruments. This one is a viola da gamba that belonged to Handel

fact that restoring old instruments and playing the music written particularly for them has for Miss Van Buren developed into a lucrative profession. The real secret of her success may be that she is on as familiar terms with their peculiar "innards" as she is with their beautiful outsides—their elaborate cases and keyboards. Then, too, her intimate knowledge of their construction helps her in playing them, and vice versa.

High up in a city skyscraper, with the strident clamor and bustle of traffic left far below, Miss Van Buren sits in a quiet room, surrounded by virginals, dulcimers, harpsichords, and spinets in all stages of decrepitude, and with deft fingers gives back to them their original beauty of appearance and of tone.

New channels for her unique talent are constantly developing, for the appreciation of antique instruments goes

hand in hand with the enlarged esteem in which all antiques are held. But while Miss Van Buren values these instruments and all that they represent, her most sincere desire is through their use to awaken a greater fondness for the genuine simplicity of music, not leaving it solely in the hands of professionals, but restoring it to the home, where she feels it rightly belongs.

BARBARA E. SCOTT FISHER

Stage Manager of the Greatest Athletic Show



William M. Henry, sports technical director of the Tenth Olympic Games

IF YOU'VE ever had to manage an amateur theatrical performance you know how difficult it is to get everyone to rehearsals on time, to keep the leading lady from making a scene, to have the costumes all in order, the spotlight supplied with extra carbons, and to clear up the countless little difficulties that always develop unexpectedly. Multiply these worries by several thousand, imagine that each member of the cast is a highly temperamental prima donna, anxious to give the best performance of her whole career, and that many of them don't speak English, and you begin to get an inkling of the responsibilities of "Bill" Henry's job. He's the sports technical director of the Tenth Olympic Games.

The entire success or failure of the games depends, to a large extent, on Bill. He's being paid to organize 2,500 competitors from half a hundred different nations, to keep them and 250,000 spectators contented, and to see that events are run off with clockwork precision and unflinching impartiality for sixteen crowded days.

William M. Henry is clearly the man for the job. He's been an athlete and an organizer of sports events most of his life. Since the day he made his first base hit in a San Francisco back lot, some thirty-odd years ago, he's taken an active part in almost every kind of outdoor athletics. As a schoolboy he learned to play cricket and soccer in England, and in Switzerland to skate, ski, toboggan, and curl. Then he returned to this country to go to college and became fairly proficient at our usual sports, such as football, track, baseball, basketball, and swimming. He swam pretty well, but just failed to make the 1912 Olympic team that went to Stockholm. He wound up his academic education by taking an extra year at the University of Sydney, in Australia, where he played lacrosse and rugby. After graduation Henry became the manager of the sports department of a Los Angeles newspaper and also helped organize a couple of airways.

During the last fifteen years he's attended and reported almost every promi-

nent athletic event in the country. And in 1928 he was sent to the Ninth Olympic Games at Amsterdam to study their organization. He has officiated at athletic contests by the score. And he still finds time to keep his own hand in.

A while ago Bill Henry furnished me with some interesting sidelights on his work.

"We were a bit worried about the weather," he said. Rain would not only cut down the gate receipts (as the Lake Placid taxpayers know) but would slow up performances a lot. I felt that maybe we ought to take out weather insurance. We made careful investigations and discovered that the local rainfall between July 30 and August 14 had for the past fifty years averaged less than .02 of an inch! So we're going to take our chances.

"Here's another little job we had to do," he continued, picking up one of the official handbooks. "Doesn't look like much now, but it gave us plenty of work. We had to write to all the federations in various countries, (Continued on page 69)

It's health that climbs the hills and greets the sun!

The whole world bestows its affections upon the happy, healthy child. The laughter of children is music in the ear. Rosy cheeks and waving tresses and sparkling eyes—who can resist their all-conquering appeal? Treasures beyond price—no wonder you guard them so jealously in your children!

In Campbell's Tomato Soup you have a real ally—a soup that radiates healthfulness—glows with all the tonic, luscious, red-ripe goodness of the finest tomatoes that grow. And how the children do *love* it! Indulge them to their heart's content, for it's all sunny wholesomeness. Delicious—nutritious—pure. This soup is so carefully made that it daily justifies the confidence of millions of mothers everywhere.

And the children's favorite Cream of Tomato is made with Campbell's! See easy directions on the label.



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Julienne	Vegetable Beef
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America's most economical car NOW COSTS LESS TO BUY

THERE has probably never been a time when real motoring economy was more important than it is today. And there has certainly never been a time when you could enjoy that economy in such an agreeable form! As any owner will tell you, the new Chevrolet Six costs less for gas, oil and upkeep than any other car. Yet it is also a genuinely fine automobile. And since the recent price reduction you can buy a Chevrolet for less than any other car with an equally complete array of modern quality features! There's a custom-car air about Chevrolet's streamlined Fisher bodies, richly appointed interiors, and chromium finished front-end. That matchless driving combina-

tion—Synchro-Mesh gear-shifting and Free Wheeling—gives you marvelous new handling ease. And the Chevrolet engine not only provides lowest operating cost; it is also the only engine to combine this valuable advantage with multi-cylinder smoothness, speed and flexibility. Moreover, it has been proved dependable by tens of thousands of owners under every driving condition. Obviously, it is not enough to call the Chevrolet America's most economical car.

It is also a strikingly smart, quality-built and thoroughly modern automobile—the Great American Value for 1932.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICH. Division of General Motors

**NEW
CHEVROLET
SIX**

get their okays on every detail of the games, assemble the comments, and translate them. Then we composed this booklet, translated it back into French, German, and Spanish, and sent thousands of copies all over the world."

Housing the contestants and keeping them in condition is another large order—larger than it has ever been before. At previous games held in Europe most of the competitors traveled only a few hundred miles and entrained at the last

possible date before their events. This year many of them have to spend weeks in travel and inactivity. They will be out of form completely and will need the best possible conditioning.

His responsibility is enormous. He must see that every course is correctly surveyed and measured. He must arrange for each hurdle, each high-jump and pole-vault standard, each diving platform, equestrian obstacle, discus, stop watch, and water buoy to be in its

proper place at the proper time. At the end of each day of competition he must verify and tabulate the results of all the events, distribute them to the press, and see that they are printed in the next day's program. He has even arranged to sleep in the stadium, so he can always be available if anything goes amiss.

But Bill Henry has been training for this party a good bit longer than most of the athletes, and the chances are he'll get his sleep.

MEL WHARTON

Beatty and the Beasts

ANIMAL trainers for years have believed that if there is any more certain way of committing suicide than kicking a can of nitroglycerin it's mixing lions and tigers in the same act.

Clyde Beatty not only mixes them thoroughly and vigorously, but he charges the already tense atmosphere by calling in females of both species and a few odd leopards.

His act, if you haven't been to the circus recently, goes something like this: Twelve of the snarling, roaring cats, both lions and lionesses, come charging down the chute into their steel-barred cage in the center ring of the arena and stalk about at random. When they see Beatty approaching, they spring furiously against the bars, clawing futilely to reach him. After a moment of hesitation, while he sizes up the situation, Beatty takes his equipment from an attendant, steps into the safety compartment of the cage, and has the steel door fastened behind him.

It seems impossible for him to get near the inner door, much less open it, for the lions are braced and crowded against it, reared on their hind legs and snarling defiance. But Beatty begins prodding the beasts between the bars with a broomstick, and when, for an instant, their attention is diverted to the side, slips through the hastily opened gate, slams it shut, and backs against it, his revolver drowning out the cries of the crowding beasts as they surge toward him with bared fangs and lifted claws!

Armed with such harmless weapons as blank cartridges, a whip, and an ordinary cane chair, he parries the charges of those snarling beasts, finally subduing them to a rumbling, whining obedience and driving them to their pedestals. Then, with a semblance of order established temporarily, the door of the chute is again opened and more lions and tigers and even leopards come roaring ominously into the ring, to charge with terrible menace at the cool young man in charge, until forty of

Nero has twice saved Clyde Beatty's life and twice attacked him



them have been stopped, put through their paces, and compelled to take their positions in a towering pyramid. With this accomplished, the trainer drives them all to their places around the ring and actually soothes them. The roars die down, twitching tails are stilled, erect manes fall, and Beatty turns to acknowledge the thundering applause of the spectators.

This last is no idle gesture on his part, for that applause is always certain. Beatty's act is by far the largest that has ever been attempted and is thrilling to the point of being incredible. In fact, many of those who have cheered him so lustily wonder later whether the performance must not have been "faked" to have been so convincing.

The fact is, those blood-curdling charges are made in dead earnest. If Beatty fails to see one of the cats attempting to creep up on him from the

rear, it's just too bad. Four times he's been unlucky that way, and has come within an ace of having his life literally torn from him. So far he's always managed to walk out of the hospital.

Clyde Beatty has been an animal trainer ever since he was knee-high. With ferocious burnt-cork mustachios, he was "the world-famous lion tamer" at all the make-believe circuses the kids worked up, and put the watchdogs of the neighborhood through their paces to the open-eyed admiration of their respective owners. He ran away from college in his junior year to join a circus, but his father prevailed upon him to go back and graduate. Diploma in hand, he returned to the same circus to become a menagerie boy and demonstrated so clearly his unbelievable ability to handle animals that he progressed by rapid steps to his present position of unchallenged preeminence.

The big thing (Continued on page 126)

What Can You Do to Make Money?

(Continued from page 43)

bank. Further, I found that one of the ladies' fitting-rooms in a smart New York department store had been transformed into a veritable palace of pearl by the same means.

And back of it all I found a man and a story:

Some years ago a young naval officer stood on a ship's deck watching bronze-skinned divers as they plunged into shallow waters of Manila Bay. He saw them emerge with curious shellfish unlike anything he had seen before. The circular shells, measuring three to four inches in diameter, were almost as flat as pancakes and glittered with a pearly luster. He exclaimed over their beauty. But he did more than that. He saw a place for them in the world he knew at home.

He left the Navy. Years passed. More recently he faced the necessity of finding a new way to earn a living. Turning over in his mind the possible things he might do, he remembered the divers and the pearly Capiz shells from the bottom of Manila Bay.

He sent to the Philippines for a shipment of the shells. When they arrived he called in a friend who was out of a job. They put their heads together, experimenting with ideas for making use of the shells—table-tops, lamp shades, screens. Once they tried placing the shells in the oven of a kitchen stove, to see what would happen. To their amazed delight, they discovered that by heat treatment they could infuse into the pearly surfaces a hue of rich gold. Then they developed special cutting machinery to slice the thin shells into a variety of shapes and sizes. These they cemented, like inlay, on plaster wall-board, which could be fastened to almost any wall.

Their capital was chiefly self-dependence and imagination. By putting these to work they created a beautiful new architectural material and a new industry which is making faces at "hard times."

Everyone is not fitted to mend clocks, or paint airplanes, or make seashell walls. But there is nothing to stop anyone, I learned, from applying the same resourcefulness in selling himself. That is one job which is always open.

ANOTHER day I was talking with an executive of one of the world's largest banks. "Did it ever occur to you," he said, "that you yourself are your own safest employer?"

He told me of a middle-aged salesman who lost his \$3,500-a-year position with a nationally known manufacturing concern in Detroit. The man had a wife and four children. He tried in vain to land a similar position. At last he began to grow desperate. He appealed to the bank executive for help.

"What I am looking for," said the salesman, "is a job with a long-established firm where I know I shall be safe for the rest of my life."

"Safe?" asked the banker. "Just how safe were you with the last one? Where can you find a safer employer than yourself?"

The salesman hadn't thought of that. "Here's my suggestion," the banker went on. "Forget all about your troubles for one day. Drive out into the country among the villages and farms. Keep your eyes open for something to tackle."

The salesman did it. At noon the next day he pulled up into the roadside shade before what appeared to be a fairly prosperous chicken farm, and engaged the farmer in conversation.

"You must be making pretty good money out of your chickens," he remarked.

The farmer considered. "Well, maybe I might be doing it but for one thing. . . . It's the lice. They kill off the chicks and they stop the hens layin'."

That night the salesman recounted to his wife his experiences of the day, including the talk with the chicken farmer.

"That makes me think," the wife interrupted. "When I was a girl back home in Iowa my uncle James concocted a great remedy for chicken lice. All our neighbors used it, and it worked."

The husband jerked up straight in his chair and grinned—for the first time in many days. . . . "Boy, this is going to be good . . . if you'll telegraph home for the formula."

When it arrived next morning by wire he got busy on the telephone and ordered the various ingredients by the barrelfuls. He ordered paper boxes. He turned his garage into a de-licensing factory. There, mixing the stuff from the barrels, he filled the boxes. Determining a reasonable profit, he carried his new product into the country, peddling it from farm to farm. He found that customers were willing to pay \$1.00 a box for it. It worked. Its reputation spread, and soon he was working day and night in his garage to fill the orders. Before long he woke up to the fact that he was making more money as a liberator of hens than he had made at the job he lost.

AMAN doesn't have to be brilliant, I discovered, to be his own employer. There is the case of a former \$15-a-week clerk. The first thing he did after he was laid off was to jot down a list of all the possible ways he could think of to earn money. None looked promising. And then he remembered that on a previous job he had seen a man going through the offices twice a week, wiping all the telephone mouthpieces with disinfectant. Well, why not?

The boy went to a friend and borrowed a dollar. With this he purchased a bottle of disinfectant and some cheesecloth. Then he went to the superintendent of a large office building, told his story, and won permission to offer his idea among the offices. When I last heard from him he had contracted in that one building to wipe 300 telephone mouthpieces twice a week at 5c a wipe. Figure it up: \$30 a week—more than \$1,500 a year—twice his former earnings.

Persons accustomed to independent wealth and position likewise have turned to themselves for profitable employment when the need for money has arisen. I know of a wealthy couple who were living

in their winter home in Florida when word came that they had lost all they owned. For years they had joined the semi-annual migration of the wealthy, to the South in winter and the North in the summer. They remembered that the most troublesome part of the migration was the continual packing and moving and unpacking. Here was one game they knew from A to Z.

So, when the blow struck, instead of wringing their hands, they got in touch with their friends and acquaintances, offering their services—for a price—to take entire charge of the chore of moving. For each client they handled all the packing, took down the curtains, rolled up the rugs, discharged the servants, paid the grocery bills, and assured that everything in the place would be left shipshape. Later, when the time came for the return trips from the North, the clients notified them a week in advance. On the day each owner arrived, his household was in smooth running order.

Simple enough—to recognize among their own tested abilities something that other people were willing to pay for. They turned it into cash.

THE employment supervisor of a national corporation, an active leader in unemployment relief, said to me:

"Never in my memory has there been such a premium on individual initiative and resourcefulness as there is now. An employment bureau cannot begin to do for a man what he can do for himself by examining his own capabilities and studying possible markets for them. The most effective thing we can do to help him to a job is to give him a reliable sense of his own values and to suggest how he may sell them intelligently."

"Nothing pleases me more than to have such a man call me up and say, 'I've found my own job.'"

In the center of New York's financial district is one who recently created a place for himself by conceiving an idea for helping others to find jobs. When the concern for which he worked passed out of the picture, he took time from his own troubles to consider the plight of thousands of so-called "white collar" men who were walking the streets. He saw what a discouraging prospect it was for one man alone to attempt to go the rounds of hundreds of offices in the slim hope of chancing upon one that might give him employment. Why not organize these jobless men into groups or teams of, say, thirty, to work for one another? Then, instead of every man for himself, it would be a case of thirty men for every man.

This idea he took to executives who had established a bureau of employment assistance in the financial district. Today the plan is in operation, with its originator in charge, and it is going over big. The unemployed men are organized into clubs of thirty. Every morning the members start out to look for jobs. Each man pledges himself to make a certain minimum number of calls during the day. He presents himself to prospective employers as a representative of the club or team. If

This is a husband getting rid of DANDRUFF

*Listerine achieves amazing
results in treating loose
dandruff and overcoming
scalp inflammations*

Are you troubled with a dandruffy condition of the scalp? Is your scalp too dry or too oily? Does it itch and burn? Do you lose an excessive amount of hair when you comb it?

If so, we urge you to try Listerine. Most men who have any of the above troubles are skeptical about getting rid of them. But some of the most enthusiastic boosters for Listerine are the very skeptics who thought it would not work. We are constantly receiving letters from such men—and women too—praising Listerine for its quick results.

There is nothing complicated about using Listerine. You simply douse it on the scalp either before or after a thorough washing of the hair. Follow this with a vigorous massage—and when we say vigorous, we mean vigorous. Keep it up until you can feel the scalp tingling and glowing. Allow the Listerine to remain as long as possible before rinsing it off.

Since Listerine is a swift germicide, it attacks any surface infection that may be present. If loose dandruff exists, Listerine dissolves and removes the scales. And almost immediately it relieves that inflammation which so frequently accompanies a dandruff condition.

In mild cases, one or two applications of Listerine is usually sufficient. In more severe cases, when the hair roots have become seriously involved, it frequently gets results. If not, consult a good dermatologist.

If you are married, you'll get a vote of thanks if you tell your wife that Listerine is great for setting a wave.

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LISTERINE

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC...relieves itching, burning scalp



there is a job open, and it is one that he himself cannot handle, probably one of the other twenty-nine members of the team can. In this way each job hunter really has twenty-nine other men working for him. It gives him new confidence and it infuses into an otherwise miserable task the zest of team-play. In less than three weeks after the first club got under way it had rounded up forty-six jobs.

A young woman, a college graduate who had specialized in home economics, was casting about to find employment for her specialized training, when she remembered the wish expressed by a friend.

"I can't afford to employ servants regularly," this friend had remarked, "but I do wish I knew of some good place to go when I need a cook in a hurry to prepare a dinner or a luncheon."

That gave the college girl an idea right in her line. As this is written, she is busy establishing such a service, lining up a list of dependable cooks and sending out cards to a list of prospective clients.

Everywhere I was impressed by the increasing number of infant businesses, each sprouting from an active mind aroused to meet an emergency.

AMONG other people whom I found using their originality, hobbies, or side interests to make a living, here are a few:

A discharged draftsman who went to a college town and earned money by making charts for professors to use in their classrooms and laboratories.

A public accountant whose favorite sport was fishing and who, being adept in tying trout flies, made it his business to keep fellow anglers well supplied.

A former secretary who devised and made ingenious paper cuffs which she sold to stenographers and other desk workers.

The members of a family who, when their paper-hanging business went bad, joined in tracking down roving swarms of bees and collecting hidden stores of honey. At last reports they had gathered in more than a hundred quarts of honey.

A bank runner and week-end caddy who, in the cellar of his home, set himself up in the business of wrapping and repairing golf clubs for his neighbors.

A cashier whose hobby was home carpentry. In his cellar workshop he went into the manufacture of trellises, arbors, and artistic stakes for flower gardens.

"The chief reason why more men are not finding ways to earn money is that they can't seem to snap out of their paralysis of fright and hopelessness," the emergency employment director in a suburban town said to me. "Their minds cease to function. They can't seem to think about doing any kind of work. Often, when we receive calls from householders offering odd jobs about their places, such as mowing the lawn, cleaning rugs, or cutting hedges, we have to go out and hunt the man who needs the work. When we do find him, perhaps wandering the streets aimlessly, we almost have to lead him by the hand to the job. The only thing he needs is to shake himself enough to understand that the sure way back to self-confidence is to get going and do something, however small."

In a Connecticut town I ran across a fellow who began his comeback by looking at a bowl of fishes! When he arrived home the day he lost his job, all he could do was to pace the floor and run his fingers

through his hair. At last he chanced to look at himself in a bedroom mirror. He saw that he looked rather silly and he determined to get a grip on himself. So he sat down in an easy-chair. Before him was a bowl of goldfish. They caught his attention and gave him an idea. Forthwith he went to a dealer and for \$10 purchased six pairs of tropical fishes of selected varieties. The dealer gave him instructions how to feed them, handle them, and breed them. Today this man's house and yard have been turned into a small-sized fish hatchery. He stocks fish bowls for residents of his own and neighboring towns, and he receives anywhere from twenty-five cents to several dollars apiece for the fish. In addition, if his customers desire, he builds for them outdoor fish pools, rock gardens, or what have you.

Incidentally, while he was waiting for his original six pairs of fishes to raise their families, he went around town and washed windows for housewives at ten cents a window.

AS FAR as I have observed, this sort of thing is going on all over the land. Public librarians report that never before in their experience has there been such a demand for books of information: books on raising chickens, rabbits, fish, foxes, bullfrogs; books on growing mushrooms, baking pies, shingling roofs, repairing furniture, and a hundred other occupations. In other words, we're getting down to brass tacks.

I don't know how you feel about it, but to me it reads like a healthy sign. In fact, I'm almost beginning to believe there's really something to be gained even in losing a job.

The Admiral's Girl Friend

(Continued from page 19)

"Why has Walter stopped coming to the house? Have you quarreled?"

"Gentlemen prefer blondes."

"It's hardly a time to be flippant, is it, my dear? You must have heard the gossip."

"Oh, is there gossip?"

Mrs. Patton frowned. Walt had been her favorite adopted son since piebald year.

"You haven't been taking this in the right way at all!" she said. "He's very young yet, and it's easy to understand how a woman like Mrs. Ludington could dazzle him. Don't you think it would be better to be tolerant of this momentary infatuation? If you care for Walter at all—"

"I don't. He means nothing whatever to me."

"I think you do. And I think you're acting very foolishly. You're a flippant, silly girl. You deserve to lose Walter!"

It was the last straw. Margie burst into tears. Mrs. Patton retreated with the helpful comment that unless Margie changed her ways, she couldn't expect any man to love her.

By the next morning, Margie was meditating three plans: 1. To remove Joan Ludington by some subtle but very painful technique. 2. To humble herself before Walt and ask him please not to break her heart by carrying on with that Ludington woman. 3. To write Aunt Josephine in Chicago and wangle an invitation for a lengthy visit.

She had almost finished the letter to Aunt Josephine when her mother announced: "Pudge Hooper wants to see you downstairs right away."

She went down. Pudge said, "Let's take a walk. I bear tidings of sorrow."

THEY went over to the Statehouse lawn. "Well?"

Pudge grimaced.

"Mother and Sis got in yesterday. They're at the Hall. Sis got together with Friend Ludington last night; she collected all the low-down."

"Yes?"

"Out, out." Then, abruptly, "Joan is in a fearful jam—she's engaged to a three-striper on Dixcell's flagship. She's also engaged to Walt, and now the admiral wants to marry her."

"How nice!"

"That's not the half of it. She doesn't know whether she wants the three-striper or the admiral, and she's stringing Walt along just in case anything should happen to the other fish. And, to make things more delightfully complicated, there has been some hitch about her final decree of divorce at Reno. That dizzy blonde is in a tough spot, isn't she?"

Margie shrugged.

"What am I supposed to do about it—die of a broken heart?"

Pudge shook his head.

"Now, don't act that way! We can't

let her get away with it! Something's gotta be done."

Margie smiled bitterly.

"Yes? All right, you go tell the admiral that his platinum goddess is a three-time."

"I'm not worrying about the admiral. He can take care of himself. I'm thinking about Walt."

"He isn't worth it."

Margie started back to the house. She was afraid she couldn't maintain her pose of icy indifference much longer. Pudge walked along with her, pulling at her arm, and saying, "Now, don't be like that, Margie! This is serious. Joan Ludington is going to get Walt in some sort of jam. He's taken a big slump in his studies lately and landed on the slap sheep plenty."

She whirled on Pudge, her eyes blazing.

"What can I do about it?"

"Well, why can't you go to Walt and tell him what I've told you?"

"I'm not a tattletale. He'll find out the truth some day."

"Yes—after he's been kicked out of the Academy or something."

"Well," said Margie unsteadily, "he'll just have to be kicked out, then, or marry that Ludington woman, or go completely h-h-haywire. I don't care."

She said a brief good-bye to the disconsolate Pudge and ran into the house.

Baffled rage shook her. That unspendable Joan Ludington! She was going to get away with this. She would keep the

A Lesson in Life Saving



JOHN L. CHASE

"Let us show you one of the best ways to carry a man who needs help. You can learn how on the pier or the beach and then practice in the water. You'll find this and other 'carries' in the Metropolitan booklet 'Swimming and Life Saving.'"

OUT beyond the paddlers and bathers who cannot swim a stroke, you will find the strong swimmers who get the most joy out of clean, sparkling water. But swimming is more than a keen pleasure. It offers more opportunity for wholesome exercise for more people than any other sport.

Almost everybody who has correct instruction can learn to swim. When you swim you exercise practically every muscle in your body. You take deep breaths, expand your lungs and send your blood tingling from head to foot. And afterward, when resting in the warm, golden sunshine you soak up health-giving rays from the sun.

You may regard yourself as a fairly good swimmer because so far you have been able to take care of yourself. But if you have not learned to swim correctly you may be unjustified in your confidence. It is not difficult to correct swimming faults or to learn the proper arm and leg action and the breath control necessary in good swimming.



Foolhardiness and panic cause more drownings along the seashore and in lakes, rivers and ponds than exhaustion or cramps.

You may be perfectly willing to risk your own life to save that of another. But if you do not know how to go about it there is great danger that both lives will be lost. To save a life requires real skill. Prove whether or not you are competent by carrying ashore a friend who is not helping himself. If you find that you cannot do it, learn the proper life saving methods so that, if ever needed, you will be ready.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, in cooperation with the American Red Cross Life Saving Service, has prepared a booklet which will help you to learn to swim, if you cannot swim now. It shows the American Crawl used by champion swimmers and the proper Side Stroke to use in life saving. Send for your free copy of "Swimming and Life Saving." Address Booklet Dept. 732-A.

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three-striper and the admiral and Walt dangling until she got her mind made up which she wanted, then she would coolly drop the other two overboard. And there was nothing that could be done about it. You couldn't, apparently, cure men of platinum blondes by any process but time.

Her mother met her in the hall. "Now, don't forget Mrs. McClintock's party," she warned. "The dear old soul is so proud of her garden, and you must show up over there."

MARGIE said nothing and went upstairs. She had no intention of going to Mrs. McClintock's garden party. She was in no mood for parties. But, after a good cry, she took a brace, and reviled herself for a weak, silly little fool. There was no use grieving for a man who didn't love you. The calm, sensible thing for her to do was to forget Walt, to act as if nothing had happened.

She dressed with unusual care for the garden party.

Mrs. McClintock lived in an old brick house on Prince George Street, set in rather spacious grounds.

Margie paid her respects to Mrs. McClintock at the tea table and wandered among groups of elderly people in search of some stray midshipman friend.

She was making a turn in one of the narrow gravel paths which ran through a thicket of lilac bushes when, suddenly, she came face to face with Joan Ludington. Margie mustered a strained smile, and said, "How are you, Mrs. Ludington?"

Mrs. Ludington halted her with an impulsive gesture of her parasol.

"How fortunate!" she said, in her throaty voice. "Won't you sit down here

for a moment, Margery? There's something I'd like to discuss with you."

"Yes?" said Margie; her tone was low and ominous, and she didn't take the seat on the bench which Mrs. Ludington indicated.

"It's about Walter, my dear," said Mrs. Ludington sweetly. "I am so worried, Commander Russell tells me Walter has been having a great deal of trouble at the Academy. I thought perhaps—"

"Oh, so you're worried about him, are you?" Margie exploded. She forgot to be ladylike. Her pent-up anger released in a torrent:

"Maybe he couldn't study because he's discovered the game you've been playing on him. Maybe he doesn't care what happens to his career because he's found out about the three-striper you were engaged to when you took his miniature. Perhaps it's because he knows what a sap you are making of him and the three-striper and Admiral Dixcell—"

"Margery, please—"

"You have plenty of nerve getting solicitous about Walt," Margie plumed on, her voice rising. "A lot you care about him."

Then Margie told her, almost hysterical with fury. Her voice lashed out with the entire revelation of Joan Ludington's maneuvers among the three-striper, Walt, and the admiral.

"If you had an honest hair in your head," she finished, "you'd tell the admiral that you are already engaged to two men and not even legally divorced from your husband—but you won't tell him. You'll let him go on thinking you a little white goddess on a pedestal—"

"Hush! You little beast! I—"

Margie gasped. Mrs. Ludington whirled, and said, "Oh!"

Just beyond them on the path stood Admiral Dixcell. He was holding a small tea tray. His stunned gaze traveled slowly from Margie to Mrs. Ludington.

Margie was the first to speak. She said, "Oh . . . we were talking."

The admiral said, "Yes. I'm sorry." Margie shot a panic-stricken glance at his face. She saw from his expression that he must have heard quite a bit of her denunciation.

"Well," she said, with an awkward tenseness, "I'll be running along. G-good afternoon."

She turned and walked away.

THE next morning Margie received a letter. It read:

My dear young lady:

There is no fool like an old fool, except, possibly, a young one. I have had a talk with Midshipman Walter Gorman. We shook hands. Thank you.

HERMAN J. DIXCELL

And that evening Margie's mother called her downstairs.

"It's Walter," she said.

Margie walked into the living-room with stately dignity, but her heart was singing a most informal ditty: "Back to the Navy again, Margery."

Walt stood up, cap in hand. His manner was humble, contrite, almost sheepish.

"I . . . uh . . . well, I've been a darn' fool, Margery. Will you forgive me?"

Some two hours later, on the Sea Wall, Margie lifted her head from a blue-clad shoulder and said yes, she supposed she would have to forgive him.

I'm Glad I'm Absent-minded

(Continued from page 59)

deserted house, only to find that he had forgotten his key. With all the resourcefulness of a great executive, he recalled that the people next door were having their house painted and that there must be a ladder about somewhere. He went through the hedge, quietly perjured the ladder, dragged it across the lawn, propped it against the porch, and trotted over the roof to the window of his own bedroom.

He was cuddled up in comfort for the night before he thought of the ladder again. He had forgotten to return it. What would his neighbors think? A little proud, I suppose, of his unusual thoughtfulness, he clambered across the roof again, climbed down to the garden, and conscientiously returned the ladder to the spot where he had found it. A few moments later, a passing patrolman found him sitting in his nightshirt on the doorstep, exhausted by his efforts and pretty discouraged about the whole matter.

Now, these tales would be told at home when I was a youngster, and the neighbors would roar with laughter. I would join in that laughter, but mine was a trifle hollow. For I was discomfited by the knowledge that all my life I, myself, was going to be the subject of similar anecdotes. At ten I had manifested many signs of the family trait. There seemed to be a disposition to treat my absent-mindedness as something unfortunate but curable.

Something that could be excoriated, like a stammer. Or cut out, like adenoids. Anyway, something that should, for my own sake, be nipped in the bud. Nothing came of the movement.

I am now exceedingly glad nothing came of it. I hope I keep my absent-mindedness until my last breath. It has always been a comfort to me.

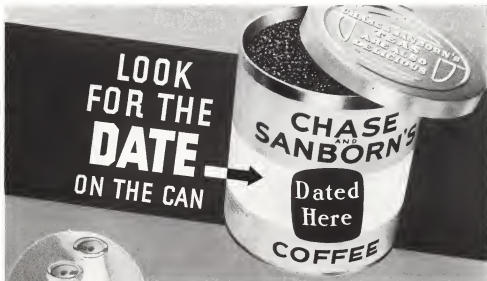
MYSELF, when young, did eagerly frequent the public library in Germantown, on the outskirts of Philadelphia. When the fit was on, I would gather up all the cards of the family (including the cook's) and set forth after dinner planning to fetch home a load of volumes wildly varied as to content, but all doomed to a binding as uniform as the dreary costumes of an orphanage. As I reached for my cap on the way out, I was sure to hear my mother reminding me to take the letters from the table in the hall and post them in the mail box at the corner.

Surely I need not here describe my emotions when, on my light-hearted arrival at the library one night, I found that I had carefully brought the letters along, having, in my abstraction en route, mailed the library cards in their stead! The postman who left them at our door next morning did so without comment, but I remember that the family had a good deal to say. Therefore, you can imagine the state

of my exasperation one night not long afterwards when, just a second too late, even as the cards slipped from my fingers into the slot, I realized that I had committed the same error again.

That second time I was determined at least to escape the jocular comment of my loved ones at home. I might never get to the library at all that evening but, in order to retrieve those cards unobserved, I swore to sit under that amused lamp-post until the postman came along, or to die of starvation and exposure in the attempt.

As this involved a wait of several hours, I had a chance to review my situation. My years on earth had been thirteen at the time, and I was rather given to disconsolate self-scrutiny. Yet I realized that if this misadventure of the library cards had occurred twice (just as some years before I had, with sanguinary results, run twice within an hour into the same wire clothes-line), it was not because I was a stupid creature, but because, at critical moments, my mind would be otherwise engaged. I would be thinking of something else. That was it. I was so often thinking of something else. While teacher was talking, or while I hoed that tomato patch in the summertime, or even while I was earning my pocket money by plowing through a daily stint in Macaulay's *History of England*, I was usually thinking of something else. On the whole, I was defiantly glad of



To guarantee freshness, every can of Chase & Sanborn's Coffee is dated the day your grocer receives it.



Of course, you want fresh cream—you know that cream spoils if it's left too long.

You insist on
Fresh cream...

Fresh Coffee is just
as important....

*Only Dating and fresh-food
delivery insure true Freshness*

WHY yes, you say—cream spoils when it's kept too long.

So does coffee!

Coffee is a *perishable* food—just like cream or butter. In every pound of coffee there is about half a cup of delicate oil, which carries a delicious flavor when fresh, but quickly turns rancid if coffee is allowed to get stale. Rancid oil in stale coffee not only spoils the flavor—it can even cause headaches, nervousness, sleeplessness.

There is only one sure guarantee of

coffee freshness—and that is quick delivery. To be really fresh—coffee must be used right after it has been roasted. So today Chase & Sanborn are delivering their coffee *just like a fresh food*. 3500 swift trucks—the same that deliver Fleischmann's Yeast fresh regularly—rush Chase & Sanborn's Coffee straight from the roasting ovens to the grocers.

EVERY CAN is clearly stamped with the date of delivery. No can of this dated coffee is allowed to stand more than 10 days on your grocer's shelf.

It's a wonderful thing for coffee



COFFEE SPOILS, too, if it's kept too long. The only way to get perfect flavor is to make sure the coffee is fresh.

lovers who demand fine flavor in their coffee. The superb flavor of Chase & Sanborn's has been famous for 66 years.

Now you can be sure of getting this delicious coffee at the very peak of its rich, full flavor—absolutely *fresh*. Get a can of Chase & Sanborn's *Dated* Coffee today. See how much better it is!

Copyright, 1931, by Standard Brands Inc.

it. I felt then, and I still think, that more often than not it is a good thing—or at least a pleasant thing—to be thinking of something else.

Looking back over the more than thirty years which have scuttled by since that evening of meditation under the mail box, I must admit that the habit of woolgathering has had consequences which were occasionally inconvenient. For instance, I used to be run over a good deal in the public highways—always, I am happy to say, by light gigs and runabouts. Or consider that unfortunate moment during a visit to a seaside hotel when, thanks to an unfamiliar breeze and to the startled shrill of an interested old lady in the dining-room, I noticed, just as I was entering for breakfast, that I had come downstairs faultlessly attired except for the omission of my trousers.

THEN there was that warm May day in 1918 when I went to the *douane* in Paris to claim a delayed Christmas box, full of six-months-old candy and packed with sweaters, wristlets, mittens, and other then unseasonable gifts for an infuriated soldier. I remember distributing many of the more sweltering items among the delighted customs officials and amusing them by, myself, trying on a sleeping cap of scarlet worsted. What I am never likely to forget is the fact that, in my abstraction, I then gathered my loot in my arms, left my overseas cap behind me in the customhouse, and started off across the Place de la République all unaware that the flaming bonnet was still on my head.

I was followed by a swelling band of mystified urchins. When, a few blocks farther on, I ran into a lieutenant of the military police, they saw quite a good deal. At the sight of a noncommissioned officer of the A. E. F. indulging in so vivid a departure from the regulation uniform, the lieutenant said things which I would not care to repeat and, when he had got his breath, issued orders the substance of which I consider it my Christian duty to forget.

Yes, I was right that night under the mail box in foreseeing myself as the subject of general merriment.

Also, I was right in my uneasy guess that my absent-mindedness would unfit me for certain posts of responsibility. I could never be a train dispatcher, for example. Well, what of it? I have not yet been asked to dispatch a train. Instead, I have been variously engaged as waiter, soldier, farmhand, factory hand, dramatic critic, janitor, bank clerk, radio broadcaster, college professor, and lecturer to enraptured women's clubs. And it was not until, in a mad moment last year, I became an actor, that I was ever aware of my absent-mindedness being an inconvenience to anyone but myself.

The comedy, in which I managed to make both my first appearance and my farewell tour all in the same season, was called *Brief Moment*. As I spent the greater part of every scene lying, like Elizabeth Barrett, on a sofa, my friends were inclined to sneer when, after the performance each evening, I would profess myself too weary for midnight revels of any kind. But I was weary—wearied from the unfamiliar strain of keeping my mind on what I was doing.

I remember with horrid particularity the single night when my attention did slip. I was suddenly aware of a silence so dreadful that it still rings in my ears. I looked about me with the Where-am-I expression of a Victorian heroine coming out of a swoon. The other actors, frozen into a catalepsy, were all staring at me. What was on their minds? Oh, yes, the play. At what point were we? Surely it must be someone's turn to say something. Good heavens! It must be my turn to say something. But what? It wasn't that I had forgotten my lines. My memory is too good for that. I knew all my lines well enough, but I did not know just which one was wanted at the moment. It was merely that I had been off on a jaunt and had no idea at what stage we were.

Then, through unroving lips, another player prompted me. I snatched at this life line, flung it out with a lunge power that would have done credit to the Bull of Bashan, and the play went on.

I have no idea how long the gap had been. It is one of the embarrassments of woolgathering that when, like small-time Rip Van Winkles, we come back to earth,

we never are sure how long we have been away. This time I may have been missing less than a minute. It seemed hours. Indeed, it seemed to me that during the interval the leading lady had aged perceptibly. So if I never return to the stage it will be because I feel myself unequal, after years of self-indulgence, to the strain of complete attention. Of course, I may never have another rôle offered to me. It is conceivable that the question will never come up.

I CANNOT pretend that in these absences I am engaged in weighty business. I cannot foresee that posterity will ever profit by them. I cannot even see that I myself have ever profited by them. I know only that I have enjoyed them. I like woolgathering. A long train trip, a forlorn turn of sentry duty—these never strike me as oppressive. I know people who complain of chatty barbers. I do not hear chatty barbers. I do not hear my friends when they invade my breakfast peace with interminable accounts of the dreams they had the night before. When some man in the smoker starts telling me of the bridge hand he played so triumphantly on the preceding Tuesday, I do not hear him. I am thinking of something else.

I know an editor who arrives at his office fairly haggard with frustration because his taxi has been pinioned in a traffic jam for half an hour. But I simply cannot conceive of the sheer poverty of a person unprepared to make agreeable use of an unforeseen half-hour of leisure, no matter when or where or how it is presented to him. For those of us who are absent-minded, a stalled taxi does not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage. Before ever the Wright brothers left the ground, we had a magic carpet of our own.

Pedagogues the world over are always treating absent-mindedness as an affliction. Nowadays, in the age of Freud, analysts make necromantic passes at the young and thereby, I am told, can cast such demons forth. If that be true, I am glad I was born so soon. I would not for the world forego a habit which, in time of need, can be a potion as potent as Juliet's, a pass-key to prison doors, an anodyne for pain and woe, a round-trip ticket to the moon.

He Loaded His Luck into Freight Cars

(Continued from page 43)

to Chicago and went to work for his father. Almost immediately he was put on the road selling canned meats. He was then fifteen years old.

In the next two years, he traveled all over the country, saw 5,000 buyers, sold a passable amount of tinned meat, and learned a lot about human nature. But if he earned as much as \$25 in a single week, he patted himself on the back.

He quit the road and returned to help his father in the Chicago office. At twenty-three, he was treasurer of the packing company, but that didn't mean much. Business was not so good. Luck was against them.

And then came the big break.

In the stockyards, Max heard about the packing company that had some refrigerator cars it wanted to get rid of. And somewhere else he got the tip about the

Pittsburgh brewers who needed refrigerator cars. He headed for the packing company.

They had forty-eight cars to sell.

"How much do you want for them?" asked Max.

"Two hundred dollars apiece."

"How much commission, if I find a buyer?"

"Fifty dollars for every car you sell."

"I'll see what I can do," Max agreed.

He wrote to the brewers, and they wrote back. They would come to Chicago to inspect the cars.

Max looked at their letterhead. It was a florid affair, and he didn't think much of it from an artistic point of view. Still, it seemed to be what the brewers liked. He hunted up the car foreman of the packing company and gave him the letterhead.

"Let's paint that on one of the cars, and

set it where those fellows can't fail to see it," Max suggested.

It was the winning touch. The brewers came, saw, and bought. They closed the transaction for twenty cars.

Twenty times fifty: \$1,000. A nice, fat commission.

But right then Max Epstein demonstrated that he knew how to make good luck work for him when it came his way. The packers still had twenty-eight cars left to sell. He went to see them.

"I have a buyer for those other cars," he announced.

"Fine!"

"Yes," he said, "but this buyer hasn't much cash to put up."

"How much?" asked the packers.

"A thousand dollars."

The packers decided that \$1,000 would be enough cash, if the prospective buyer's

LAST CHANCE to get into this \$25,000 argument

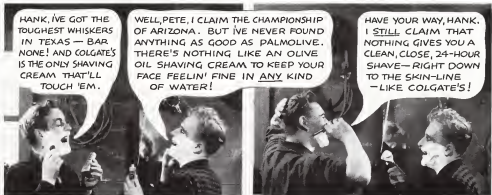
Here are the prizes for this month — 464 in all!

For best Colgate "blurb"	For best Palmolive "blurb"
1st . . . \$500	1st . . . \$500
2nd . . . 125	2nd . . . 125
3rd . . . 50	3rd . . . 50
9 next . . . 25	9 next . . . 25
20 next . . . 10	20 next . . . 10
200 next . . . 5	200 next . . . 5

Names of previous winners sent on request

Write your "blurb" now.

Contest closes July 31.



GET in on this \$25,000 argument! You Palmolive users — Hank wants your help. You Colgate shavers — Pete says, "Stick with me!"

Just write a "blurb" like those above. In your own words, say YOUR say — in favor of Palmolive OR in favor of Colgate's.

Here's the idea. Palmolive and Colgate's are far and away the world's most popular shaving creams. They out-sell all others in a field of 176 competing brands. Millions of Colgate users swear there's nothing better. Millions of shavers are sold solid on Palmolive.

We want to know where you stand. Here's your chance to tell us — and a chance to get a slice of that \$25,000! In ONE of the empty "blurb" spaces at right (or better on a separate sheet of paper) write your boost for Colgate's or Palmolive — *not both*. Just get into the argument. Say your say in your own words. Do it now!

CONTEST RULES

Mail your "blurb" with name and address to Contest Editors, Dept. B-7, P. O. Box 1153, Chicago, Ill. Residents of Canada, address: 64 Natalie Street, Toronto, 8.

The prize money (totaling \$25,000) is divided into 6 sets of monthly prizes (each set totaling \$4,200). At the end of each month prizes are awarded (see

list above) for the best "blurbs" received during that month, as follows:

Feb. 29. \$4,200 Mar. 31. \$4,200
April 30. \$4,200 May 31. \$4,200
June 30. \$4,200 July 31. \$4,200
(Contest closes July 31, 1932)

Contest is open only to residents of the United States and Canada. Employees of the manufacturers

and their families may *not* compete. In event of a tie, each tying contestant will be awarded full amount of the prize tied for. Decision of the judges shall be final.

Some hints to help you win

At the right are some of the reasons why more men prefer Colgate's and Palmolive than any other shaving cream.

Here's where you take your shot at some of that \$25,000

Pete wants you Colgate users to back him up. Hank wants every Palmolive shaver's help. Start now and get into that \$25,000 argument! This is your last chance. Contest closes finally July 31st.

Palmolive Users

Colgate Users



PALMOLIVE

1. Multiples itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes.
4. Fine after-effects due to olive oil content.

COLGATE'S

1. Breaks up oil film that covers each hair.
2. Small bubbles soften each hair at the base of the beard.
3. Gives close, skin-line shave.
4. Gives lasting, 24-hour shave.

credit were good. Max Epstein assured them that it was excellent.

"Good," they said. "Who is this buyer?"

"Me," said Max.

The packers grinned, and so did Epstein. And the deal was closed. All that remained was for the young man to put up the \$1,000.

"Oh, but you have that already," he pointed out. "Just keep my commission on the other deal."

SOTHAT was how Max Epstein got into the freight car business. But he didn't realize he was going to stay in it. He thought he would just find a buyer for those twenty-eight cars and clean up a neat profit.

The break this time was a negative one. He found no customers. All right; if there were no good breaks, the thing to do was to take advantage of the bad one. He couldn't let his cars stay idle, waiting for a buyer. Why not rent them out to people who needed such cars only occasionally?

Nobody had thought of that before. Max Epstein quickly found a real demand for the sort of service he was prepared to offer. That was a good break.

A few tank cars were being used on the railroads to haul gasoline. Epstein bought several of these—and began a new chapter in railroad transportation.

His ideas about luck and business were beginning to broaden. He began to see there was luck all around, if you could recognize it—luck in the shape of real needs, waiting to be filled. All you had to do was to recognize the need and fit a product to it.

Tank cars, for instance, were used only for carrying oil and gasoline. Max Epstein suspected that the manufacturers of other liquid products needed to use tank cars—and didn't know it!

He thought of how industrial chemistry was growing, how big cities were growing, creating urgent transportation problems. Acids and many other liquids were shipped in glass carboys and steel drums, at high cost. They could be handled better and at less cost in carload lots. But nobody had any tank cars that would carry such things. That was a break!

Certain liquids corrode iron and steel; other liquids are contaminated by these metals. Something new in tank cars had to be devised. Epstein established a technical department to experiment along these lines, and then branched out into manufacture.

Modern tank cars are the result. They are, of course, among the wonders of the world. Today, thanks to the vigorous way Max Epstein pursued his luck, probably not a man or woman lives a full day in the United States without being affected by their service. If you live in a fair-sized city, the chances are that the milk you drink, and perhaps all the vegetables and meat you eat, are hauled to market in some of Epstein's tank or refrigerator cars—those he operates on lease or those he builds and sells.

His tank cars play a vital part in the manufacture of the rayon your wife wears. The ink that prints your newspaper, and the materials the paper is made of, are shipped in tank cars. The good soap in your bathroom probably owes its cheap-

ness and quality, in part, to tank-car transportation of animal and vegetable oils and other materials. The candy you eat may be several cents a pound cheaper than it used to be because the "sugar" it is made of has never had to be made into sugar at all, but was transported to the candy factory in tank cars, as sirup.

The tank cars used in rayon manufacture will give you an idea of how Epstein had to revolutionize the old-time cars. Large quantities of glacial acetic acid have to be used in the rayon process. This powerful acid corrodes many metals, including iron and steel, but not aluminum. Formerly it was shipped in aluminum drums.

"Let's make a complete tank car of aluminum," Epstein proposed.

Manufacturers said it was impossible, but his engineers built the car.

Today, aluminum tank cars are in constant use for hauling acetic acid.

And there were a lot of other lucky needs that turned up for Epstein. For example, helium gas is shipped from Texas wells. The United States Navy uses it to inflate the Los Angeles, Akron, and other lighter-than-air ships. Formerly it was shipped in small individual cylinders to the Naval Air Station at Lakehurst, N. J. Navy officials wondered if there wasn't some cheaper way. Another break for Epstein.

His engineers went to work and produced an extraordinary car with huge cylinders laid lengthwise, like logs. In these, helium gas is now sent safely by the carload under a pressure of 2,250 pounds to the square inch.

THE milk car has helped to revolutionize the dairy industry. It has lowered the price of milk, carrying it pure, clean, and fresh to thousands of city babies and grown-ups who might otherwise have to do without. These cars daily carry milk into New York from as far away as Canada, and have made the big cities a profitable market for distant farmers.

The walls of these cars are specially insulated, and inside are enormous "bottles," one at each end of the car, lined with glass and constructed on the principle of the vacuum container, to maintain an even temperature. Each "bottle" holds 3,000 gallons.

At the Grand Canyon in Arizona, and many other desert spots, the problem of getting fresh water used to be a difficult one. It turned out to be just another need waiting to be filled. Tank cars now haul the water in.

Some of the cars are thickly insulated to withstand desert temperatures without heating the contents. Some are lined with lead, nickel, chrome steel, glass, rubber. There are cars to carry all sorts of products under all imaginable conditions: gases, chemicals, foods, hot asphalt, molten metal at 2,000 degrees above zero, "dry ice" at 105 degrees below. Without such cars, business could now hardly carry on.

The whole vast revolution didn't happen overnight, of course. It was a long process of watching for the breaks and being resourceful enough to take advantage of them as fast as they developed.

"Almost any man can profit by the same method," said Epstein. "You can put your luck on the payroll, too."

At first, when he was merely renting out refrigerator and tank cars, Epstein called his enterprise the Atlantic Seaboard Dispatch and ran it from a desk in his father's office. He hired one helper, David Copland, and, after a while, a stenographer. They needed a place to repair the cars, so he hired a shack at the Chicago stockyards. In a pinch, the shack would hold three cars, a pot-bellied stove, and the foreman.

That was the beginning.

After a while, Epstein built a factory at Warren, Ohio; then a bigger one at East Chicago, Ind. In 1917, when there was an enormous demand for railway equipment, he took advantage of that break, and his plant at East Chicago, growing like a mushroom, turned out freight cars like automobiles: forty a day, at the peak. Today the company has ten large factories and repair shops in various parts of the country.

IT HAS taken a lot of luck to bring all this to pass—good luck and bad luck. Sometimes, Epstein told me, the bad luck is the more valuable to the man who is really alert and resourceful.

Twenty years ago, one hot summer day, a freight train was stalled on a siding at Ardmore, Okla. One tank car was loaded with "wild gasoline," a tricky product that oil men have learned to tame. Trainmen had opened the vent, because on a hot day, in a cast-steel tank exposed to the sun's rays, there was no telling what that gasoline might do. Out of the vent came a gas which hung over the cars in a cloud. A passing engine dropped a spark. The next second an explosion wrecked the train and killed several men.

Not such good luck! But Max Epstein decided that tank cars must be built to prevent such tragedies, and the disaster was actually the beginning of the greatest improvements ever made in tank cars.

Then there was our most recent spell of general bad luck—the business depression. If you've trained yourself in coping with all sorts of luck, you can make just as much progress in bad times as good, says Epstein. All you have to do is to get away from crowd fears, and plunge in. During the last five years, he has engineered a number of important mergers, all of which have meant progress. In 1930 his company made the greatest profit in its history; and in 1931 it earned dividend requirements long before the year was up.

Believing as he does in the great power that chance has over human lives, Epstein lives up to his philosophy by sharing liberally the fruits of his own good fortune. He has given nearly half a million dollars to the University of Chicago to establish a medical clinic. He has given a million dollars to the University for an art building, and has sponsored traveling art collections which are sent all over the country.

Inheritance, he thinks, gives luck too much weight. It goes entirely against his grain to see stupid people, who don't know how to do anything useful with money when they get it—who don't know, in other words, how to take proper advantage of the breaks—inherit a lot of money.

"If I knew exactly when I should die," he said, "and that my wife would not survive me, I would arrange my affairs so that I had just enough to see me through, and would die not worth a farthing."

Bringing back the GOOD OLD FAMILY CIRCLE



PHILCO, the first radio scientifically designed as a musical instrument, is bringing back the good old Family Circle! It is doing this with fine home entertainment.

Music! The masters of all times, interpreted by the masters of our own time. All classes and kinds of music, vocal and instrumental, in full register and exact tone. PHILCO brings it to you with dependability and fidelity—as if the performers were present in person, playing just for you. Turn your back, close your eyes—your ear cannot distinguish between the voice of PHILCO and the original.

Not only music, but the spoken word—the world's great personalities—religious services—the whole gamut of sports and up-to-the-minute news—all yours to command on your PHILCO, with clarity and purity which make you really "at home with the celebrities."

Put a PHILCO in your home today. What single object can so greatly affect the happiness and entertainment of your entire family? PHILCO dealers everywhere are happy to show and demonstrate it. See it. Hear it. Buy it. Enjoy it.

PHILCO · PHILADELPHIA · TORONTO · LONDON

PHILCO

A musical instrument of quality

**\$36.50 to
\$295.**

All prices tax extra



PATENTED

PHILCO MODEL 15X, \$150, shown above, is scientifically designed as a musical instrument because:

1. The PHILCO Inclined Sounding Board throws all sound up into field of listener, making all high notes heard for the first time. 2. Large area of sounding board insures full reproduction of low notes. 3. Echo Absorbing Screen at the back prevents echo and blur, the first radio to deliver sound only from front of speaker. 4. Open sounding board instead of sound chamber affords clear unboxed tone. It includes every worthwhile improvement in radio, among which are Twin Electro Dynamic Speakers, Shadow Tuning, 11 PHILCO 6 Pentodes, 11 high Efficiency Tubes, smaller, more efficient, and consume less current than any A.C. Tubes ever before used. Also Tone Control, Automatic Volume Control, Tuning Silencer, Distance Switch, Illuminated Station Recording Unit, Illuminated Grille, etc.



It's Safer in the Wilds

(Continued from page 30)

bullets from my revolver in his vicinity as a warning, and although I did not try to hit him, they must have come too close for comfort. Anyway, he disappeared abruptly.

The trail led over the edge of the plain down a slope into a deep valley. Sure enough, in the bottom three mounted brigands were waiting, staring hard in my direction. The truck was well over the rim before I saw them. I stepped on the gas and went down the incline at forty miles an hour, with the cut-out open and the exhaust roaring like an airplane. The ponies began to rear and plunge.

I was right upon them in less than a minute. Never shall I forget the look of abject terror on the face of one fellow who was not more than twenty feet away. I did not want to kill the poor beggars in cold blood, but kept shooting just over their heads to give them a thorough scare. When they were well scattered I turned back to the trail.

These incidents ought to be enough to demonstrate that the Chinese bandit does not begin to compare with his city counterpart when it comes to being dangerous.

DURING twenty-three years of wandering into the far corners of the earth I can think of only about twenty times that I have had really narrow escapes from death while actually in the field. One of these was an experience with a python in Borneo. Miranda, my native boy, and I were walking along a narrow animal trail in the jungle. I was ahead and going slowly. Suddenly I felt myself jerked violently backwards and heard Miranda's excited voice:

"Excuse, Master, but big snake right there. You shoot him quick!"

He pointed to a thick branch overhanging the trail. The breeze moved the leaves a bit and a patch of sunlight fell squarely upon a glittering eye in a dark, flat head. Following it back, what I thought was a tree trunk resolved itself into the vast bulk of a python lying close along a low, overhanging branch.

I backed away, lined my sights on that glittering eye, and fired. A cyclone seemed to have struck the jungle. I caught a glimpse of yards and yards of snake, writhing, twisting, slashing. Vines and creepers were torn and small trees shattered. Miranda and I ran, for it seemed that anything might happen. It must have been half an hour before the jungle was quiet again and we dared to slip back to where the eruption had taken place. The snake was there, all right, its enormous body twisted into folds and knots. My bullet had smashed the head. We straightened the snake out and I paced the length. It measured nearly twenty feet.

Without doubt Miranda's sharp eyes had saved me. The python had been lying on the low branch, watching the trail, ready to fold its huge body around any wild boar, deer, or other animal that came along the path and crush out its life. Probably I would have met the same fate.

I had another rather narrow escape from being eaten by ravenous dogs in Mon-

golia. Mongol dogs are nearly as large as a Newfoundland. They are trained from birth to guard the tents or caravans of their masters and are encouraged to be savage. Moreover, those that live near temples have a more or less regular diet of human flesh, for the Mongols do not bury their dead. The dogs are more dangerous than tigers.

I had camped one night on the northern edge of the Gobi Desert only a mile or two from a large lama monastery. The night was clear, so I curled up in my fur sleeping bag on the ground and did not pitch a tent. Beside me were two rifles—one small, of twenty-two caliber, and the other a heavier gun. About two o'clock in the morning I waked suddenly. There, not twenty yards away, were fourteen huge dogs, circling about the camp. In the moonlight they looked as big as elephants. Suddenly they dashed in. I grabbed the first rifle my hand touched and fired from the hip at the leader. It happened to be the twenty-two, but the little bullet must have caught him in the eye or ear, for he dropped, stone dead. Two more shots as the pack swept by sent other dogs yelping into the desert. Instantly they were torn in pieces by their cannibalistic friends.

Evidently the dogs were very hungry and thought that I was a dead Mongol. If I had waked a few seconds later—I wouldn't have waked at all! One time I watched a pack of dogs devour an animal, and it took them just seven minutes.

Twenty narrow escapes in my twenty-three years of wandering. That is an average of less than one a year. How many of you, thinking back over the incidents of your life in a big city for one year could say that you had had no more than one narrow escape? Think of the close shaves you have had in automobiles, trains, elevators, subways, airplanes, and the countless other mechanical devices to which you trust your life every day. Altogether I have spent about seven years in big cities. In that time I can count at least fifty narrow escapes.

I honestly believe that the average modern explorer encounters fewer dangers, by long odds, in the desert or the Arctic or the jungle than does the dweller in almost any of America's great cities.

BEFORE the system of traffic lights was installed in New York, crossing any one of the busy thoroughfares was an adventure in itself. I remember once when I got caught in the middle of Fifth Avenue. There was nothing to do except stand still while cars whizzed past so close to me that I could have touched them on either side.

I was on my way to a big dinner and told at the table about my "close shave." Did I get any interest or sympathy? No! It was an old story. My hearers just laughed and told me that it would pay to be more careful in the future. But a little later at that same dinner I told about the time I was nearly eaten by dogs. Everyone sat up and took notice. Yet I really was in just as great danger from the automobiles as from the dogs. Moreover, the dog experience might happen once in a

lifetime and the other almost every day.

The narrowest escape from death that I ever had actually occurred in my office at the American Museum of Natural History. I was sitting at my desk, when the telephone rang. While speaking into the instrument I tipped back in the swivel chair and crashed to the floor. The screws had broken and the seat of the chair separated from the frame. I landed on the side of my head, and the doctor said that it was the closest call to a broken neck he had ever seen. I was in bed for a week and suffered the most excruciating pain.

Of course, bathtub accidents have become a subject for the funny papers. Everybody has one sooner or later. But often they end in tragedy. In 1923, one of my most intimate friends was killed in his own tub. He slipped, fell violently against the faucet, and the resultant injuries caused his death.

ON a foggy evening last winter I started to walk across Central Park. At the entrance a policeman stopped me.

"Where," he asked, "are you going?" "Well," said I, "I don't know that it is any of your business, but I'm going home across the park."

"Better not go that way. You see, on a night like this we can't properly patrol the park. I don't want to have you robbed." And that right in the middle of the second biggest city in the world!

In 1928, I was present at the annual dinner of the Wilderness Club at the Racquet Club in Philadelphia. I was to take the midnight train to San Francisco, to sail for China. On one side of me sat Colonel Theodore Roosevelt and next to him Dr. George B. Gordon, Director of the University Museum. As I left the table I shook hands with them.

"Take care of yourself. We don't want you to be killed over there in China," said Gordon.

"I'll be all right," I laughed. "It is you fellows in the city who ought to worry."

What a tragic prophecy! Ten minutes later Doctor Gordon was dead. He left the table just behind me, got his coat at the check-room, slipped on the marble floor, and fractured his skull.

Think also of disease. Cities versus country. The more people the more germs. No one can deny that. In the Arctic and Antarctic and in the desert, disease germs hardly exist. During all the years of my own expeditions in the Gobi we never had a case of serious illness.

In that same year, 1928, I got a bullet in the leg. For five days all the dressings had to be done in sandstorms, with the surgeon wearing goggles. Dust simply couldn't be kept out of the eighteen-inch bullet wound, yet it healed perfectly, with no trace of infection. Under similar conditions in a city, I should probably have died. Very few trained explorers have died of diseases contracted in the field.

When people ask about the dangers I always remember what Mark Twain said: "Beds are the most dangerous places in the world, because so many people die in them."

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

HELPING HIM WITH HELEN . . . by ALBERT DORNE



ONE WEEK LATER



A FRIENDLY TIP



OFF FOR THE HONEYMOON



"B.O." means UNPOPULARITY
(body odor)

PEOPLE won't excuse "B.O." (*body odor*). And why should they? Even on the hottest, sultriest day when the least exertion makes us perspire freely—it's so easy to check "B.O." Take this simple precaution. Take it even though you think you don't need to—just to be safe! Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, penetrating lather purifies and *deodorizes* pores—stops "B.O." Helps protect health by removing germs from hands. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent vanishes as you rinse.

Watch your skin improve

Millions know it—*Lifebuoy* for lovely complexion! Its pure, bland lather—so gentle, yet so cleansing—makes dull skins bloom with healthy radiance. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.



He Changed the Map of a State

(Continued from page 53)

pot of gold T. C. Williams found at the end of one of his rainbows," Columbians would answer.

It was while operating this boat that Williams had gained intimate knowledge of the streams which he so earnestly hoped to develop. People said it was prophetic that his new enthusiasm grew out of the old. Prophetic of failure.

And then at last this Paul Revere, entering his twelfth year of fruitless effort, found his horse! What a great piece of news that was! No longer, now, did laughing groups scatter at his approach. Bankers asked him to drop in and tell them about his plan. State officials said South Carolina was entering upon a new era. The town bore, at last, was its hero. Fêted and dined when he no longer needed the food.

Here is how it happened: One night Williams went home, after his usual restless day, and picked up a copy of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. In it he saw an article about William Spencer Murray, the world-famous engineer who had electrified the New Haven Railroad out of New York City, and who had just completed a Super-power Survey for the Department of the Interior. Accompanying the article was a picture of Murray, and it so happens he has a very genial face.

"I'll try him," said Williams. "He's the biggest one yet."

So Williams went to New York, adding another hundred dollars to the thousands he had dropped in those rivers in his effort to put his idea across.

Murray did not know his visitor's reputation as a "nut" with a crazy idea about water power existing on level land; so he invited Williams into his office. Something happened at once. They clicked. Williams talked, Murray listened. Maps were spread out, and the engineer began to get excited.

"I'll have a look at this country," said Murray. But beyond that he promised nothing. Still, Williams knew he had found a friend who understood that an extraordinary opportunity existed in these Carolina woods. He left the office happier than he had been in years. Murray remained long after quitting time, for he saw in the plan a chance for a piece of engineering work that might surpass anything he had done. Here was a chance to change the map and the life of a state.

"WHAT news?" asked Williams' friends when he got home.

"Wait," he said. "Just wait and see!"

Murray and his partner, Henry Flood, Jr., worked like beavers over topographical maps and on estimates. It looked to them as if they might be able to generate enormous power at a very low cost. They had other engineers go over their figures, and all agreed they were correct. Murray boarded a train for South Carolina. He is a very tall man, six feet and so many inches that upon occasions he has slept in two upper berths, with the partition left out, his head in one and his feet in the other. Columbians noted his appearance with interest:

"T. C. said he had a big one this time,

and he's right in one sense, anyway."

Again Williams led a prospector to the streams and swamps and woods he knew so well. Negro farmers looked at this newcomer, then at one another, and said, "Goddemighty!" The two men did some surveying on the quiet, Williams still thinking about one power plant, Murray, apparently, visioning something very much bigger. Stripped of engineering details, here's what he saw: A vast dam across the Saluda River, tributary to the Santee, this dam to serve two purposes, first as a power site, and second to supply an even flow of water to the lower works in dry years; a diversion dam across the Santee to turn a part of its water into a power canal, and another vast dam and power house on that power canal.

"I think I see about four hundred thousand horsepower down here. Maybe more," confided Murray, and for once Williams was speechless.

"In all my life," Murray told me later, "I never enjoyed anything more than I did the expression on Mr. Williams' face when I told him the whole plan as Mr. Flood and I had worked it out. He had been thinking in terms of perhaps sixty thousand horsepower, for he had not seen his proposed power plant as a part of a gigantic development. Four hundred thousand was more than he had ever dreamed of."

BEFORE work could be started on the project, however, a number of obstacles had to be overcome. One involved the buying of water rights on the Saluda River, rights held in part by a company that was willing to sell. Here again THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE was to play an important rôle. A bank was in the act of closing down on the company that owned the Saluda rights. This would have tied up the enterprise and might have discouraged outside capital. Williams was scared. When he heard of this newest turn of events he dashed home, got that copy of the magazine with the article on Murray, and carried it to the bank.

"Here's something I want you to read!" he said to the bankers.

"What's that to us?" they asked.

"A whole lot. This man is interested in South Carolina. Give us a break and we can land him. Foreclose now and you may ruin everything. Read that article now, and you'll see who this man Murray is."

They read, they saw, and they postponed the day of execution. Things were looking up at last, for the water rights were bought and federal licenses obtained.

But other difficulties were involved in the building of the great dam across the Saluda River—the largest earth-construction power dam in the world. It is 206 feet high, one mile and a half long, and nearly a quarter of a mile thick at the base. Along the top runs a highway. The lake it creates has a shore line of 520 miles, and covers, in whole or in part, 1,100 parcels of land formerly privately owned—nearly 100,000 acres in all.

Before the dam could be built five thousand persons had to be moved from

their homes in the valley. Three churches and six schools had to be relocated. And there were two hundred cemeteries. Only a man of tact and fairness, capable of winning the confidence of the farmers, could save the day. That man was T. C. Williams, one-time "nut." The job was turned over to him. He got into his car and drove out into the valley, stopping at every farmhouse. He took the farmers into his confidence, told them what was up, offered them cash for options on their land and fair prices later for the purchase.

In the end most of the landowners sold out at prices agreeable to them, without condemnation proceedings. They moved elsewhere, bought new places, and so spread the new capital all over the state. The churches and schools were relocated, the developers putting up new buildings. It was the biggest real estate transaction South Carolina had known in many years and virtually everybody was happy.

NO ONE can begin to estimate the ultimate benefits resulting from Williams' vision, courage, and perseverance. When the entire project is completed, a state which heretofore has had no clear-water lakes of any size will have three. These will add vastly to its beauty and its recreational advantages. More industries, more taxable wealth, more homes, more people—four great needs of the South-east—are being realized through this long-suffering enthusiast. There is a tendency now for manufacturers to leave dense cities and take up their stands in places where land is cheaper, taxes lower, and living conditions better. But there must be cheap power too, and plenty of it. The Williams-Murray development is providing that.

It was Williams who persuaded the General Assembly of South Carolina to name the first of the power lakes "Lake Murray," and it was appropriate, too, for Murray is the man who saw the undertaking as a whole. But later on something ought to be named in honor of T. C. Williams, and probably will be, for it was he who started the whole thing.

On the streets of Columbia not long ago Williams met a man to whom he had often talked, and who had regarded him as a dreamer

"Come to see me," suggested Williams. "I have a job for you."

The man was dumfounded, but managed to accept the offered job, the best one he had held in years.

This was typical of the Williams way. No one ever had such a grand chance to say, "I told you so," but he hasn't said it once. No one ever had such a chance to make those who had laughed at him squirm in their defeat, but instead he made them feel comfortable. In the years of his frustration he was fine; in victory he was finer. He has been too happy for any emotion except that of happiness, for he is a man who loves his community, his friends, and many who are not his friends. He wanted victory for himself, naturally, but also he wanted to do something for his state. He did.



Many toothpastes sought it... Pepsodent found it!

A softer cleansing and polishing material than any in ordinary use, yet one that excels in film-removing power. It is contained exclusively in Pepsodent and in no other toothpaste on the market.



THIS winter you read the announcement of a notable new discovery—a revolutionary cleansing and polishing material contained in Pepsodent Toothpaste. What made it utterly different from all others was: (1) that it was more effective in removing film; (2) that it was twice as soft as that in common use. Pepsodent chemists had solved the problem they began eleven years ago. Pepsodent—the special film-removing toothpaste—brought a new measure of protection to precious teeth,

Fight film on teeth

The dental profession believes that to clean the teeth thoroughly is the sole objective of any scientific toothpaste. That is our view, also.

It was to remove film or bacterial plaque that Pepsodent Toothpaste was specially developed. Its first claim to distinction is that it does remove film more effectively

than by any other ordinary method.

Film forms on teeth in gelatin-like coats. In this filmy coating are germs producing powerful acids. These acids dissolve tooth enamel, destroy the part beneath and finally reach the nerve. That's why film must be removed morning and night.

Film makes teeth unattractive by absorbing ugly stains from food and smoking. It clings stubbornly to teeth and defies all ordinary ways of brushing.

A notable discovery

Pepsodent's new cleansing and polishing material removes film far more thoroughly. No other toothpaste contains it—hence no other can give the same results. As it removes film it polishes enamel to higher brilliance... gives an entirely new effect... a sparkling *glaze*. And this unique power combined with *super-safety* makes Pepsodent America's outstanding dentifrice.

Amos 'n' Andy are brought to you by Pepsodent every night except Sunday over N.B.C. network

1. Remove film—

use Pepsodent Toothpaste every morning and every night.

2. Eat these foods—

*one or two eggs,
raw fruits, fresh
vegetables, lettuce,
cabbage or celery,
one-half lemon
with orange juice.
One quart of milk,
and other food to
suit the taste.*



3. See your Dentist—

*at least twice a
year. He can de-
tect the beginning
of trouble. He can
stop it then at
small expense
and no discom-
fort.*



USE PEPSODENT TWICE A DAY—SEE YOUR DENTIST AT LEAST TWICE A YEAR

"There Are No Bad Times for Good Ideas"

(Continued from page 23)

interval. Business has been bad, of course, but clever people learn more in bad times than in good times. I hope I never stop learning. If my ability to absorb new ideas slows down, then I will admit that I'm getting old. The room for improvement is still, so far as I'm concerned, the biggest room in the world."

The fact that his stores last year, despite the blight of hard times, gained 400,000 new customers indicates that the wellspring of his new ideas is not running dry.

"We did not make great profits from these new customers," he said, "but we pleased them; we sold them honest, dependable goods, and they will come back. They have become part of our permanent assets."

THE central point of Mr. Selfridge's sales policy, I gathered as I talked with him, is that the customer shall always want to come back. The point of approach is through intelligently anticipating and supplying the wants of the customers. When sales fall off during depression, the store must stock goods which the customers want, at lower price levels; then they will buy willingly. Profits on each sale are smaller, but the good will is stored up for better days.

Meanwhile, Selfridge's ingenuity in attracting public attention to his store and his enterprise in keeping up with new methods never flag. Every year a hundred or more members of his staff travel to foreign countries to study new ideas. Tourists in London, going to Selfridge's, can find their home-town papers—papers which at the same time bring in to Selfridge everything new in advertising set-ups. If an airplane or a motorcar makes a new record, it goes on display at his store. If anyone in London is in doubt about some obscure fact, he can get it by calling up the special information department. Often members of the House of Commons, during debates, will call up Selfridge for a decision on a point of fact. Thus Selfridge makes his store a national institution.

Some years ago Selfridge wrote a book called *The Romance of Commerce*. In it, he recounts the achievements of the great merchants of the past. The Phoenicians of Sidon and Tyre, Marco Polo, the Medicis, Lorenzo the Magnificent, the factors of the Hudson's Bay Company, the directors of the East India Company, and the redoubtable Fuggers of Augsburg.

Merchants were sportsmen and adventurers in those days, "regarding their business joyously as a great game." Mr. Selfridge looks back to those days longingly and laments the more prosaic views of the present. But where, in the entire book, is there a career more improbable and romantic than the plain facts of Selfridge's own life?

He was born in the little village of Ripon, Wis. Soon afterwards his father, an officer in the Union Army, was killed in action, leaving Gordon and his mother penniless. Mrs. Selfridge obtained employment as a school-teacher. Gordon went to work at ten as a cash boy in the village dry goods store at a dollar and a half a week. Mother

and son began as partners, and partners they remained until a few years ago, when Mrs. Selfridge died at the age of ninety.

At fourteen Gordon found a position in a small bank as general utility boy. He would beg the cashier to let him keep the books. "If I can post the books for a month without a single blot or mistake," he would ask, "will you let me keep on posting them?" He was given the chance and passed through the test without an error. By the time he was sixteen he was in charge of all the clerical work of the bank and understood all the details of the business. But still an occasional mistake would creep into the books. He studied the problem systematically and worked out a list of twenty places to search for errors when the cash would not balance.

Not long ago, on a trip to America, he visited this bank. He was as proud as a boy when the cashier produced the original list and told him that they were still using it.

He left the bank to take a job at \$600 a year as a bookkeeper in a furniture factory. When the business failed he worked as a clerk in an insurance office, studying law on the side. He quickly decided that he did not have a legal mind. He did not seem to be getting anywhere. A friend of his mother's gave him a letter of introduction to Marshall Field in Chicago.

The great Mr. Field glanced at the boy and waved his hand.

"Ten dollars a week in the basement," he said.

THE day that Selfridge was to start work he received an offer of \$25 a week as bookkeeper in a creamery in Jackson, Mich., where his mother was then living. For a small town in those days this was affluence; ten dollars a week in Chicago was poverty. But Selfridge believed then, as he does now, in "the long pull." He chose Chicago.

He had the luck to room with a man who possessed a considerable library, and these books became the basis of his education. He read for three hours a night, six nights a week. One night a week he enjoyed his only extravagance, a twenty-five-cent seat in the top gallery at the theater. This too contributed to his education—a sense of the dramatic has always inspired his advertising.

Steadily he moved ahead in the store. His first advance came from swapping jobs with another employee, who received no more pay than he did, but whose work was much harder and more important. Soon he was in the retail part of the business, learning the first principles of what later was to become his supreme art—pleasing the customer.

When he had accumulated some savings he asked for a leave of absence and, at his own expense, traveled to the East and studied the great stores of Boston, Philadelphia, and New York. When he returned, Mr. Field, who had heard of this novel self-financed hegira, called him in.

"What did you learn in the East, young man?" he asked.

"That they are doing retail business better than we are," Selfridge answered.

Mr. Field frowned, asked some more questions, and gave Selfridge an executive position.

Within ten years he was taken into partnership, made manager of the retail department, and given \$20,000 a year. In ten years more he had accumulated a comfortable, independent fortune and decided to retire, at the age of thirty-nine, to read, travel, study, and enjoy life. But leisure could not absorb the energies of his restless spirit. He bought a retail business of his own in Chicago, found that it was not just what he wanted, and sold it.

"I bought it from Jews and sold it to seven Scotsmen—at a profit!" he likes to recall with a chuckle of pride. It is his favorite story.

HE RESUMED his leisure and his travels. And then, one day when he was walking about the streets of London in 1907, he was struck with the idea for his great adventure. He had made several small purchases during the day, and on each occasion his artistic sense of merchandising had been outraged by the unattractive layout of the goods and the dour and forbidding condescension of the "shop assistants." As he walked about, brooding over this, he was jostled by the crowds. Crowds everywhere. More people than anywhere in the world, and no place to buy as Selfridge thought they should be able to buy. Potential customers, millions of them, longing for a cheerful store to buy in.

"By heaven," he exclaimed, pounding a fist into a palm, "I'll do it."

His friends uniformly advised him against it. Here he was, independently wealthy, happily married, with a family of four children, comfortably settled in a spacious home in Chicago, with all his associations and reputation in America, proposing to throw it all away in a quixotic attempt to change the mercantile habits of "the nation of shopkeepers." It was, they pointed out, plain folly.

Selfridge listened to them all. Then he took his family and his fortune to London and set to work. He acquired a location in Oxford Street and announced that he was going to build a ten-story American department store. The absurdity of this quickly caught the fancy of the London press. In the first place, they explained, it would be illegal. They were right. The building laws of London permitted no structures of this dizzy height.

"All right," said Selfridge; "I will build six stories above ground and three stories into the ground as basements." This brought more laughs, and more publicity. The strange American had become news.

The work drove steadily forward. At last, in 1909, the store was staffed, stocked, and ready for business. The opening was preceded by a barrage of advertising such as Londoners had never seen before. On the fine spring morning of the opening the store was jammed with a curious and skeptical throng. Ready to receive them were no longer "shop assistants" but "members of the staff"—as Selfridge called them—trained in the doctrine, new to London, that the customer is always right.

***WATCH FOR THESE DANGER
SIGNALS OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"**

Caused by the germ-tinea *trichophyton*—"Athlete's Foot" may first show itself in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, or skin-cracks, or tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and scaly or develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!*

**NOTED LABORATORY
FINDS WAY TO END
"ATHLETE'S FOOT"**

You can never be certain that you are not one of the 10 million people in America today who are victims of "Athlete's Foot" infection—an unpleasant, annoying form of ringworm.

If you discover any one of these symptoms, don't wait for complications. Follow the advice of authorities and *douse Absorbine Jr. on your feet twice daily.*

For it was proved by *doctors and health officials* that

**CRUSADE AGAINST
ATHLETE'S FOOT**

A nation-wide effort to stamp out foot ringworm, which medical authorities say affects approximately 10,000,000 Americans, has begun within the last year, and its first effects are being noticed in the schools and colleges of the country already.

Declaring that this skin malady known most usually as "athlete's foot," began to cause greatest concern in the United States with this country's participation in the war, the doctors and

Doctors, health officials, newspapers

WARN AGAINST EPIDEMIC OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Don't neglect itching, peeling toes, blisters; red, raw, cracked skin; these can exact a heavy penalty

IF THERE'S any doubt as to how alarming this epidemic of "Athlete's Foot" has become, just glance through the newspaper clippings printed above.

You will note that this obnoxious germ finds its luckless prey in schools, among women in the home, men in business—in every walk of life.

And its victims are all the more luckless, because among the millions infected today, countless people have come to learn that even the slightest symptom* can lead to serious trouble and suffering.

If you notice nothing more than an itching between your toes—don't think it can't mean danger. For usually that's the way "Athlete's Foot" begins.

Next the skin may turn white, feel moist, unwholesome. Or it may turn red, and if so often does, producing a rawness sometimes so painful that shoes cannot be worn.

Don't let this happen to you! And above all beware of breaks in the skin. "Athlete's Foot" often causes deep skin-cracks, open sores, through which blood poisoning, lock-

jaw, erysipelas and other virulent infections may pass into the blood stream.

**Watch your step in places where
"Athlete's Foot" abounds**

There is only one answer as to why 10 million people in America today have "Athlete's Foot"—and why millions more people on outings this summer will fall prey to this insidious disease.

And that answer is, that the tiny ringworm germs which cause this infection lurk by the billions in the very places people go to promote health—on beachwalks, on the edges of swimming pools, on locker- and dressing-room floors, in gyms and bathhouses—even in your own spottish bathroom.

**Use Absorbine Jr. to kill the
germs of "Athlete's Foot"**

If you become infected, or if you are already a victim of "Athlete's Foot," you may have the first symptoms* without knowing it until you examine closely the skin between your toes. At the slightest

sign, douse on Absorbine Jr. morning and night. Laboratory and clinical tests have demonstrated that Absorbine Jr. kills quickly, when it reaches the germ.

Absorbine Jr. has been so beneficial that substitutes are sometimes offered. There is too much at stake to trust relief to a "just-as-good-as." There is nothing like Absorbine Jr. Take a bottle along on every outing; that's the wisest precaution against infection. Price, \$1.25. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 378 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass. In Canada: Lyman Building, Montreal.

FOR SUNBURN, TOO!

Simply douse cooling Absorbine Jr. on burning, feverish skin, after every exposure. It takes out the sting and encourages a sun-tan coat. No unpleasant odor, not greasy. Wonderful, too, for insect bites, bruises, burns, sore muscles.



ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions



There are a number of good shaving creams on the market. Anyone of them will do a fair job. You know that as well as we do. No amount of talking we might do would convince you that Listerine Shaving Cream is superior. That at its price of 25¢, it is a super-bargain.

You alone can be the judge of that. And the only means by which you can judge is the cream itself. Therefore, we are asking you to send for a large free sample of it, using the coupon below.

We are prepared to rest our entire case on that simple tube.

It is our hope, and we might almost add, our prediction, that you will like the cream as well, or better, than ordinary creams costing more money.

If you do, you can get Listerine Shaving Cream at your local druggist's. The price is 25¢. Tear out the coupon now. Send it at once. It will bring you a new treat in shaving. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

15 SHAVES FREE

Clip this coupon now

Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Dept. A.7.S.
St. Louis, Missouri

Gentlemen: Please send me free and postpaid your large sample tube of Listerine Shaving Cream.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

The goods were tastefully and systematically arranged by stylists. The aisles were surprisingly broad, to encourage strolling about. There were rest-rooms, reading- and writing-rooms with unlimited stationery, parcel offices, weighing machines, cloakrooms, and a free concert.

If the customer wanted to try on fourteen pairs of gloves and then not buy any, the saleswomen, if not delighted, at least remained cordially interested. If another customer bought six expensive dresses, handled them extensively, and then changed her mind and handed them back, that was fine. But, to the English, it was also just a shade ridiculous.

Punch, the humorous weekly, carried a full-page cartoon depicting the Selfridge store. It showed the salesmen and saleswomen flocking about the customers, bowing and smiling, lavishing upon them gifts and attentions. Under the sketch was the legend:

WE DO THIS BECAUSE WE
L-O-V-E YOU.

The load of ridicule seemed too great to bear. Sales fell off still more. The store was losing money fast. Selfridge was taking a beating.

BUT certain counterforces were quietly at work. The public noticed that Selfridge took the ridicule and the reverses with high courage and good humor. The British like a good fighter. Selfridge was sticking to his guns. He continued to pour what was left of his money into advertising.

Then, too, word got around that Selfridge was "uncommonly decent" to his employees. He paid them well. Selfridge, people said, might be a queer one, but he was a good sport.

Some of the curious sight-seers began to remember that they had seen some rather nice things at Selfridge's, after all. They began to go back, first a few, then hundreds, in a steadily growing stream. Nor was Selfridge idle. He had learned much in those early days after opening. The English customer, he had discovered, does not want as much attention as the American customer. His new store, in fact, was too cheerful. Reluctantly but ruthlessly he proceeded to trim his gay pattern to certain of the unalterable angles of the British character. He sought for the delicate point of compromise beyond which the American method could not be pressed. Feeling his way, he brought the sales up—and up—and up.

But in the extent and resourcefulness of his publicity and advertising he never relaxed, nor has he to this day. Did Blieriot fly across the English channel? Then Selfridge had the plane on display in his store the next day. Did Zeppelins drop bombs on London, killing and terrorizing the citizens? Selfridge issued free life insurance against death by Zeppelin bombs to all his customers. What is this new thing called television? Why, Selfridge has got John L. Baird, the British inventor, down at his store giving free demonstrations.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the influence which Gordon Selfridge has had upon the 40,000,000 inhabitants of Great Britain. A score of branches, owned by "Selfridge Provincial Stores, Ltd.," have been established in every large British city and in Dublin, Ireland. These, by the

way, are managed by H. Gordon Selfridge, Jr.

The changes which Selfridge has wrought in England are not confined to the details of department store technique. The prevailing attitude in England before the war was that sport and leisure are the proper occupation of a gentleman, and that business is a bore. Selfridge brought with him the American view that business can be an exciting sport, an adventure as well as a means of livelihood. And when his English friends joshed him about his enthusiasm, his reply was:

"You're not making fun of me. You're making fun of the Elizabethan merchant-adventurers and East India Company directors who made England great. Those men knew that business can be the greatest sport of all."

A metamorphosis just as strange marked his social position in England. At first he was thoroughly an outsider. Before the war the social prejudice against anyone in a retail business—"persons in trade," as they were called—was as impenetrable as a London pea-soup fog.

Selfridge ignored the slights which came his way. He remained his own man, did what he pleased, and devoted himself enthusiastically to the development of his business.

After a while surprising and rather shocking news began to be whispered about. This man Selfridge, it was said, had been "taken up by some of those very close to the King." Incredible! The plain truth was that some of the men in England who were too high up to care a hoot whether a man was a wholesaler or a retailer or a snake charmer, had met Selfridge, liked him immensely for his honesty, intelligence, and enormous zest for life and had become his friends. And once the large fish had led the way, the small fry quickly followed.

Selfridge's long list of friends is one of the most varied and cosmopolitan on earth—princes and prize fighters, duchesses and divas, cabinet ministers and cabinet makers.

SELFRIDGE has never bothered to accommodate himself, either, to the formalities and reticences which are supposed to characterize society. When he sends out invitations to a party, he announces enthusiastically how good it is going to be. The most distinctive party in London, perhaps, is that which Selfridge gives in the Palm Room and roof garden of his store on the night of each general election. He tells the world, in effect, that it is going to be a whole of a party, and it is.

Nor is Selfridge less energetic in entertaining his 15,000 employees. The games, athletic teams, clubs, theater groups, contests, and carnivals which he arranges for their diversion are endless in variety. He is usually on hand to help provide the excitement.

All in all, the boy from Ripon, Wisconsin, stacks up pretty well in colorfulness with the merchant princes of the past. We may say of him as it was said of Jacob Fugger of Augsburg four hundred years ago: "All merchants in the world have pronounced him an enlightened man, and the heathen marvel at him." For my part, I remember gratefully to this day the corn on the cob and the sweet potatoes.

You Can't Put Out the Sun

(Continued from page 37)

today. She is the world's greatest advocate of immediate repair. She suffers reversals, but invariably she compels the evil day to yield to the new day of joy and restoration.

The ancient pagans knew what they were about when they set aside one day in midwinter as a joy-festival in honor of the unconquerable sun.

On one occasion I was on a barrier island throughout the raging of a tropical hurricane. The little shack in which I was staying seemed so unsafe in the ninety-mile gale that I took refuge in the dense island woods. The salt tide invaded the forest, so that I was obliged to climb a tree for safety. The madness of the gale had its evil triumph. The forest ached and moaned. Great pines that had stood for more than a century went down like straw, yet so thunderous and wild was the tempest that I could not even hear these valiant giants crushing.

There was a furious majesty about the storm. But all storms are doomed. Disaster itself dies. After many a long hour in my creaking tree, I ventured to the ground when the tide began to fall, and a little later was safely back on the mainland. My parting impression of the once lovely isle was that of malignant ruin.

THAT storm was in September. The following June I revisited the scene, expecting to find little left of beauty. Yet, as I walked through those woods, I could hardly tell that there had ever been a hurricane. Order was restored. Flowers were blooming, and birds were singing. As of old, the fragrant forest murmured, and was mine. From that experience I learned that a disaster may deter, but it can never overcome, the irresistible benignant course of nature. And no extremity has in itself sufficient power to keep us, as sons and daughters of nature, from going on bravely toward the recovery of joy and of fortune. Only one thing is really required—a heart as gallant as nature's. Catastrophes teach us the relative unimportance of material things. In human nature, is not spirit, heart-value, the only thing we know that is invincible?

A great man once said that if he had had the matter of creation to attend to, he would have made health rather than disease contagious. But the health of nature is contagious; and happiness is contagious; and (speaking as one having no authority in this matter) love, too, is said to be contagious. Comradeship is contagious, and its power is well-nigh irresistible.

After a storm there is usually a calm; and it is then that nature begins her work of mighty salvage. Indeed, all real power seems to originate in great calms: a placid lake supplies the water for giant dynamos; the man or woman of genuine power always has serene depths of soul on which to draw—reservoirs far from the actual scene of effort and conflict. When a hostess accused Joseph Addison of failing to join in some typical dinner-table chatter, he said, "Madam, I have no small change, but I can draw for a thousand pounds." He was



"It's like NEW, Marie!"

"Oui, Madame. I use IVORY SNOW. It makes soft suds without hot water, so the colors do not run."

Easy dissolving in lukewarm water—keeps colors clear...

Ivory Snow is an advanced kind of soap for washing delicate fabrics. Instead of being cut into hard, flat flakes, Ivory Snow, in its liquid state, is BLOWN through sprayers so that it dries in a mist of tiny, soft bubbles.

These bubbles are thirsty. No hot water is needed to dissolve them. They melt into quick, rich suds in water that is just LUKEWARM. No danger, then, with Ivory Snow, of making colors run, of making textures harsh and stiff by plunging your woolens, rayons, or

printed silks into too-hot suds.

No floating particles—no soap spots... The round bits of Ivory Snow leave no flat particles floating in the water which can stick to fabrics and cause soap spots. This is one reason why Mallinson, Cheney Brothers and Truh, as well as weavers of woolens and blankets, call Ivory Snow "the perfect soap." It is especially good for this year's "nubby surfaced" silks, woolens and cottons.

Get Ivory Snow from your grocer. See for yourself how convenient it is—how it saves your clothes. Don't be afraid to use enough to make a thick suds. Ivory Snow is pure—as gentle to fabrics as Ivory Soap is to a baby's tender skin. The suds rise easily. And the extra-big package costs only 15¢.



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a man of power because he had calm and profound resources.

Nature has supreme poise, a certain proud indifference to adversity.

The only person I ever knew to surpass nature in tranquility at a time of crisis was a Negro named Steve, who had a somewhat undetermined number of children, described to me as "bout eighteen head."

One day his wife, Mandy, ran up to him in great excitement, shouting, "Steve, a alligator done took one of de chillun!"

"Mandy," he said with a drawl of utter unconcern, "ain't I done told you las' week dat somethin' was gettin' our chillun?"

I remember once watching a ruby-throated humming bird building her nest at the very tip of a dead limb hanging above a woodland path. In a few days the tiny bannister was complete; then the eggs were laid.

One night a sudden wild thunderstorm broke over the woods. A rotten limb crashed upon the branch that held the nest, breaking it off. Next morning on the ground lay the pathetic ruin of that home. But not the ruin of hope. Even while I was lamenting the ruin of beauty on the ground, over my head I heard an excited buzzing and twittering. Stepping back into the bush, I saw the glimmering birds beginning a new home on the broken tip of the same branch from which their old one had just been crushed! Tiny creatures, how brave and sound was their philosophy: that a night of disaster is always followed by a dawn of redemption!

Not long ago I was talking with a state forester who said that he had never known nature to be beaten.

"When the chestnut blight came," he said, "we saw for the first time what looked like the extermination of a whole species. Countless millions of trees died. But nature never quit. Out of the stumps of trees that were dead above the ground sprouts appeared; and now that many of these have developed, they are proving to be blight-resisting. In fact, I gathered a bushel of chestnuts this year from some of these young trees which have a quality of strength great enough to overcome the calamity that swept away the older generation. Yet, in a sense, since these trees are sprouts from the old roots, they are the same trees that died!"

WE OBSERVE in nature also the beneficent law of compensation: For every advantage lost, there seems to be a corresponding gain. Time will manifest the benefit.

To attempt to mend broken plants and broken limbs and young trees has long been a hobby of mine. Resetting the fractured parts in splints, my task is done. Nature's then begins. And what is the result? Observe the point of an old fracture. The stem or limb will there be at least a third larger than normal; and to the bulkiness of strength will be added a woven hardness of fiber. Often the very toughest part of a tree will be found at what was once its weakest place. The reparation has exceeded the damage. In the end, the strength of what was mended is greater than the strength of what had never been injured; and invariably the strongest timber is that which has had to withstand storms.

I do not profess to know much about interpreting the Bible, but to me one of the finest things in the Old Testament is, "He restoreth my soul." For, even in a garret, with hardly a crust of bread to sustain the body, a healthy soul, however tormented and harassed, will always assert its right to conquer difficulties, its right to strive for ultimate triumph, its right even to present gladness. A healthy soul will sing in the dark, knowing that light will come to it, even as the day is sure to dawn to the mist-shrouded world.

Many people, in observing nature, see only her outward aspects, only her physical forms. But is there not a deeper view? What shadowy hands have shaped that massive pine and given that wild flower swaying grace? I sense in nature a living heart; and, especially in times of trial, I am aware of an unconquerable mind in her.

So long have I loved her and learned to trust her that in nearly all my perplexities I turn to nature to discover how she meets similar difficulties. Nor have I ever turned in vain. For she, like ourselves, is constantly striving against odds. And her serenity of recovery after disaster enables me to rehabilitate my own soul. I have never heard her whine nor seen her grovel. Sweet are her melodies in times of peace and happiness, but sweeter are her songs of deliverance, her hymns at the restoration of joy. And she has taught me that, however busy death and destruction may be in our imperfect world, she has the heart and the intelligence and the faith to be busier than they. They may prevail over her and over us today, but hers and ours are the triumphs of tomorrow.

Honeywell Harper Goes a-Selling!

(Continued from page 51)

for a little ride—that is, I mean, if you really believe what I said about your name, Cynthia, you know."

Cynthia-you-know tendered him a mock salute as the little car drew away.

"You may know your sales resistance," she told the rising cloud of dust, "but you don't know your Uncle Benajah Carter's little niece."

HONEYWELL HARPER found Uncle Benajah in a sagging rocker that evening, his carpet-slipped feet comfortably elevated on the white railing of the front porch. He was whittling a small boat out of a piece of white wood. A folded checkbook and a box of dominoes rested on the floor beside him. It was just past seven o'clock.

"Good evening, Mr. Carter," he called out cheerfully. "I'm the young man who was here to see you this afternoon."

Uncle Benajah removed his pipe. "My niece ain't home," he announced. "She went down to the village for a magazine."

"I came to see you," his visitor corrected him genially. "Nice evening, isn't it?"

"I'm not interested in selling," said Uncle Benajah.

"Of course you're not," his visitor agreed soothingly. "As—as a matter of fact, Mr. Carter, you were right this afternoon. I—I did have something to sell."

For the first time since he had appeared on the scene Uncle Benajah favored Honeywell Harper with a full stare. Then his red

cheeks broke into a myriad of tiny wrinkles.

"I knowed it," he declared triumphantly. "I knowed it all the time! A girl swallows that kind of bait but it ain't so easy to fool a man. What do you sell?"

The young man dropped down on the porch and hunched his feet under him on the step. "Boats," he said simply.

Uncle Benajah dropped his knife. "Boats?" he echoed sharply. "What kind o' boats?"

Honeywell Harper leaned forward. "The kind every man dreams about," he explained eagerly, "when he closes his eyes and sees the white clouds rushing along overhead and feels the fresh salt air beating against his face."

"Cosh!" said Uncle Benajah.

"Can't you see her cutting through the water," young Mr. Harper rushed on enthusiastically, a brown hand outstretched toward an imaginary horizon, "with her white sides gleaming in the sunlight and her genuine teakwood deck glistening with spray? Can't you, Mr. Carter? Can't you see yourself on the little bridge with the twin motors humming under your feet and the appetizing aroma of broiling fish stealing up from the little galley that is complete—down to a two-ring gas range and an iceless refrigerator?"

"Oh my!" said Uncle Benajah.

"The warm waters of the Gulf Stream furnishing your steam heat in winter," his visitor pursued, the dying sun mirroring the ardor in his eyes; "the health-main-

taining ultra-violet of the tropics building up a new zest for living every minute of the long day. I tell you, Mr. Carter, I am not selling boats so much as I am selling priceless dreams of youth and freedom from the drudgery of ordinary living."

Uncle Benajah reached down slowly and picked up his knife. "You—you mean you want to sell me a boat like that?" he inquired, and moistened the fat little bulge of his lower lip longingly.

FOR a moment Honeywell Harper hesitated. It was as if he were crushing back an instinctive affirmative.

"No-no," he said presently; "n-not exactly. You see—"

"Has it got an enclosed deckhouse?" Uncle Benajah put in briskly.

Honeywell Harper nodded. "Two state-rooms," he added, "and quarters for one man forward. Can't you just imagine lying in one of those soft, downy berths while the rain beats down on the double-canvas-covered matched teakwood above? But—but, you see—I mean what I really want to sell you—"

"How much is it?" demanded Uncle Benajah almost rudely, his little round eyes popping with excitement.

"Nine thousand dollars. It cost the owner over twenty-five. He got caught in the market and—"

The diminutive model twitched convulsively in Uncle Benajah's round fist, and in its twitching brought the back of

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simple life. I think it is contemptible." She held the gate open.

But Honeywell Harper refused to pass through it. Instead he reached over and closed it against her steady pressure.

"Please listen," he implored, and despite her anger Cynthia thought of him as a little boy with his nose pressed flat against a bakeshop window. "I didn't want to sell your Uncle Benajah that boat. I was merely trying to sell him an idea. You said this afternoon that—"

"I wouldn't mind if you really sold him a boat," the girl blazed up suddenly. "I think it would be simply great if Uncle could enjoy the things he has dreamed about all his life. But to sell him what you call an idea—a mirage—"

"But it isn't a mirage," the young man assured her unhappily. "That's the worst part of it. It is a real boat. It is listed for sale in a yacht broker's office in New York. It did belong to a man who went broke in the stock market last year. It does have an old salt aboard, even—even if he doesn't play dominoes—yet."

Uncle Benajah Carter's niece lost some of her grimness. Her eyes grew larger.

"You mean a real boat?" she asked softly.

Honeywell Harper nodded. "That's the trouble." Bitterly.

Cynthia wanted to know why.

"I—I didn't want to sell him a boat," young Mr. Harper stumbled along. "I—I wanted to sell him an idea. You see—"

"You mean you just wanted to exercise your wonderful salesmanship?"

"Please don't curl your lip at me that way," Honeywell Harper implored her. "You still don't understand. Don't you remember this afternoon when you mentioned that your father was thinking of buying a boat and how your uncle sort of intimated that this thinking had been going on for ten years?"

"Well?"

"Don't you see how I reasoned? If I could really crystallize your father's mind—I mean if I could only get him set, so to speak, then your uncle might be persuaded to sell his farm. So after I saw the yacht broker I saw your father."

The girl stared at him, first in amazement, and then, as the full import of his words hit her, she began to laugh.

"You—you mean—?" she gasped finally. "I mean," said Honeywell Harper dismally, "I sold the boat to your father, too!"

"AND—and you think you can explain it to your father?" young Mr. Harper inquired anxiously some ten minutes later.

Cynthia smiled. "Of course I can. I can always explain anything to Father."

Honeywell Harper fumbled first with his light switch and then with the steering wheel of his little roadster.

"I—I don't suppose you would care to take that little ride I spoke about?"

Uncle Benajah Carter's niece shook her small head, and her smile became a grin.

"I like you," she explained frankly, "but don't you see how it would be? Every minute you are unconsciously selling something. How could I be sure—how will any girl ever be sure with you—that the songs the trout sing in the cool depths of some shady pool aren't just frogs croaking in some mill pond?"

She has no fear of Birthdays —



"Yes—I am 34"
says Beverly Bayne

Photograph by
Nickolas Muray, 1934

9 out of 10 Screen Stars know the Secret of Keeping Youthful Charm

"YES, I am 34," says Beverly Bayne, much beloved favorite of the stage and screen.

"No woman need look her age nowadays—it's so easy not to. On the stage you have to stay youthful so we all are very careful about our complexions. A lovely skin takes more years off your age than anything else. I've used Lux Toilet Soap for years—almost all actresses do because it's such a sure way of

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The charming Beverly Bayne is only one of countless beautiful actresses who use Lux Toilet Soap to keep their skins youthfully smooth and aglow.

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 use this fragrant white soap both at home and in their studio dressing rooms. You will want to try it!

Lux Toilet Soap—10¢

A Man Called Spade

(Continued from page 36)

died this afternoon," Dundy said. "He was murdered."

Mrs. Bliss caught her breath. Bliss's arm tightened around his niece with a little jerk, but there was not yet any change in his face. "Murdered?" he repeated uncomprehendingly.

"Yes," Dundy put his hands in his coat pockets. "You were here this afternoon."

Theodore Bliss paled a little under his sunburn, but said, "I was," steadily enough.

"How long?"

"About an hour. I got here about half past two and—" He turned to his wife. "It was almost half past three when I phoned you, wasn't it?"

"She said, 'Yes.'"

"Well, I left right after that."

"Did you have a date with him?" Dundy asked.

"No, I phoned his office"—he nodded at his wife—"and was told he'd left for home, so I came on up. I wanted to see him before Elise and I left, of course, and I wanted him to come to the wedding, but he couldn't. He said he was expecting somebody. We sat here and talked longer than I had intended, so I had to phone Elise to meet me at the Municipal Building."

After a thoughtful pause, Dundy asked, "What time?"

"That we met there?" Bliss looked inquiringly at his wife, who said, "It was just quarter to four." She laughed a little. "I got there first and I kept looking at my watch."

Bliss said very deliberately, "It was a few minutes after four that we were married. We had to wait for Judge Whitfield—about ten minutes, and it was a few more before we got started—to get through with the case he was hearing. You can check it up—Superior Court, Part Two, I think."

SPADE whirled around and pointed at Tom. "Maybe you'd better check it up."

Tom said, "Oke," and went away from the door.

"If that's so, you're all right, Mr. Bliss," Dundy said, "but I have to ask these things. Now, did your brother say who he was expecting?"

"No."

"Did he say anything about having been threatened?"

"No. He never talked much about his affairs to anybody, not even to me. Had he been threatened?"

Dundy's lips tightened a little. "Were you and he on intimate terms?"

"Friendly, if that's what you mean."

"Are you sure?" Dundy asked. "Are you sure neither of you held any grudge against the other?"

Theodore Bliss took his arm free from around his niece. Increasing pallor made his sunburned face yellowish. He said, "Everybody here knows about my having been in San Quentin. You can speak out, if that's what you're getting at."

"It is," Dundy said, and then, after a pause, "Well?"

Bliss stood up. "Well, what?" he asked impatiently. "Did I hold a grudge against

him for that? No. Why should I? We were both in it. He could get out; I couldn't. I was sure of being convicted whether he was or not. Having him sent over with me wasn't going to make it any better for me. We talked it over and decided I'd go it alone, leaving him outside to pull things together. And he did. If you look up his bank account you'll see he gave me a check for twenty-five thousand dollars two days after I was discharged from San Quentin, and the registrar of the National Steel Corporation can tell you a thousand shares of stock have been transferred from his name to mine since then."

He smiled apologetically and sat down on the bed again. "I'm sorry. I know you have to ask things."

Dundy ignored the apology. "Do you know Daniel Talbot?" he asked.

Bliss said, "No."

His wife said, "I do; that is, I've seen him. He was in the office yesterday."

Dundy looked her up and down carefully before asking, "What office?"

"I am—I was Mr. Bliss's secretary, and—"

"Max Bliss's?"

"Yes, and a Daniel Talbot came in to see him yesterday afternoon, if it's the same one."

"What happened?"

SHE looked at her husband, who said, "If you know anything, for heaven's sake tell me."

She said, "But nothing really happened. I thought they were angry with each other at first, but when they left together they were laughing and talking, and before they went Mr. Bliss rang for me and told me to have Trapper—he's the bookkeeper—make out a check to Mr. Talbot's order."

"Did he?"

"Oh, yes. I took it in to him. It was for seventy-five hundred and some dollars."

"What was it for?"

She shook her head. "I don't know."

"If you were Bliss's secretary," Dundy insisted, "you must have some idea of what his business with Talbot was."

"But I haven't," she said. "I'd never even heard of him before."

Dundy looked at Spade. Spade's face was wooden. Dundy glowered at him, then put a question to the man on the bed: "What kind of necktie was your brother wearing when you saw him last?"

Bliss blinked, then stared distantly past Dundy, and finally shut his eyes. When he opened them he said, "It was green with—I'd know it if I saw it. Why?"

Mrs. Bliss said, "Narrow diagonal stripes of different shades of green. That's the one he had on at the office this morning."

"Where does he keep his neckties?"

Dundy asked the housekeeper.

She rose, saying, "In a closet in his bedroom. I'll show you."

Dundy and the newly married Blisses followed her out.

Spade put his hat on the dressing table and asked Miriam Bliss, "What time did you go out?" He sat on the foot of her bed.

"Today? About one o'clock. I had a

luncheon engagement for one and I was a little late, and then I went shopping, and then—" She broke off with a shudder.

"And then you came home at what time?" His voice was friendly, matter-of-fact.

"Some time after four, I guess."

"And what happened?"

"I found Father lying there and I phoned—I don't know whether I phoned downstairs or the police, and then I don't know what I did. I fainted or had hysterics or something, and the first thing I remember is coming to and finding those men here and Mrs. Hooper." She looked him full in the face now.

"You didn't phone a doctor?"

She lowered her eyes again. "No, I don't think so."

"Of course you wouldn't, if you knew he was dead," he said casually.

She was silent.

"You knew he was dead?" he asked.

She raised her eyes and looked blankly at him. "But he was dead," she said.

He smiled. "Of course; but what I'm getting at is, did you make sure before you phoned?"

She put a hand to her throat. "I don't remember what I did," she said earnestly. "I think I just knew he was dead."

He nodded understandingly. "And if you phoned the police it was because you knew he had been murdered."

She worked her hands together and looked at them and said, "I suppose so. It was awful. I don't know what I thought or did."

Spade leaned forward and made his voice low and persuasive. "I'm not a police detective, Miss Bliss. I was engaged by your father—a few minutes too late to save him. I am, in a way, working for you now, so if there is anything I can do—maybe something the police wouldn't—" He broke off as Dundy, followed by the Blisses and the housekeeper, returned to the room. "What luck?"

Dundy said, "The green tie's not there."

His suspicious gaze darted from Spade to the girl. "Mrs. Hooper says the blue tie we found is one of half a dozen he just got from England."

BLISS asked, "What's the importance of the tie?"

Dundy scowled at him. "He was partly undressed when we found him. The tie with his clothes had never been worn."

"Couldn't he have been changing clothes when whoever killed him came, and was killed before he had finished dressing?"

Dundy's scowl deepened. "Yes, but what did he do with the green tie? Eat it?"

Spade said, "He wasn't changing clothes. If you'll look at the shirt collar you'll see he must've had it on when he was choked."

Tom came to the door. "Checks all right," he told Dundy. "The judge and a bailiff named Kittredge say they were there from about a quarter to four till five or ten minutes after. I told Kittredge to come over and take a look at them to make sure they're the same ones."

Dundy said, "Right," without turning

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his head and took the penciled threat signed with the T in a star from his pocket. He folded it so only the signature was visible. Then he asked, "Anybody know what this is?"

Miriam Bliss left the bed to join the others in looking at it. From it they looked at one another blankly.

"Anybody know anything about it?" Dundy asked.

Mrs. Hooper said, "It's like what was on poor Mr. Bliss's chest, but—" The others said, "No."

"Anybody ever seen anything like it before?"

"They said they had not."

Dundy said, "All right. Wait here. Maybe I'll have something else to ask you after a while."

Spade said, "Just a minute. Mr. Bliss, how long have you known Mrs. Bliss?"

Bliss looked curiously at Spade. "Since I got out of prison," he replied somewhat cautiously. "Why?"

"Just since last month," Spade said as if to himself. "Meet her through your brother?"

"Of course—in his office. Why?"

"And at the Municipal Building this afternoon, were you together all the time?"

"Yes, certainly," Bliss spoke sharply.

"What are you getting at?"

Spade smiled at him, a friendly smile. "I have to ask things," he said.

Bliss smiled too. "It's all right." His smile broadened. "As a matter of fact, I'm a liar. We weren't actually together all the time. I went out into the corridor to smoke a cigarette, but I assure you every time I looked through the glass of the door I could see her still sitting in the courtroom where I had left her."

Spade's smile was as light as Bliss's. Nevertheless, he asked, "And when you weren't looking through the glass you were in sight of the door? She couldn't've left the courtroom without your seeing her?"

Bliss's smile went away. "Of course she couldn't," he said, "and I wasn't out there more than five minutes."

Spade said, "Thanks," and followed Dundy into the living-room, shutting the door behind him.

Dundy looked sidewise at Spade. "Anything to it?"

Spade shrugged.

MAX BLISS'S body had been removed. Besides the man at the secrétaire and the gray-faced man, two Filipino boys in plum-colored uniforms were in the room. They sat close together on the sofa.

Dundy said, "Mack, I want to find a green necktie. I want this house taken apart, this block taken apart, and the whole neighborhood taken apart till you find it. Get what men you need."

The man at the secrétaire rose, said "Right," pulled his hat down over his eyes, and went out.

Dundy scowled at the Filipinos. "Which of you saw the man in brown?"

The smaller stood up. "Me, sir."

Dundy opened the bedroom door and said, "Bliss."

Bliss came to the door.

The Filipino's face lighted up. "Yes, sir, him."

Dundy shut the door in Bliss's face. "Sit down."

The boy sat down hastily.

Dundy stared gloomily at the boys un-

til they began to fidget. Then, "Who else did you bring up to this apartment this afternoon?"

They shook their heads in unison from side to side. "Nobody else, sir," the smaller one said. A desperately ingratiating smile stretched his mouth wide across his face.

Dundy took a threatening step towards them. "Nuts!" he snarled. "You brought up Miss Bliss."

The larger boy's head bobbed up and down. "Yes, sir. Yes, sir. I bring them up. I think you mean other people." He too tried a smile.

Dundy was glaring at him. "Never mind what you think I mean. Tell me what I ask. Now, what do you mean by 'them?'"

THE boy's smile died under the glare.

He looked at the floor between his feet and said, "Miss Bliss and the gentleman."

"What gentleman? The gentleman in there?" He jerked his head toward the door he had shut on Bliss.

"No, sir. Another gentleman, not an American gentleman." He had raised his head again and now brightness came back into his face. "I think he is Armenian."

"Why?"

"Because he not like us Americans, not talk like us."

Spade laughed, asked, "Ever seen an Armenian?"

"No, sir. That is why I think he—"

He shut his mouth with a click as Dundy made a growling noise in his throat.

"What'd he look like?" Dundy asked.

The boy lifted his shoulders, spread his hands. "He tall, like this gentleman." He indicated Spade. "Got dark hair, dark mustache. Very"—he frowned earnestly—"very nice clothes. Very nice-looking man. Came, gloves, spats, even, and—"

"Young?" Dundy asked.

The head went up and down again. "Young. Yes, sir."

"When did he leave?"

"Five minutes," the boy replied.

Dundy made a chewing motion with his jaws, then asked, "What time did they come in?"

The boy spread his hands, lifted his shoulders again. "Four o'clock—maybe ten minutes after."

"Did you bring anybody else up before we got here?"

The Filipinos shook their heads in unison once more.

Dundy spoke out the side of his mouth to Spade: "Get her."

Spade opened the bedroom door, bowed slightly, said, "Will you come out a moment, Miss Bliss?"

"What is it?" she asked warily.

"Just for a moment," he said, holding the door open. Then he suddenly added, "And you'd better come along, too, Mr. Bliss."

Miriam Bliss came slowly into the living-room followed by her uncle, and Spade shut the door behind them. Miss Bliss's lower lip twitched a little when she saw the elevator boys. She looked apprehensively at Dundy.

He asked, "What's this fiddle-dee-dee about the man that came in with you?"

Her lower lip twitched again. "Wh-what?" She tried to put bewilderment on her face. Theodore Bliss hastily crossed the room, stood for a moment be-

fore her as if he intended to say something, and then, apparently changing his mind, took up a position behind her, his arms crossed over the back of a chair.

"The man who came in with you," Dundy said harshly, rapidly. "Who is he? Where is he? Why'd he leave? Why didn't you say anything about him?"

The girl put her hands over her face and began to cry. "He didn't have anything to do with it," she blubbered through her hands. "He didn't, and it would just make trouble for him."

"Nice boy," Dundy said. "So, to keep his name out of the newspapers, he runs off and leaves you alone with your murdered father."

She took her hands away from her face. "Oh, but he had to," she cried. "His wife is so jealous, and if she knew he had been with me again she'd certainly divorce him, and he hasn't a cent in the world of his own."

Dundy looked at Spade. Spade looked at the giggling Filipinos and jerked a thumb at the outer door. "Scram," he said. They went out quickly.

"And who is this gem?" Dundy asked the girl.

"But he didn't have any—"

"Who is he?"

Her shoulders drooped a little and she lowered her eyes. "His name is Boris Smekalov," she said wearily.

"Spell it."

She spelled it.

"Where does he live?"

"At the St. Mark Hotel."

"Does he do anything for a living except marry money?"

Anger came into her face as she raised it, but went away as quickly. "He doesn't do anything," she said.

Dundy wheeled to address the gray-faced man. "Get him."

The gray-faced man granted and went out.

DUNDY faced the girl again. "You and this Smekalov in love with each other?"

Her face became scornful. She looked at him with scornful eyes and said nothing.

He said, "Now your father's dead, will you have enough money for him to marry if his wife divorces him?"

She covered her face with her hands.

He said, "Now your father's dead, will you?"

Spade, leaning far over, caught her as she fell. He lifted her easily and carried her into the bedroom. When he came back he shut the door behind him and leaned against it. "Whatever the rest of it was," he said, "the faint's a phony."

"Everything's a phony," Dundy growled.

Spade grinned mockingly. "There ought to be a law making criminals give themselves up."

Mr. Bliss smiled and sat down at his brother's desk by the window.

Dundy's voice was disagreeable. "You got nothing to worry about," he said to Spade. "Even your client's dead and can't complain. But if I don't come across I've got to stand for riding from the captain, the chief, the newspapers, and heaven knows who all."

"Stay with it," Spade said soothingly; "you'll catch a murderer sooner or later yet." His face became serious except for the lights in his yellow-gray eyes. "I don't want to run this job up any more

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alleges than we have to, but don't you think we ought to check up on the funeral the housekeeper said she went to? There's something funny about that woman."

After looking suspiciously at Spade for a moment, Dundy nodded, and said, "Tom'll do it."

Spade turned about and, shaking his finger at Tom, said, "It's a ten-to-one bet there wasn't any funeral. Check on it . . . don't miss a trick."

Then he opened the bedroom door and called Mrs. Hooper. "Sergeant Polhaus wants some information from you," he told her.

While Tom was writing down names and addresses that the woman gave him, Spade sat on the sofa and made and smoked a cigarette, and Dundy walked the floor slowly, scowling at the rug. With Spade's approval, Theodore Bliss rose and rejoined his wife in the bedroom.

Presently Tom put his note book in his pocket, said, "Thank you," to the housekeeper, "Be seeing you," to Spade and Dundy, and left the apartment.

THE housekeeper stood where he had left her, ugly, strong, serene, patient.

Spade twisted himself around on the sofa until he was looking into her deep-set, steady eyes. "Don't worry about that," he said, flirting a hand toward the door Tom had gone through. "Just routine." He pursed his lips, asked, "What do you honestly think of this thing, Mrs. Hooper?"

She replied calmly, in her strong, somewhat harsh voice, "I think it's the judgment of God."

Dundy stopped pacing the floor.

Spade said, "What?"

There was certainty and no excitement in her voice: "The wages of sin is death."

Dundy began to advance towards Mrs. Hooper in the manner of one stalking game. Spade waved him back with a hand which the sofa hid from the woman. His face and voice showed interest, but were now as composed as the woman's. "Sin?" he asked.

She said, "Whoever shall offend one of these little ones that believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged around his neck, and he were cast into the sea." She spoke, not as if quoting, but as if saying something she believed.

Dundy barked a question at her: "What little one?"

She turned her grave gray eyes on him, then looked past him at the bedroom door. "Her," she said; "Miriam."

Dundy frowned at her. "His daughter?"

The woman said, "Yes, his own adopted daughter."

Angry blood mottled Dundy's square face. "What the heck is this?" he demanded. He shook his head as if to free it from some clinging thing. "She's not really his daughter?"

The woman's serenity was in no way disturbed by his anger. "No. His wife was an invalid most of her life. They didn't have any children."

Dundy moved his jaws as if chewing for a moment and when he spoke again his voice was cooler. "What did he do to her?"

"I don't know," she said, "but I truly believe that when the truth's found out you'll see that the money her father—I mean her real father—left her has been—"

Spade interrupted her, taking pains to speak very clearly, moving one hand in small circles with his words. "You mean you don't actually know he's been gypping her? You just suspect it?"

She put a hand over her heart. "I know it here," she replied calmly.

Dundy looked at Spade, Spade at Dundy, and Spade's eyes were shiny with not altogether pleasant merriment. Dundy cleared his throat and addressed the woman again. "And you think this"—he waved a hand at the floor where the dead man had lain—"was the judgment of God, huh?"

"I do."

He kept all but the barest trace of craftiness out of his eyes. "Then whoever did it was just acting as the hand of God?"

"It's not for me to say," she replied.

Red began to mottle his face again. "That'll be all right now," he said in a choking voice, but by the time she had reached the bedroom door his eyes became alert again and he called, "Wait a minute." And when they were facing each other: "Listen, do you happen to be a Rosicrucian?"

"I wish to be nothing but a Christian."

He growled, "All right, all right," and turned his back on her. She went into the bedroom and shut the door. He wiped his forehead with the palm of his right hand and complained wearily, "Great Scott, what a family!"

Spade shrugged. "Try investigating your own some time."

Dundy's face whitened. His lips, almost colorless, came back right over his teeth. He balled his fists and lunged towards Spade. "What do you—?" The pleasantly surprised look on Spade's face stopped him. He averted his eyes, wet his lips with the tip of his tongue, looked at Spade again and away, essayed an embarrassed smile, and mumbled, "You mean any family. Uh-huh, I guess so." He turned hastily towards the corridor door as the doorknob rang.

The amusement twitching Spade's face accentuated his likeness to a blond satan.

AN AMiable, drawing voice came in through the corridor door: "I'm Jim Kittredge, Superior Court. I was told to come over here."

Dundy's voice: "Yes, come in."

Kittredge was a roly-poly ruddy man in too-tight clothes with the shine of age on them. He nodded at Spade and said, "I remember you, Mr. Spade, from the Burke-Harris suit."

Spade said, "Sure," and stood up to shake hands with him.

Dundy had gone to the bedroom door to call Theodore Bliss and his wife. Kittredge looked at them, smiled at them amiably, said, "How do you do?" and turned to Dundy. "That's them, all right." He looked around as if for a place to spit, found none, and said, "It was just about ten minutes to four that the gentlemen there came in the courtroom and asked me how long His Honor would be, and I told him about ten minutes, and they waited there; and right after court adjourned at four o'clock we married them."

Dundy said, "Thanks." He sent Kittredge away, the Blisses back to the bedroom, scowled with dissatisfaction at Spade, and said, "So what?"

Spade, sitting down again, replied, "So

you couldn't get from here to the Municipal Building in less than fifteen minutes on a bet, so he couldn't've ducked back here while he was waiting for the judge, and he couldn't have hustled over here to do it after the wedding and before Miriam arrived."

The dissatisfaction in Dundy's face increased. He opened his mouth, but shut it in silence when the gray-faced man came in with a tall, slender, pale young man who fitted the description the Filipino had given of Miriam Bliss's companion.

The gray-faced man said, "Lieutenant Dundy, Mr. Spade, Mr. Boris—uh—Smekalov."

Dundy nodded curtly.

SMEKALOV began to speak immediately. His accent was not heavy enough to trouble his hearers much, though his r's sounded more like w's. "Lieutenant, I must beg of you that you keep this confidential. If it should get out it will ruin me, Lieutenant, ruin me completely and most unjustly. I am most innocent, sir, I assure you, in heart, spirit, and deed, not only innocent, but in no way whatever connected with any part of the whole horrible matter. There is no—"

"Wait a minute," Dundy prodded Smekalov's chest with a blunt finger. "Nobody's said anything about you being mixed up in anything—but it'd looked better if you'd stuck around."

The young man spread his arms, his palms forward, in an expansive gesture. "But what can I do? I have a wife who—" He shook his head violently. "It is impossible. I cannot do it."

The gray-faced man said to Spade in an inadequately subdued voice, "Goofy, these Russians."

Dundy screwed up his eyes at Smekalov and made his voice judicial. "You've probably," he said, "put yourself in a pretty tough spot."

Smekalov seemed about to cry. "But only put yourself in my place," he begged, "and you—"

"Wouldn't want to," Dundy seemed, in his callous way, sorry for the young man. "Murder's nothing to play with in this country."

"Murder? But I tell you, Lieutenant, I happen to enter into this situation by the merest mischance only. I am not—"

"You mean you came in here with Miss Bliss by accident?"

The young man looked as if he would like to say "Yes." He said, "No," slowly, then went on with increasing rapidity: "But that was nothing, sir, nothing at all. We had been to lunch. I escorted her home and she said, 'Will you come in for a cocktail?' and I would. That is all, I give you my word." He held out his hands, palms up. "Could it not have happened so to you?" He moved his hands in Spade's direction. "To you?"

Spade said, "A lot of things happen to me. Did Bliss know you were running around with his daughter?"

"He knew we were friends, yes." "Did he know you had a wife?" Smekalov said cautiously, "I do not think so."

Dundy said, "You know he didn't." Smekalov moistened his lips and did not contradict the lieutenant.

Dundy asked, "What do you think he'd've done if he found out?"



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"I do not know, sir."

Dundy stepped close to the young man and spoke through his teeth in a harsh, deliberate voice: "What did he do when he found out?"

The young man retreated a step, his face white and frightened.

The bedroom door opened and Miriam Bliss came into the room. "Why don't you leave him alone?" she asked indignantly. "I told you he had nothing to do with it. I told you he didn't know anything about it." She was beside Smekalov now and had one of his hands in hers. "You're simply making trouble for him without doing a bit of good. I'm awfully sorry, Boris, I tried to keep them from bothering you."

The young man mumbled unintelligibly. "You tried, all right," Dundy agreed. He addressed Spade: "Could it've been like this, Sam? Bliss found out about the wife, knew they had the lunch date, came home early to meet them when they came in, threatened to tell the wife, and was choked to stop him." He looked sidewise at the girl. "Now, if you want to fake another faint, hop to it."

The young man screamed and flung himself at Dundy, clawing with both hands. Dundy grunted—"Uh!"—and struck him in the face with a heavy fist. The young man went backwards across the room until he collided with a chair. He and the chair went down on the floor together. Dundy said to the gray-faced man, "Take him down to the Hall—material witness."

The gray-faced man said, "Oke," picked up Smekalov's hat, and went over to help pick him up.

Theodore Bliss, his wife, and the housekeeper had come to the door Miriam Bliss had left open. Miriam Bliss was crying, stamping her foot, threatening Dundy: "I'll report you, you coward. You had no right to . . ." and so on. Nobody paid much attention to her; they watched the gray-faced man help Smekalov to his feet, take him away. Smekalov's nose and mouth were red smears.

THEN Dundy said, "Hush," negligently to Miriam Bliss and took a slip of paper from his pocket. "I got a list of the calls from here today. Sing out when you recognize them."

He read a telephone number. Mrs. Hooper said, "That is the butcher. I phoned him before I left this morning." She said the next number Dundy read was the grocer's.

He read another. "That's the St. Mark," Miriam Bliss said. "I called up Boris." She identified two more numbers as those of friends she had called.

The sixth number, Bliss said, was his brother's office. "Probably my call to Elise to ask her to meet me."

Spade said, "Mine," to the seventh number, and Dundy said, "That last one's police emergency." He put the slip back in his pocket.

Spade said cheerfully, "And that gets us a lot of places."

The doorbell rang. Dundy went to the door. He and another man could be heard talking in voices too low for their words to be recognized in the living-room.

The telephone rang. Spade answered it.

"Hello. . . . No, this is Spade. Wait a min—All right." He listened. "Right, I'll tell him. . . . I don't know. I'll have him call you. . . . Right."

When he turned from the telephone Dundy was standing, hands behind him, in the vestibule doorway. Spade said, "O'Gar says your Russian went completely nuts on the way to the Hall. They had to shove him into a strait-jacket."

"He ought to be there long ago," Dundy growled. "Come here."

Spade followed Dundy into the vestibule. A uniformed policeman stood in the outer doorway.

Dundy brought his hands from behind him. In one was a necktie with narrow diagonal stripes in varying shades of green, in the other was a platinum scarfpin in the shape of a crescent set with small diamonds.

Spade bent over to look at three small, irregular spots on the tie. "Blood?"

"Or dirt," Dundy said. "He found them crumpled up in a newspaper in the rubbish can on the corner."

"Yes, sir," the uniformed man said proudly; "there I found them, all wadded up in—" He stopped because nobody was paying any attention to him.

"Blood's better," Spade was saying. "It gives a reason for taking the tie away. Let's go in and talk to police."

Dundy stuffed the tie in one pocket, thrust his hand holding the pin into another. "Right—and we'll call it blood."

THEY went into the living-room. Dundy looked from Bliss to Bliss's wife, to Bliss's niece, to the housekeeper, as if he did not like any of them. He took his fist from his pocket, thrust it straight out in front of him, and opened it to show the crescent pin lying in his hand. "What's that?" he demanded.

Miriam Bliss was the first to speak. "Why, it's Father's pin," she said.

"So it is?" he said disagreeably. "And did he have it on today?"

"He always wore it." She turned to the others for confirmation.

Mrs. Bliss said, "Yes," while the others nodded.

"Where did you find it?" the girl asked.

Dundy was surveying them one by one again, as if he liked them less than ever. His face was red. "He always wore it," he said angrily, "but there wasn't one of you could say, 'Father always wore a pin. Where is it?' No, we got to wait till it turns up before we can get a word out of you about it."

Bliss said, "Be fair. How were we to know—?"

"Never mind what you were to know," Dundy said. "It's coming around to the point where I'm going to do some talking about what I know." He took the green necktie from his pocket. "This is his tie?"

Mrs. Hooper said, "Yes, sir."

Dundy said, "Well, it's got blood on it, and it's not his blood, because he didn't have a scratch on him that we could see." He looked narrow-eyed from one to another of them. "Now, suppose you were trying to choke a man that wore a scarf-pin, and he was wrestling with you, and—"

He broke off to look at Spade.

Spade had crossed to where Mrs. Hooper was standing. Her big hands were clasped in front of her. He took her right hand,

turned it over, took the wadded handkerchief from her palm, and there was a two-inch-long fresh scratch in the flesh.

She had passively allowed him to examine her hand. Her mind lost none of its tranquility now. She said nothing.

"Well?" he asked.

"I scratched it on Miss Miriam's pin fixing her on the bed when she fainted," the housekeeper said calmly.

Dundy's laugh was brief, bitter. "It'll hang you just the same," he said.

There was no change in the woman's face. "The Lord's will be done," she replied.

Spade made a peculiar noise in his throat as he dropped her hand. "Well, let's see how we stand." He grinned at Dundy. "You don't like that star-T, do you?"

Dundy said, "Not by a long shot."

"Neither do I," Spade said. "The Talbot threat was probably on the level, but that debt seems to have been squared. Now—wait a minute." He went to the telephone and called his office. "The tie thing looked pretty funny, too, for a while," he said while he waited, "but I guess the blood takes care of that."

HE SPOKE into the telephone: "Hello, Effie. Listen: Within half an hour or so of the time Bliss called me, did you get any call that maybe wasn't on the level? Anything that could have been a stall? . . . Yes, before . . . Think now."

He put his hand over the mouthpiece and said to Dundy, "There's a lot of devilry going on in this world."

He spoke into the telephone again: "Yes? . . . Yes . . . Kruger? . . . Yes. Man or woman? . . . Thanks. . . . No, I'll be through in half an hour. Wait for me and I'll buy your dinner. 'By."

He turned away from the telephone. "About half an hour before Bliss phoned, a man called my office and asked for Mr. Kruger."

Dundy frowned. "So what?"

"Kruger wasn't there."

Dundy's frown deepened. "Who's Kruger?"

"I don't know," Spade said blandly. "I never heard of him." He took tobacco and cigarette papers from his pockets. "All right, Bliss, where's your scratch?"

Theodore Bliss said, "What?" while the others stared blankly at Spade.

"Your scratch," Spade repeated in a consciously patient tone. His attention was on the cigarette he was making. "The place where your brother's pin gouged you when you were choking him."

"Are you crazy?" Bliss demanded. "I was—"

"Uh-huh, you were being married when he was killed. You were not," Spade moistened the edge of his cigarette paper and smoothed it with his forefingers.

Mrs. Bliss spoke now, stammering a little: "But he—but Max Bliss called—"

"Who says Max Bliss called me?" Spade asked. "I don't know that. I wouldn't know his voice. All I know is a man called me and said he was Max Bliss. Anybody could say that."

"But the telephone records here show the call came from here," she protested.

He shook his head and smiled. "They show I had a call from here, and I did, but not that one. I told you somebody called up half an hour or so before the supposed Max Bliss call and asked for Mr.

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Kruger." He nodded at Theodore Bliss. "He was smart enough to get a call from this apartment to my office on the record before he left to meet you."

She stared from Spade to her husband with dumfounded blue eyes.

Her husband said lightly, "It's nonsense, my dear. You know—"

Spade did not let him finish that sentence. "You know he went out to smoke a cigarette in the corridor while waiting for the judge, and he knew there were telephone booths in the corridor. A minute would be all he needed." He lit his cigarette and returned his lighter to his pocket.

Bliss said, "Nonsense!" more sharply. "Why should I want to kill Max?" He smiled reassuringly into his wife's horrified eyes. "Don't let this disturb you, dear. Police methods are sometimes—"

"All right," Spade said, "let's look you over for scratches."

Bliss wheeled to face him more directly. "Damned if you will!" He put a hand behind him.

Spade, wooden-faced and dreamy-eyed, came forward.

SPADE and Effie Perine sat at a small table in Julius's Castle on Telegraph Hill. Through the window beside them ferryboats could be seen carrying lights to and from the cities' lights on the other side of the bay.

"... hadn't gone there to kill him, chances are," Spade was saying; "just to shake him down for some more money; but when the fight started, once he got his hands on his throat, I guess, his grudge was too hot in him for him to let go till Max was dead. Understand, I'm just putting together what the evidence says, and what we got out of his wife, and the not much that we got out of him."

Effie nodded. "She's a nice, loyal wife."

Spade drank coffee, shrugged. "What for? She knows now that he made his play for her only because she was Max's secretary. She knows that when he took out the marriage license a couple of weeks ago it was only to string her along so she'd get him the photostatic copies of the records that tied Max up with the Graystone Loan swindle. She knows—Well, she knows she wasn't just helping an injured innocent to clear his good name."

He took another sip of coffee. "So he calls on his brother this afternoon to hold San Quentin over his head for a price again, and there's a fight, and he kills him, and gets his wrist scratched by the pin while he's choking him. Blood on the tie, a scratch on his wrist—that won't do. He takes the tie off the corpse and hunts up another, because the absence of a tie will set the police to thinking. He gets a bad break there: Max's new ties are on the front of the rack, and he grabs the first one he comes to. All right. Now he's got to put it around the dead man's neck—or wait—he gets a better idea. Pull off some more clothes and puzzle the police. The tie'll be just as inconspicuous off as on, if the shirt's off too. Undressing him, he gets another idea. He'll give the police something else to worry about, so he draws a mystic sign he has seen somewhere on the dead man's chest."

Spade emptied his cup, set it down, and went on: "By now he's getting to be a

regular master-mind at bewildering the police. A threatening letter signed with the thing on Max's chest. The afternoon mail is on the desk. One envelope's as good as another so long as it's typewritten and has no return address, but the one from France adds a touch of the foreign, so out comes the original letter and in goes the threat. He's overdoing it now; see? He's giving us so much that's wrong that we can't help suspecting things that seem all right—the phone call, for instance.

"Well, he's ready for the phone calls now—his alibi. He picks my name out of the private detectives in the phone book and does the Mr. Kruger trick; but that's after he calls the blond Elise and tells her that not only have the obstacles to their marriage been removed, but he's had an offer to go in business in New York and has to leave right away, and will she meet him in fifteen minutes and get married? There's more than just an alibi to that. He wants to make sure she is dead sure he didn't kill Max, because she knows he doesn't like Max, and he doesn't want her to think he was just stringing her along to get the dope on Max, because she might be able to put two and two together and get something like the right answer.

"With that taken care of, he's ready to leave. He goes out quite openly, with only one thing to worry about now—the tie and pin in his pocket. He takes the pin along because he's not sure the police mightn't find traces of blood around the setting of the stones, no matter how carefully he wipes it. On his way out he picks up a newspaper—buys one from the newsboy he meets at the street door—wads tie and pin up in a piece of it, and drops it in the rubbish can at the corner. That seems all right. No reason for the police to look for the tie. No reason for the street cleaner who empties the can to investigate a crumpled piece of newspaper, and if something does go wrong—what the deuce!—the murderer dropped it there, but he, Theodore, can't be the murderer, because he's going to have an alibi.

"Then he jumps in his car and drives to the Municipal Building. He knows there are plenty of phones there and he can always say he's got to wash his hands, but it turns out he doesn't have to. While they're waiting for the judge to get through with a case he goes out to smoke a cigarette, and there you are—Mr. Spade, this is Max Bliss and I've been threatened."

EFFIE PERINE nodded, then asked, "Why do you suppose he picked on a private detective instead of the police?"

"Playing safe. If the body had been found, meanwhile, the police might've heard of it and trace the call. A private detective wouldn't be likely to hear about it till he read it in the papers."

She laughed, then said, "And that was your luck."

"Luck? I don't know." He looked gloomily at the back of his left hand. "I hurt a knuckle stopping him and the job only lasted an afternoon. Chances are whoever's handling the estate'll raise hobs if I send them a bill for any decent amount of money." He raised a hand to attract the waiter's attention. "Oh, well, better luck next time. Want to catch a movie or have you got something else to do?"

If We Split Up All the Money in the Country —

(Continued from page 22)

them, visionary future project? I think it is very doubtful. Would the people in 1900, for example, have allowed the government to invest their money in the automobile industry? Certainly not. They thought the gasoline buggy was half a nuisance, half a joke. The railroads were bitterly resented for many years. Most industries are so considered when they are making their first halting steps.

The chief wealth of the United States lies in its value as a going concern. If the huge, delicate machine of business fails to function fairly smoothly its value evaporates. It becomes a pile of useless junk. Profits, interest, credit, surplus, cash—all these become meaningless words. Yet this concept is very difficult for our soap-box bankers and smoking-room economists to grasp.

TEN years ago, during the troubles in Italy, the workers in the Fiat automobile plant rioted, rebelled, and seized the factory. Their leaders, entering the offices and taking over the books, scanned the balance sheets and announced triumphantly that the company had a large surplus. The next step, they decided, was to seize the surplus and divide it up. But where was the surplus? In the company safe, undoubtedly. So they called in their helpers and, with ax and acetylene torch, smashed open the safe. Here they found masses of meaningless papers, most of which they angrily destroyed, and a few hundred dollars in petty cash. But no surplus. That was strange. Where could that mysterious surplus be hiding?

Next the workmen sought out the deposed officers of the company and demanded that they divulge the hiding place of the surplus.

"Only a small fraction of the surplus," the president explained, "is in cash. The rest is land, buildings, accounts due, stock on hand—the value of all these things over and above debts which we owe. When the company ceases to function as an efficiently managed, smoothly running concern, the surplus, of course, vanishes."

The sequel you probably know. The workmen, very soon, were compelled to go to the managers and ask them to take charge again. The company resumed business and, except for the losses incurred during the interlude, went on as before.

If we divide up all capital and equalized income there would be little incentive to the individual to do the hard work and hard thinking necessary to keep the machine running. There would be, of course, the knowledge that hard work helped the general welfare, but the general welfare is too abstract to stir the average man's enthusiasm. He is more impressed by a small addition to the individual weekly pay envelope.

There remains the possibility of forcing every man to do his part by the powers and punishments of a dictatorship. That is, in effect, what they have in Russia today. There the iron rule of a few strong men, aided by propaganda which has stirred the people to an almost religious fervor, is



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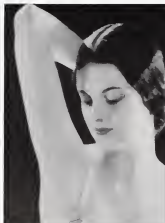
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functioning after a fashion—just how successfully we shall not know for a good many years. But Russians are not Americans. The people whom Stalin rules have never tasted liberty. They have become accustomed through centuries to hardship and oppression. They are willing to undergo any ordeal to raise their standard of living, nor is their struggle without a heroism of its own. But their way is not our way. Americans would never consent to such a surrender of liberty.

Most of those who advocate dividing everything up agree with me in this. "Oh, no. Not Communism," they exclaim in alarm. "I didn't mean that. I meant that we should divide everything up and start all over again. Start even, and then let the best man win."

ALL right, let's try to picture what would happen then. No exact prediction is possible, but certain analogies will give us a clue.

If you were ever in the army you have an example of your own. Our wartime soldiers were a pretty fair cross section of our population. Once a month every man in the company received his \$30, minus deductions. Each man had his own way of disposing of this money. Some gambled or splurged it away in a few days, and then borrowed or went without until the next pay day. A few spent it methodically, so much a day. Two or three extreme conservatives actually saved a few dollars every month and became lenders to the others. Thus money distributed evenly becomes uneven again with astonishing speed.

Inequalities in wealth and income are due largely to inequalities in (1) inheritance, (2) mental capacity, (3) willingness to work, (4) foresight, (5) health, (6) luck, (7) education.

We can equalize inheritance temporarily by legislation. We have already equalized education for those with the brains and energy to absorb it. But we can never equalize the other five items on the list. They would operate quickly to re-establish inequality. The thrifty would live low and save, while the others squandered. Soon the thrifty would be making small loans at stiff interest to the improvident. Charles Lamb's division of mankind into two classes, the lenders and the borrowers, would reappear. You would hear conversations like this:

"I'm awful hard up this month, Henry. I wish you would lend me just one more twenty to get through."

"Well, John, I'd like to do it. But you owe me two hundred now. You'll have to give me some security. How about that share of United States, Incorporated, which you have?"

"O. K., Henry." (Good-by that share of U. S. Inc.)

When the division was first made, credit as we now know it would disappear. But the credit of the able, the energetic, and the thrifty would quickly begin to rise as they began to accumulate money, and this would enable them to accumulate more money, and thus more credit. In this way inequalities would begin to roll up again like snowballs.

If we divided up and started even, my estimate is that three quarters of those who are broke now would be broke again within a year. The great majority of men who are

rich now through their own efforts would be starting on the road to another fortune. Men now rich through inheritance would be about average, some up, some down. Few large fortunes would reestablish themselves in less than a generation.

For the first few years, in fact, there would be no rich men at all. "That's fine," some may say. "Good riddance." But consider the effect on that smoothly running industrial machine which is so important to our survival. First of all, the several millions of persons who make up the servant class in America would be automatically thrown out of work. No one would be rich enough to hire a servant.

Next, all the industries which cater to the luxury trade would wither, turning more people out on the streets. The factories which make expensive cars, the fur trade, the jewelry business, the antique shops, the art stores, the yacht and speedboat companies—all these would be paralyzed, because no one could afford their products.

And then there is the question of taxation. At present this burden falls proportionately far more heavily on the rich than on the poor. Under equal division, taxes would be somewhat reduced by lower wages paid to public employees, but probably increased again to the original level by the additional bureaucracy necessary to manage the details of equal division. And the burden would fall equally on us all.

The National Industrial Conference Board recently estimated governmental expenditures for 1932 as follows: local, \$8,292,000,000; state, \$2,364,000,000; federal, \$4,434,000,000. The total, \$15,090,000,000, amounts to nearly a quarter of our total national income. In more comprehensible figures, it amounts to \$119.07 per capita. Under equal division, therefore, the man with an income of \$500 a year would be astonished and enraged to find this reduced by taxation to \$380.93.

THE strongest and most direct objection to dividing everything up is that it would discourage saving. All wealth in the world today exists because some time someone spent less than his income. If the wealth of the world is to increase, a system of distribution must be adopted which will (1) encourage savings and (2) assist in their wise investment.

Our present system has encouraged savings. Most of our present troubles flow from the fact that these savings, during recent years, have been unscientifically invested in already overdeveloped industries, thus upsetting the balance of our national industrial machine, and causing overproduction, unemployment, underconsumption, deflation, loss of confidence, and the rest of the vicious circle.

Inducements to save, however, must continue to operate, and men must be assured that they and their beneficiaries may enjoy a reasonable proportion of their savings. Inequalities of wealth, therefore, must be permitted. Whether these inequalities should be as great as they are at present I do not pretend to say.

What I have attempted to show is the folly of the idea that anyone could be benefited by "dividing it all up." I am not discussing the possible merits of Socialism or Communism. It would be unfair to the more intelligent members of either of these

groups to class them with the simple-minded "divisionist." The Socialist and Communist leaders at least have plans to offer which might work (though I don't believe they would). The divisionists have a plan which would lead inevitably to chaos and a lower standard of living for all.

I tried to explain this view to my young friend, Harold K. Divvy. As I went over, one by one, all the difficulties in the way of complete division, he retreated to safer ground.

"I'll admit there's a good deal in what you say," he conceded. "But suppose we do it this way: Let's take all the men who have incomes over \$10,000 a year, and cut them down to that figure. All that any man makes above \$10,000 would be divided up among the rest of us. Doesn't that avoid all the difficulties you mention?"

"Not entirely," I said. "It would mean a considerable slackening of effort on the part of men who make over \$10,000. But, as you say, it would yield a great income for division. It would give us about four and a half billion dollars."

"That would be great," exclaimed Mr. Divvy, his eyes shining.

"Four and a half billion dollars," I continued, "or enough to pay about a third of the total tax bill of the country, or enough to give everyone the magnificent income of ten cents a day."

Mr. Divvy seemed disappointed.

MANY who admit the impracticability of any such division as I have discussed contend, nevertheless, that the salaries paid to the executives of our large corporations are far too high. It is grossly unfair, they say, that a few men should receive salaries of \$25,000, \$50,000, or \$100,000 a year, while their workers receive only a few dollars a day. Why not lower the high salaries and thus greatly increase the low salaries?

The fact is, however, that if this were done, the increase in the thousands of low salaries would be surprisingly small. Not long ago some very interesting studies were made of this very subject. The United States Steel Corporation pays very high salaries to its executives, its various managers, and its selling force. Exclusive of all these high salaries, the average pay to all the other employees at the time the study was made was \$5.33 a day. If you lumped together all the salaries and wages, from the president down to that of the lowest-paid worker, the average would be \$5.38 a day. In other words, if everybody were paid alike the wages would be just five cents a day more than the present average.

The American Telephone & Telegraph Company once made a similar calculation. If all salaries over \$5,000 a year in the Bell Telephone system were cut to that amount, and the money thus saved were distributed among the workers who had been receiving less than \$5,000 a year, the average pay of those workers would be raised only 17 cents a week. If you cut all salaries to \$3,000, the pay of the rest would be increased 28 cents a week.

The rewards which we pay for expert management are far smaller than most persons realize and are insignificant in relation either to the total income of the country or to the value we receive for their ingenuity, courage, vision, and resourcefulness.

"I'll tell you why I don't look as well dressed as other husbands!"



"ALL right. I agree I'm no Beau Brummel. And do you know why? It's these shirts you buy me. How can I look well-dressed when the collar points curl up around my ears—or the neckband's as loose as a horse collar? . . . Yes, I know you have to allow for shrinkage. But what happens then? After a couple of laundings, the cuffs come halfway to my elbows and I can't fasten the collar without a button hook. If you want me to look well-dressed, then find me some shirts that really fit."

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Why don't you write?

The Tall Ladder

(Continued from page 58)

you were a fool to come." She said that slowly and coolly, looking her visitor full in the eyes.

He pulled forward a chair and suggested that she be comfortable. She sat down . . . what else was there for her to do? . . . and allowed him the advantage of a standing posture. He looked well on his feet, racy, clever, loose-jointed, "lawyer for the defense." And sure of his case.

"Did you really think, my dear, that you had altogether rid yourself of me? Did you think I was as easy to throw over as all that comes to?"

Ah, he is angry. He has been angry; he's been consumed with fury for three months. He intends to be calm and reasonable and patient, but he has seen Jasper and he's mad with rage. He hates me. . . . But he was still speaking, his head a trifle on one side, his right shoulder lifted, the hand in his pocket, that bright, outward look on his most hidden, his most secret face.

"It was a shock to me, Julia, to find Jasper here. I knew that he was out of jail, had served his term. I offered him a job. But I had no reply."

HOW her pulses throbbed! Was there any way of controlling them? She tried deep, regular breathing, clutching at the arms of her chair. She must not allow this perpetual stream of comment to obsess her brain. Just listen and keep cool and steady.

"I think I have the right, perhaps, before I put down my hand . . . if I may be allowed a bridge player's figure . . . to ask what exactly is the situation here? You are not, by any chance, remarried to this . . . to Jasper Clere?"

"I am not remarried." I have no intention of ever marrying . . . or remarriage . . . anyone."

"Good! I applaud the resolution. That gives us all time to look about us, doesn't it? And you are not worrying, I suppose, as to what New York will say about Jasper's presence on the ranch of Mrs. Julia Oliphant? The Flying O has had considerable publicity."

"You haven't been here very long, of course, but you have covered a good many leagues of country. Doesn't New York begin to look a trifle small to you, Locksley?"

"No distance could make New York look small to me. And I think I understood that you are planning an Eastern-Western business. Won't New York . . . won't the East . . . your East . . . loom rather large, if only as a market, Julia?"

"I'm not running for office. If I can sell the hunting and the riding and the polo men the sort of ponies they need I don't suppose they'll care that Jasper had the choosing and the training of them. In fact, as a horseman he has almost as sensational a record as he had . . . as my husband, only a far happier and more enviable one. If we had left him with his own chosen hobby . . ."

"So that's to be his job, is it? He came in with the other farm hands but I imagined . . ."

"He sleeps in the bunk-house and works under my foreman . . . if that's what you

want to know. I never see him except at meals."

Locksley whistled softly. "The young man's spirit must be badly broken."

"It's not the spirit or the strength that you and I were trained to understand . . . it's just, perhaps, a little too fine for us to value. And then . . . he's had five years of state's prison . . . I wonder if you and I would have come through that with as high a courage."

Locksley smiled brilliantly and coaxingly, as though to say, "You and I . . . of course, yes. You see that we belong together," and turned her cold.

"Jasper is one of those 'poor in spirit' perhaps, to whom belongs the kingdom of heaven."

"Leave me the earth," he said, "and . . . you! That's what I've come for."

As she sat straighter, he began to walk and to look over her at sickening intervals.

"Did you really believe that I'd take it . . . lying down? Your throwing me over at the last minute that way? I am not poor in spirit. I am not used to insult, to ruin . . . but to success. I may not have a chance for the kingdom of heaven, but I'll take what I can get right here. And I can get you, believe me!" There was a silence which she did not attempt to break. She had learned the force of silence.

"I have always understood you, my dear, better than you understand yourself. You can't hope to surprise me. You are your father's daughter, and your father was to me, not only a guardian and a business partner, but a lifelong friend."

Ah, she was thinking icily, that was the tune you used to play . . . but I am not following now, pipe you "never so sweetly." And he was piping sweetly.

"I've discussed his 'Judy' with him a thousand times. And don't you think he understood that Judy?"

"Do you think he understood that Locksley?"

He brushed this aside.

"Of course, you've hurt me horribly. I'm not going to brave that out. But don't believe, don't cheat yourself into believing, that I've given you up. Astor Ledley knows I haven't."

HE DREW a big breath and stopped in front of her. Then, to her temporary relief, he pulled up a chair and sat down with his brownish tweed knee almost touching her blue denim one.

"You thought you made a discovery. You silly child, with your half-baked girl's understanding of business matters. If you had had one quarter of your usual nerve, you'd have stayed to fight out with me that d—d reptile of a discharged stenographer's . . . insinuations. You could hardly call her precious evidence anything more definite than that. We'd be together now." His voice dropped and she gave a quite involuntary shiver, so that he flushed. "Oh, yes, we would. Even though I quite understand that it wasn't only the precious discovery that made you run away. You have," he achieved a smile, "a good deal of the dryad in your make-up, Julia. Now let me put it to you . . ."

"I'm very tired," said Julia. "I've been in the saddle all day . . . since eight o'clock this morning and this . . . this finding you here . . . and Jasper . . . and everything has been a shock to me, too. Couldn't we wait until tomorrow, Locksley? I promise that I'll listen to you carefully tomorrow. I'll try to be just. I know I behaved badly. But I . . . I can't do you much justice tonight. I can't. I'm blind . . . sick."

"Poor girl! I won't keep you. Only for another five minutes. Just answer me this . . . before I let you go to bed. Was your father ever astray in his judgment of men?"

JULIA, her small black head between her long, tanned hands, murmured, "I used to think not. I've lost a good deal of my faith."

"You must not let life shake that beautiful child-faith of yours, Julia. It made you what you are."

And "What am I? Oh, what am I?" her mind cried out to its own exacting silence.

"Your father believed that Jasper Clere was incapable of conducting his clever father's business."

"He's thought all this out to say to me . . . he's got to say it . . . he's been lying awake all night, night after dreadful night, going over it," thought Julia, looking up at him faithfully with eyes startlingly light in her bronzed face.

"I got out of that mining corporation, and in time, Jasper, with a blind, moon-calf ignorance . . . trying to show off to you, Julia, trying to make millions in a hurry to impress you, to pay off your risk in marrying him against your father's will . . . pulled it all down on top of his head. Should I have saved him? Why? He had information; might, ought to have had all the information at his fingertips. Was I to blame that he knew nothing, refused to know anything, and went about selling valueless stock, stock that simply did not exist?"

"By your advice, Locksley, by your advice . . . remember the letters!"

"He, of all men," Locksley stormed on, lifting his voice, not listening, "should have known the facts of the value of the assets of that mining corporation. Listen . . . if you will forgive some details . . . Jasper bought back my equity as pledgor of the preferred stock for \$1,500,000, to be raised by the sale of common stock at \$100 per share, this \$1,500,000 to be paid as follows: \$900,000 to the bank, which payment bought in full my debt to the bank; remaining \$600,000 in cash to me for control of company. Jasper to pull out a million or so for himself. Was it my business to know that the securities he offered for sale were valueless? The preferred stock was all right. My advice is usually sound, Julia. It would have been sound . . . if I had ever mailed those letters."

"Please. Please," she heard herself beseeching him, but he brushed aside the prayer. He could not stop himself. He had indeed rehearsed his argument a thousand times:

"Before I mailed those letters, I meant to look into the situation further for myself. I was holding them. Before I could investigate, Jasper had gone on blindly to his ruin. Was it my fault that he was

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guilty of misrepresentation? Was I his guardian? His keeper? That transaction was only one of the ironies I had in the fire. You turned on Jasper . . . I remember you! . . . for his folly, his weak incapacity, his criminal ignorance. You were ashamed that he had justified your father's condemnation, crucified your own defiant trust. Because you think you've discovered now that I pulled out safe with half a fortune from a situation from which he hoped to gain, not quite so safely, a treble fortune, you're ready to turn against me, throw me out of your life, as you once threw him. You are trying to ruin my happiness. But I won't let you. I'm no weakling. Play your Western game out, lose as many thousand as you like in horse raising, but keep it in your mind that I am coming out here again one of these days to take you back to your own place and with the man to whom you naturally belong."

Julia, in contrast to his eloquence . . . and he had been eloquent . . . spoke wearily: "You forget that I know you sent at least one of those letters. Jasper tried to tell me the contents of one of them."

"Tried to tell! Why, by your own admission, you never saw it, never read it. Jasper didn't have it to show you!" He was visibly elated . . . and relieved.

"Jasper very probably did destroy or lose it. That would have been like him, Locksley."

"Try to prove that I mailed that letter. Try to prove it in a court of law."

"I am not going to try to prove anything . . . to you or to any authority. To me the case is closed. And proven. Forever. Good night. I must go to bed."

He bent over her, as Jefferson had bent, keeping her in her place . . . but how differently.

"Let me kiss you," he whispered; "I'm starved. You took yourself away."

He kissed a white, still face, in which the eyes were open, brilliant, and dazed.

"You are not so proud . . . to kiss me when I think . . . still think . . . that you are guilty, Locksley."

He murmured, with his lips against her hair, "Once, when you were a little bit of a girl, I took one of your little naked feet in my hands and brushed the sand off it . . . we were on the beach . . . and put your sandal on, Judy. Ever since then I've been longing . . . I was a schoolboy, a big schoolboy . . . I've been longing to hold that little smooth foot of yours between my hands."

SHE stood up then, drew herself from him, and went over to her bedroom door. On its threshold she said mechanically, remembering that she was, after all, a hostess, "Have you everything you want?" She knew perfectly that in no sense had he anything he wanted, but it was mechanical and so was his low "Yes, thanks." She did not look at him. That speech about her bare foot and the sand was promoting a horrible sensation. She must not laugh. That would be cruel.

She went into her bedroom and closed the door. He did not look like sleep. He looked like smoking and walking up and down and talking to himself about stocks, common and preferred, and little bare feet and sandals. But he did leave the room and go out towards his sleeping quarters. She wouldn't be kept awake by his restless nearness, anyway. Perhaps, after all, he'd

be tired enough to sleep. He had said everything, surely, that he'd planned to say, traveled three thousand miles to say.

Would Jasper Clere go in and kill him during the night?

She went to sleep instantly. Not twenty cups of black coffee, not fifty ex-husbands or husbands just escaped, not a hundred Western outlaws pursuing stolen horses in the night could keep her wakeful!

But she was startled from that deep sleep at last by a trembling of the earth, a rat-tat-tat-too of horses' hoofs, by the "Yip-yip-yip" of a herder, by shouts of inquiry, and the loud barking of Mush. After the first nightmare second when, like all startled sleepers, she thought the sky had fallen on her head, she understood that Jefferson had brought the stolen horses home. She sat up straight, then smiled and crept down again deep into her blankets. He had proved his loyalty. He was her man rather than the creature of that fellow in the hills. She was glad that Jefferson was safe. She decided to rest on that conclusion and, before she could remind herself of Locksley's lamentable presence, went again to sleep.

LOCKSLEY GREENE woke to see a man standing at the foot of his makeshift bed. At first the figure was a dark, slim shape against the oblong of an open door towards dawn; then, slowly, the face and features grew into visibility, and for Locksley this face, though ruddy with keen mountain air and curiously vital as with an intense inner life, was the face of a ghost that had often enough disturbed his dreams. He pulled himself up sharply from his pillow.

"You . . . Jasper?"

"Yes. You've got to get up and pack your stuff and . . . go."

Locksley's voice and features sharpened. His mouth thinned.

"Is this a message from . . . your boss?"

"No. It's orders from me. She doesn't want you here, and it's my business to see that she gets only what she does want. Besides . . . I don't want you here."

He had dropped his chin, thrust his right hand into the pocket of his Mackinaw coat, and smiled. It was an indolent smile, half mockery, half sweetness, that had always flicked Greene's temper.

"You weren't invited to Flying O, as I was, you know," said Jasper reasonably.

"What makes you think I wasn't?"

"Arizona told me that his announcement of your arrival last night to Mrs. Oliphant was . . . bad news."

"Get out of here!"

Jasper removed his right hand from the Mackinaw pocket.

"My God!" hissed Locksley, plunging backwards. "You wouldn't shoot me, man! Is this a bit of Western melodrama they've taught you?"

"I've been to a school, Greene, where my masters carried these things and other instruments of discipline and where my fellow students gave me some shrewd advice. I'm better equipped for living than I was when you had me sent up."

"I had you . . . ?"

"Well, I'll waive that. Maybe it's stretching a point. At any rate, you helped me on my way. But we've no time to discuss ancient history now. I want to help you on your way. I want you, this

time, to take my advice. You are to get out of here before she is up. I don't want her to be bothered with you."

"Send for my chauffeur," said Locksley.

"He's had his orders. He's taken your car down to the outer gate and is waiting for you. He's scared of this outfit, he tells me. Slim is outside here with his pony ready to take your valise."

"Do you suppose I'm afraid of that gun, Jasper?"

"There's not a man here that would seriously object to see you taken out to Copper City hospital with a bullet in your shoulder or your leg. I'm a fair shot. They'd hold you there for a month or two, and by that time we might have snow on Castle Mountain Pass."

LOCKSLEY suddenly threw off his covers and began to dress. There was that in the young man's face which was implacable. He dressed, biting his lip, and packed his bag. This, Jasper, not letting his prisoner out of sight, handed to Slim through the open door.

"You can stop at the road house on the Pass for your coffee," said Jasper. "Come on."

"How do I get to the car?"

"You walk."

"By heaven, Clere, I'll be damned if I take this. Where's Julia?"

"Asleep. Yell if you dare. If you wake her, there are some other boys ready to lend me a hand in running you off the ranch before she can get out to stop us . . . and I'm not sure she'd be in any hurry."

Jasper went out then carelessly and swung himself up to the back of a waiting pinto, restless in the frosty air. He looked down at Greene, whose face was pinched with anger, uncertainty, and cold, and limbered a coil of rope between his hands. He had let go of his gun and, seeing this, Locksley turned with a fierce ejaculation and ran. He was making for the main cabin two hundred yards away.

Jasper rose in his stirrups and swung his rope, his face working carefully, like that of a boy trying out anxiously a new trick. Locksley gave a great shout when the rope tightened around his shoulders and pinned down his arms.

"March!" said Jasper. The pinto danced. "This is a trick I learned from Western melo-dramatists, if you like. Walk, if you don't want to run."

Locksley raised his voice. "Julia! Help! Help! Julia!"

And at that the pinto struck the earth with his hoofs, dust flew, and the man at the end of the rope was torn, stumbling, leaping, shouting in another key, at top speed down the rutted road.

TWO hours later, the sun warm on the pines and the lake as blue as heaven, Ma Orme knocked at Julia's door.

"I am fetchin' you your breakfast, Mistress Oliphant," she said, "seem' as Maisie has got other things to do."

Julia sat up sleepily. Her heart was heavier than her eyes. She had remembered Locksley, and the thought of the day ahead was a weight upon her spirit.

"Good mornin'!" said Ma. "Sleep good?"

"Yes. For a wonder. But I was sure tired out."

"Nothin' disturb you any?"

"I heard Wager bring in the horses. It

"Somehow I like
a man who
smokes a pipe..."



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must have been three or four o'clock. Is he all right?"

"I haven't set eyes on him yet but, knowin' Mister Wager, I should feel safe to say that he ain't been injured any by a few extra hours in a cow saddle."

"But that's an awful trail, Ma."

"U-hum. The feller has got cat's eyes."

"He must have."

"You ain't heard nothin' else? No hollerin' nor nothin'? About two hours ago?"

"No. Who was hollerin'?"

"The Noo York feller was a-tellin' you good-by."

Julia set down her granite-ware cup. "Mr. Greene? Good-by?"

SHE slid the tray from her knees and swung her slim pajamaed legs out from the covers.

"Ain't no use tryin' to overtake him, Mistress Oliphant. The Jasper kid run him out on a rope's end afore dawn. And his automobile was a-waitin' for him at the first gate. Cleve has been back some time. Likely Mr. Greene is half across the Pass by now."

Julia had drawn up her feet and knees. Her face was all rosy and aghast, and her eyes tried to conceal their rapture under their concern. "At the end of a rope? Jasper?"

"I happened to be watchin' from my window. That kid"—everyone at Flying O insisted upon Jasper's youthfulness—"has sure learned how to handle a rope in record time. Likely he ain't forgot the first lesson he had in ropin' from Jeff Wager."

"When was that?" asked Julia idly, her attention fully set upon the piece of astonishing good news.

"Fast day he come in. After he'd told the boys they was the sort of a bunch that would be workin' for a woman. Jeff he rode out to fetch him in by your orders and, seein' he wasn't willin' to come, he drug him in at the end of his rope."

Julia digested this information in silence, gulping down her coffee absent-mindedly, although its heat brought water to her eyes.

"Did ... did Wager hurt him any?"

"No. It ain't hardly a comfortable way of gettin' over the ground, but it ain't 'less the ropin' feller chooses, what you'd call real hurtin'."

Julia remembered Cleve's mysterious gasp of laughter at her suggestion that he learn "to know the ropes." She flushed and paled.

"But ... Locksley Greene ... tell me, Ma, they didn't hurt him? How did he take it?"

"Oh, he kind of loped and hopped and lep' along on our real sprightly for a man of his age. A little run in the early mornin' 'll do him a world of good. Circulation, Ox-eye-gin. ... You eatin' hearty this mornin', ain't you?"

For very shame Julia curbed her appetite and paused in the middle of a hearty bite. But, "Ma," she said slowly, her dimple deep and bright, "Lordy, but I'm glad he's gone."

"He holler'd out twice 'to you for help. 'Jool-yaf! Help! 'Jool-yaf!'"

And, to Mistress Oliphant's amazement, Mistress Orme began to rock and caw with mirth in which, after an instant of struggle Julia, aching with shame at her guest's

betrayal, angry that her own deep anger with him could be so easily, so brutally relieved, joined her.

Undignified, primitive, and cruel, Julia told herself soberly, when she was alone. Better if Jasper had left Greene's dismissal to her. He might have trusted her to get rid of the man. But could she, after all, have managed that so easily? Perhaps this rope method, though brutal, was beautifully efficient. Civilization had lost much of its efficiency when it had lost some of its brutality.

Should she say anything to Jasper? Would he come to her for self-justification? Or apology? Probably not. Jasper could be secret. It was his own score he had settled. He could not stay at Flying O with this visitor. He would either walk off himself or send Greene packing. She was glad ... on her way to the recently vacated office, she stopped to draw one deep, glad breath ... how glad she was that Jasper had acted on his own account, and ruthlessly. He had begun to climb up his ladder, then, up from disaster and despair, from shame and from a slave's bitter obedience, to a man's free will and angry pride, to an injured man's most just and eager vengeance.

The visitor waiting for her beside her office desk was not Jasper Cleve, but Jefferson Wager.

The first thing Julia said to her outlawed foreman was, "Can this be Sunday mornin' already?"

For Jefferson's appearance suggested Sabbath ease and calm. He was freshly shaved, his hair, obviously modeled upon Jasper's at suppertime, was sleek as a crow's wing; he wore a clean white shirt and a well-tied orange scarf. His overalls were newly laundered and his boots were bright. He looked, in fact, to be groomed outside and in, for there shone from his eyes a settled and grave clarity of spirit.

"No, ma'am. It ain't a Sunday."

"Oh. Did you have anything to do with speeding my guest?"

"No, ma'am. But I been told about it." "I heard you come in with the horses." She did not want to sit down. Some defensive instinct kept her on her feet.

"Where's your gun?" she asked next, abruptly.

"I reckoned you had told one of the boys to take it. I left it by my bunk when I turned in afore sunup and 'twas gone this mornin'."

"I did not have one of the boys take it! If I want anything, Jefferson, I usually take it myself."

HE STOOD more easily, slipping down his hands into his belt.

"Someone's got it ... for a joke or because he needed it. Perhaps Cleve used it for ... speedin' your guest."

They were making conversation and Julia suddenly surrendered. She sat down by her desk, looked up at him, and smiled. "Well?"

"The horses are in your corral, Mrs. Oliphant. After you've looked them over, I'll run them that don't belong to Flying O out on the open range. They'll nosy along back where they come from."

"Did you have trouble with them?"

"'Twas mighty rough goin' but Timber's sure a good herd horse."

"Jefferson," her smile was at its sweetest, the irresistible sweetness she could use

at will, softening all the clear, willful outlines of her young face and even melting to warm mist the ice-gray eyes, "I want to ask you to forgive me. I might have known that you would not steal any of my horses. It was your friend's act, of course. And now you will have trouble with him."

"He can't make me much trouble, fixed as he is. Me bein' his food supply. And you was in your rights to suspect me."

He moved to the desk and rested his dark right hand upon it. The grave brilliance of his eyes fell upon her and their gravity dispersed her smile.

"I have done a head of thinkin' since I left you up yonder, angry, above the ranch. I am a proud fool. And I had ought to be a humble one. Hadn't it been for you . . ." He drew his breath in sharply and let it slowly out. "Well, you have done your best to trust me."

"You have worked hard, Wager, for three months."

"Yes, ma'am," He took a slender roll of slips from his shirt pocket and put them on her desk.

"Those are the checks you have paid me, Mrs. Oliphant. I was savin' them to hand back to you in part payment for the car I drowned in Hildin' River."

JULIA looked down dumbly at the checks. Three times sixty . . . not a penny of it spent. One hundred and eighty dollars. And the car? Ten years of this man's hard labor would not pay half the price of her pleasure machine. For the first time some of the terrible inevitable discrepancy between the wages of labor and the profits of capital was brought home to her.

She touched the greenish papers with her fingertips.

"And now?" she said . . . and knew that she was afraid of what he was going to say next.

"I reckon," he answered, "that my place is up with that feller in the rocks."

"No," She was on her feet now, John Oliphant's daughter and queen of Flying O. "You are my foreman and you must stay. I can't run this place without you, Wager. And you know it."

"Make Clere your foreman, ma'am." He suggested this without malice, earnestly. "He's a wizard with horses. You was right about that. They follow him about like dogs. And he can gentle a reg'lar outlaw by jest a-layin' a hand along his back. I've only seed two or three men in my whole days like that. It's a gift of natur', like his singin' voice. And when a beast is sick or ailin' or in pain, say, it will jest lay over on its back when it sees him and stick its four legs up in the air, sort of whinin'. 'Say, mister, come and tech me where it hurts, please, sir.'"

Julia was moved to laughter by this picture. She had seen Jasper at home with his cats and horses and bouds.

"It's like a magic," Jefferson went on. "I knowed when I first looked at him in the eyes that he was a sort of . . . master. He has strength that has stood the fire. Yes, ma'am, make Clere your foreman. The boys will follow him to Jericho. He's that kind of a man. I could toller him myself. He's like one of these here careless, whistlin', desp'rit, don't-care-where-they're-goin' little boys that needs a dad and don't so much as know it. I reckon that's something most folks hasn't a notion of . . . how men will toller a kid

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that needs 'em and that don't care whether he's followed or helped or not. It's a kind of magic, Mrs. Oliphant, he puts upon you. Scares me sometimes. Make him your foreman. The boys'll do as much for his grin as they will ever do for his cussin'."

"Jefferson, you stay with me."

"No, ma'am. I'm on my way."

He took his hand from the desk and straightened. She crossed the room and stood against her door.

"If you go up into the hills, I'll send the sheriff after you."

"Well, ma'am, I figger that him up there and me can lose the sheriff mighty easy in and out them rocks. And there's a plenty of timber."

"If you think you owe me something . . ."

"Look here." He was harsh suddenly, his calmness seemed to roughen. "You don't know what you are askin'. You are askin' me to live easy and work honest. You are askin' me to build up a great ranch and a great business in a country that's always been . . . mine. In my imagination, savvy? My mother, she used to tell me of it. The country I'd choose to be a man for. You are askin' me to take from you just what I want most in all the world . . . or . . . next to most."

"What . . . most?" she asked him, and then bit her lip, knowing by the fire in his face what the "most" must be. "I'm the fool." She spoke rapidly, trying to forestall his answer. "I should know better how to trust. From the first instant I saw you my instinct trusted you. Believe me, Wager, if you will stay, from now on I will neither question you nor watch you. If you turn bad man or traitor on my hands . . . that is my risk."

"But if I turn . . . to be . . . your lover, lady?" And he looked down and aside from her and moved his right foot to and fro uneasily.

She was silent for a while and shook her head.

"What can I say to that? You know that isn't fair. I'm a woman. I'm alone. I have to trust you to forget these facts. Try to forget them. You know"—she came to him and touched his arm, coaxing him to look at her—"it's all nonsense. You've just lost your head a little."

He dropped his gaze upon her again and she drew back.

AND then he set his hand on the door latch to go out. She put her own hand angrily upon his to pull it back, and in an instant he had her in his arms. He held her close. He was as hard as iron and as supple as a young oak. She could hear his great heart hammer under her ear. She could not catch her breath. And she knew that he was indeed dangerous to her. But not because of any wickedness of his own, only because her blood leaped to him, her heart hammered to his tune. In some deep and simple sense she was his woman. Only, the mind of her stood terribly apart, cold, distant, like some withdrawn, indifferent light. The mind of John Oliphant's daughter, the character and will of Julia Oliphant. A bitter and agonizing quality that wrenched her as though in a pulling rack.

"You . . . savvy . . . now?" he said.

He spoke with a catching breath. "You're so . . . little, so sort of tender . . . so soft. I knowed you'd feel like that, for all the way you walk and stand and speak and

look. I knowed it. I've dreamed it. I could make you my girl. You and me . . . there's something that draws us. But . . . all the while . . . I can feel you movin' back from me, goin' away off in your mind. And that's like hittin' me on the heart with a wire whip. I couldn't stand for to hold you in my arms and have your lips, while the mind and heart of you looked on . . . a-sneerin' at me."

"No, Jefferson. No. I couldn't sneer. That's not true. Please let me go."

"Please let me go!" His perfect imitation of her tone betrayed to her own ears all the withdrawal of her mind, the surrender of her body. "I can't," he said. "It's askin' a world too much. I got to kiss you now."

AND he kissed her deeply, slowly, tenderly, while her eyes closed themselves and grew wet.

"We could love each other," he told her, whispering and shaking, "and hurt each other to death. You and me. We come from the same smythe, I reckon; we're made out of the same hot, hard, iron stuff. Your will and mine. It would be a terrible, long, cruel fight. And in the end, heaven knows who would win out. If 'twas me . . . you'd be a dead woman. And if 'twas you . . . I'd be a ghost. You know a heap, Julia Oliphant, that I will never get to know, but I have knowledge that you lack, bein' a woman and rich and brought up in a garden back of walls. I know what a man of my sort and a woman of your sort can do to each other. My mother was an ignorant girl, an ignorant mountain girl. She run away with a play-actin' educated son of a gun—my father. He could say things to her, that gentleman, that drew the blood out of her heart. And she could not keep on lovin' him, though she was hungry for his arms . . . like I am for yours. She could not help but hate the cruel and skillful mind of him. The tongue with its little sharp, nimble words . . . like I've heard you talkin' . . . to hurt. When I want to hurt anything, I use my fists or my gun. But your kind, they use their tongues . . . or the law. You could turn me over to the sheriff . . . and you could flay the skin from my soul, Mrs. Julia Oliphant. Times, when you look a man over, bein' angry with him, it's the way the Injuns'd strip a man for torture."

"No. No. No!"

"Yes, ma'am. You have done it afore now and to other men. I'd kill you, I'd take you in my two hands and break you. And then go out and drown myself. Times, now, I wish I'd gone on down into Hidin' River. You make a man talk out his heart, this way. And that's a shame to him. You make a man cry in the night and laugh and strike at the dark. You make a man dream of your softness and wake to your hardness. The man for you must be some sort of a child that you're afraid to strike. For you are a generous woman, Mrs. Oliphant. You have a deep, unfailin' sort of gentleness for such folks as little Maisie or . . . or Jasper Clark. Whatever you was to him once . . ."

"I was his wife," said Julia.

And then, after standing as still as a dead man, he put her away from him . . . she was ashamed to remember that she clung with half her strength . . . and went out and closed the door.

She was left whispering, "Don't . . . don't . . . don't leave me!" and holding her hand across her lips to keep the whisper her own secret, and she went unsteadily across the room to her window to see him go. He, too, walked unevenly, as though the ground were invisible and rough. But he walked fast and did not look back. His hands were thrust down into his belt, his head bent.

Julia saw Ma Orme come out of her kitchen door and follow him at a distance, with her right hand wrapped in her skirt. The fact did not suggest anything to Julia. She merely observed it without curiosity: Ma Orme following Wager at a distance, steadily, across the open place and down the trail towards the bunkhouse under the shadows of the tremulous aspen trees, walking at an even distance, with her eyes undeviatingly upon him and her right hand wrapped in her skirt.

JULIA was still standing precisely on the same spot and in the same pose, with her hand across her mouth, when . . . it must have been a half-hour later . . . Ma Orme walked in.

Ma had not knocked. She was apt to dispense with ceremony. She just opened the door, marched in, and shut the door. She had a satisfied look, as though she had lapped up some heavy cream.

"Hey you seen Maizie anywheres about lately, Mistress Oliphant?"

Julia's hand dropped and she turned. She felt tired and stiff.

"Maizie? No. I haven't been looking for her."

"She had ought to be back by now."

"Where did she go?"

"I sent her down-country this morning early to get off a telegram."

"All the way to Coyote?"

"Yes, ma'am. She rode off about sun-up."

"Perhaps"—Julia could not help it—"she has lingered to look for drowned men's clothing along Hiding River."

"No, ma'am. She don't need to do any more willow-scoutin', ma'am. There will be others to do her scoutin' for her. That message I sent out, Mistress Oliphant, that was to the sheriff. Happens he starts at once't and rides hard, he'll likely be here afore sundown . . . him and his men."

Julia had moved three steps closer to the woman.

"You sent for the sheriff?"

"Yes, ma'am. I telled him that I knowed where was the man that killed Leigh Price first and Joe Carr afterwards."

"Listen to me, Ma Orme," said Julia sternly, "and you will know what a fool you have been. This man whom I call Jefferson Wager could not possibly have killed Joe Carr. He happens to be Joe Carr, himself."

At which Ma Orme first stared and then laughed briefly.

"You don't tell me. Well, lady, I hate to disburse your mind of its pre-judices but the man you call Jefferson Wager ain't and never was Joe Carr."

"How can you know?"

"I had ought to can know, secin' as I had the raisin' and the lickin' of Joe Carr till he was sixteen years of age. I am his mother."

(To be continued)

Chauffeur for 200,000 People

(Continued from page 47)

what Sam Blank means in Los Angeles. You'll pay for this impertinence."

I knew without asking that Sam Blank was a big shot in the political machine there. I didn't think he could pull my seat out from under me, but I knew he was nobody to pick a fight with. Just then another fellow from Los Angeles stepped up to me.

"Don't let him kid you, buddy," he said. "That fellow's a four-flusher. He's a cousin of Sam Blank's, and Sam has no use for him. He's always going around bragging about his name."

I wasn't surprised. I've noticed that people who make the most fuss about themselves generally prove to be not so much. The real folks are usually modest-spoken.

Folks seem to behave quite a lot different in different parts of the country. I think the friendliest section—from a bus driver's point of view, anyhow—is the Middle West. You can work all the year round in any direction out of Chicago and never listen to a complaint. Middle-Westerners are generally chatty and good-natured. In the East, from New York on through New England, folks seem to be more suspicious by nature. They're afraid of getting done, and they're a lot quicker than they need to be, it seems to me, to stand up for what they think are their rights. An Easterner will tell me to stop at a particular spot and let him off, and if I say I can't, that it's against parking re-

strictions or traffic regulations, he'll get sore in a minute. If I explain to him that it would cost a heavy fine, he'll say, like as not, "What's that to me? You're supposed to give service." And in the East, if I get into any argument with a passenger, he wants to call a cop right away. But in the West if a man gets sore and says he'll lick me, he'll try to do it. And he won't call in any cop to help him, either.

Southerners are polite and pleasant as a rule. You don't need to tell them a thing more than once, either. Tell them once and talk low. You can offend them by speaking sharp.

The loveliest-looking women, if you ask me, are in the South. An Atlanta girl can put on a calico dress and look like a million dollars. In New York they're all paint and powder and lipstick, put on just so—like dolls. Women get more natural-looking and, in my opinion, more attractive as you get farther West.

YOU'D be surprised at the amount of fan mail that bus drivers get from girls all over the country. Telegrams, air mail, special deliveries, and plain post—and little presents of homemade fudge and neckties. One of the sheiks of the line has a big leather pouch full of letters and presents most of the time. Maybe it's the uniform that attracts them, for often the ugliest-looking fellow gets the most fan mail.

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run, that's where he makes real friends. Where his average fare is fifteen or twenty cents he's in clover—or anyhow in carrots and peas! I remember driving for a few months through southern Ohio. I got to know practically everybody who used the bus, and the number of vegetables, gladioluses, eggs, and pumpkins that I took home to the wife and kids in the course of the summer pretty near kept us. Folks on the short runs ask the bus driver to do little errands for them and to look after their children when he lets them out at the crossings. Often they'll put a very young child in the driver's care for a visit to Grandma.

Just a few weeks ago I had a pair of youngsters aboard, aged three and five, who were traveling from Cleveland to a little town in Missouri. Tags on their little blue roofers identified the shipment as two suitcases and two children, Freddie and Bernice Brown, and told their destination. Freddie carried an envelope containing money for their meals en route and a list of the things they ought to have to eat. At each lunch stop I had no trouble finding a mother or a grandmother to look after the children, wash them up a little, and see to their meal. Everybody responds to the appeal of helpless young children and of the aged as well.

And people are usually glad to stop and help if we see a bad accident along the road. There are exceptions. I think the meanest man I ever carried was one who objected to my stopping the bus long enough to pull some people out of a damaged car. The car had overturned in the ditch in about four feet of water. I waded in and brought out a man and a girl. Other cars came along right away and took them to the hospital. But that man sat with his watch in his hand and grumbled all the rest of the trip.

BAGGAGE raises some amusing problems in a bus driver's life. Folks are always trying to get aboard with live animals—dogs particularly. They get a porter to hand the animal in through the window to them when my back is turned, or they bring him in under their coats. I remember one dog lover who carried a large hat box which she put on the seat beside her. As the bus was filling up, I went back to put the hat box in the baggage rack above. It was so light when I lifted it that I knew there wasn't a thing in it, and when I got it up over my head I saw it had a big hole in the bottom. And on the seat where the box had been sat a pert little Scottie. I grinned and pretended not to see him.

But once I let a woman off the bus pronto when I discovered what she was carrying in her suitcase. She was a snake charmer, and I happened to look up in my mirror and saw her lifting the lid of the suitcase to have a little gab-fest with the wriggling pet inside. Three women screamed, and I stopped the bus and let the lady off. I remember once in Vermont a farmer wanted to board the bus with a skunk he'd just shot. But neither he nor his baggage got past my nose.

Sometimes folks bring aboard odd-shaped baggage that makes trouble, but we always like to accommodate when we can. I recall a little old lady who traveled all the way from Seattle to Buffalo with the rocking chair she had sat in all her life. Every bus driver en route lent a hand.

Most folks are fussy about their baggage. But they're three times as touchy about their seats. Once having sat down in a seat, it's got to be theirs for the trip.

I suppose I do more mileage in two weeks than a lot of car owners do in a year, so maybe some things I've learned on the road won't come amiss to you. The average driver nowadays is a pretty considerate, predictable fellow. And there are fewer road hogs than there were even five years ago, though there are still drivers who don't think a thing of cutting in ahead of you, wet or dry, when you're going forty miles an hour. There'll always be the man who struggles for miles to pass you and finally cuts in sharply ahead of you and comes to a brisk stop. Lots of young fellows like to show off before their girls, and you'll see them let out the little new car and pass a bus or other cars in a bad place.

THE worst mistake folks make is to pass a standing bus at a railroad crossing at fifty miles an hour. How do I know? I've seen a lot of them do it, and come up with splintered cars, or worse. I suppose, in spite of his necessity to keep his schedule, the average bus driver is inclined to be pretty careful. We see so many wrecks on the road due to foolhardiness that we don't feel inclined to join them.

The biggest handicaps to safe and speedy driving, especially in the Middle West, are still, I suppose, the ancient cars which struggle along at a snail's pace, creeping up hills, proceeding lightless at night or with a lantern swinging dimly from the rear axle. Heavy lovers dreaming along at fifteen miles an hour are a menace we'll always have with us; and the go-as-you-please driver who trundles along at an irregular gallop, speeding now and slowing up without warning to make an unexpected turn or park in a shady spot, is another fellow who's flirting with trouble.

One of those fellows got me into a funny run-in with a cop not long ago. I was driving from Scranton, Pa., to Cleveland, Ohio, when a show-off in a new green roadster made me a lot of trouble by passing and slowing up, letting me pass again, and then overtaking once more. I couldn't seem to shake him. After I'd lost a lot of time by his monkeyshines, I decided to pass him once more, and show him at the same time what I thought of him. So just after I pulled past him I back-fired. There's a little trick of racing the engine, turning the ignition off and on that's sure to produce a back-fire, and if there's a good deal of carbon in the engine, the exhaust will throw off a black cloud of smoke. It's strictly against company regulations, of course, but the fellow deserved it, and so I took a chance with the rules.

The first back-fire didn't seem to me to be sufficient, so I tried it again. Then I looked up in my mirror to see how the show-off liked the bus driver's salute—and what did I see but a motorcycle cop's face looking out at me from the midst of that black cloud! In the unhappy five minutes that followed I managed to persuade him that I'd been having a little engine trouble.

Fancy tricks of the road are for the other fellow. For the bus driver it's speed with safety and take no chances—which is the same rule, I suppose, that holds for a man who is doing good work in any other job.

Forlorn Island

(Continued from page 63)

can hold 'em at bay. Can I stand here and let that plucky little cuss be washed away without raising my hand?"

Roy cursed him to his face, then wheeled to Nan. "Speak to that fool," he implored. "Tell him he can't throw away his life on a chance like this—that you need him, that we all need him. He's insane—or else he's playing a part for your benefit."

A bitter smile touched the girl's lips as she gazed over the foam. "Do you think I can hold him back? He'll go out there—and be drowned—and not give a hang. But it isn't play-acting. It's life—that's all."

Roy's lip curled in contempt. "Won't you try? Appeal to his crazy chivalry."

Nan slowly shook her head. "I can't do it. I'm not even sure that I want him to stay. You see—he may be right—and you may be wrong."

ERIC had now turned to the outlaw crew massed around Sandomar. Their faces were drawn, their eyes wolfish—it seemed hopeless to appeal to them. Yet Eric knew men—their evils, their follies, their innate greatness—and he spoke boldly:

"I want two men. Who will come?"

There was a brief pause. Sandomar's somber gaze fell to Garge's fluttering hand, then he threw up his simian head.

"I will be one," he answered in his dull monotone. Under the windbreak, the low sound carried straight to Eric's ear.

"And if Sandy goes, I want to go too," Garge said. "Anyhow, I don't like to think of that little papoose out there all by 'emself, waiting to be drowned."

To be sure, it was only a brief truce. An hour ago Sandomar would have butchered him without mercy; an hour from now, if both survived, he would again be plotting his overthrow.

He was at the point of accepting the help of his two foes, when he remembered Sandomar's deafness. Amid the falling mountains of water, Garge would have no time to raise his hand from his blade and interpret the captain's shouts.

"Garge, I can't take your pal," Eric said. "I've got to have someone who can hear. Will you go without him?"

The little cockney looked at the ground. "I wouldn't be no good without Sandy. Anyhow, I can't leave him."

Eric nodded, and turned to his lesser enemies. "Who else will try it?"

Sydney Bill, hard-handed Australian, was the first to move forward, and murderous Big Smith second. Eric accepted them, and commanded from the squaws three kamiks (waterproof outer garments) for them and himself. The hunters had started across the headland with the boat; final preparations for what might be a one-way journey must now be made.

Eric called Roy aside, ran with him fifty yards down wind until the murk grew thick between, and passed him his revolver. "To protect our party—in case I don't come back," he said quietly in his rival's ear.

Roy's hand gripped the weapon strongly, and a look of steel came into his face. His first thought was to thrust the barrel into Eric's side and order him not to go. The

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stubborn fool would not listen to reason, but he might heed the cold steel in his ribs! But when he gazed into the narrowed pupils, he knew the bluff would not work. Anyway, the whole situation had changed now that Eric had yielded up his scepter of authority. He had made this bed, so let him lie in it! A new power could rise in Forlorn Island!

Eric looked keenly into the cold, bright eyes. "By the way, Roy—in case I don't come back, be careful with that revolver. Be sure you know all about it before you try to fire."

Now the hunters were hurrying near, and talk was done. Eric lunged back against the wind, just in time to help ship the boat. All the able-bodied men on hand waded into the boiling foam, and although the waves smote them like sandbags and made them reel, they held the kayak steady while the three voyagers boarded and drew the hatches tight.

Could they get through the surf into deep water? The answer lay with one man alone—Sandomar. With a grunt, he seized the gunwale and lumbered into the tide. On and on he stumbled, his gorilla strength and animal courage matched against the fury of the breakers. Blow after blow they dealt him, first against his thighs, then his barrel chest, finally breaking over him, bludgeoning his head, blinding his fireball eyes.

When he could go no farther, he passed the boat along until his big hands were on the stern. Watching his chance, as a billow rushed seaward, he gave a mighty thrust. The kayak shot forward, then up to the crest of the next wave. Through the murk, Nan saw it cling there like an immense water spider, its six legs thrashing.

The next billow met it well beyond the breakers. Sandomar came fighting back—reeling, falling, rising, hurled forward with back-breaking violence, at last lumbering through the foam with immense arms hanging limp, his eyes like a dead seal's.

With a suffocating heart, Nan watched the little craft float out to sea. Now it was lost in the hollows between the waves—now it rose on a water-volcano, to hang in silhouette against the sky.

Her hands clasped over her breast. She strained into the murk, to follow the darning living shape, so small, so brave, in the heaving desert of death. Not once did it soar out of the roaring valleys but that her heart soared too. Not one billow grappled it, only to drop behind in withering fury, but that her lips breathed thanks.

"Fight on, Eric," she whispered. "Go and come back safe, my own. . . . Bring him back to me, little ship. Oh, don't fail him now!"

Beside her, Sandomar and his gang cursed and breathed hard.

MEANWHILE Eric was fulfilling his destiny. All his long journeyings had been toward this one goal—a grain of sand in a lonely sea and an Indian child calling him with outstretched arms. The compass of his fate had always pointed here. This was the great battle of his life. Nan—Roy—Sandomar had no part in this. It was all between him and his fierce old dam, the sea.

Only the Alaskan kayak, developed in centuries of rough sailing after walrus and whale, could shake free and leap to the crest in such a sea. It was no more than a

whalebone form covered with walrus hide, yet Eric blessed it in the name of his Norse gods. The hatch he occupied came nearly to his armpits and was scarcely large enough to admit his body. The folds of his kamleika made it watertight, and though one wave after another broke over him, blinding him, bludgeoning his head and shoulders, always the craft buoyed up, shook off the water-arms, and fought on. His two comrades timed their strokes with his, caught up by his conquering spirit.

Their goal slowly nearer. They could see the kneeling child, braced against the wind—pitched down sometimes as the rising waves broke over the sandy shelves and washed her to the waist, but always struggling up.

"Hold on!" Eric shouted, hoping against hope that the cry would beat through the wind to her ears. "We're coming for you!"

The kayak came up on the lee of the islet, in comparatively quiet water. With a yell, Eric sprang out, waded to land, and clasped the fainting child in his arms. Roaring he knew not what—perhaps the ancient battle-cry of the vikings welling up from some old cellar in his brain—he waded back, thrust the limp body into the hold, climbed into the hatch, and smote the water with his blade.

FROM the watchers on the shoal, the scene was veiled. They waited desolate eternities. Had Roy glanced at Nan, he would have wondered where her dusky beauty had flown. Her eyes were dark wounds. Her cheeks were haggard and gray, her lips drawn. Then, over the rolling hills, a dark shape took form. At the same instant, the murk parted like a torn veil, and the scene was etched in vivid black and white on her memory. The kayak was riding the storm. For an instant it hung poised, a symbol of victory, on the wind-whipped crest of the highest billow, looking down on its domain. The paddles flashed valiantly. The sea-light was on Eric's face. Then the small craft came leaping toward land.

Nan could not utter a sound. Her throat was too full. But Sandomar grunted—she heard him—and Roy gasped out what she thought was an oath of amazement. Mother Hoeton threw up her lean arms with a yell:

"Thank God, he's made it!"

The watchers never lost sight of the boat again. It came with a rush, the wind behind it—hurled through the foam, dodging, rocking, pitching, soaring up and darting down. The booga roared in vain. The foiled seas chased the little ship, to spring upon its back, but always their leaps fell short.

With a long, wavering cry, like the howl of a wolf, Sandomar rushed into the water to break the shock of landing. His pals followed, cheering—the triumphant shout rose until it topped the bellow of the storm and beat out against the blast to give fresh heart to the struggling, exhausted voyagers. But the Aleuts only leaned forward from their hips—grunting, staring.

The boatmen back-paddled for their lives. The boat lunged in, knocking the sailors headlong, but its speed was checked and the Aleuts steadied it to land. Soon the polefaced had lifted their three comrades out of the hatches. Gray, haggard, and quivering, their hair streaming, their eyes sunken and dead, they were hard to

recognize as the same bold, handy men who had boarded two hours before. The master of the island lacked strength to stand alone. Sandomar had only to raise his arm to wipe him out.

Yet Eric revived enough to reel to the boat again, grope in the hatch, and bring to light the drenched, rumpled, limp figure of the Aleut child. The crowd gazed long. It had not occurred to them that Eric had actually won his goal. They had been content with a dead heat—to cheat the sea of the three lives that had challenged her—and never dared think that Chikak too had been snatched from the boogya.

The girl was exhausted, half-dead from exposure, but a few hours' sleep and a pint of warm seal-oil down her throat was all the medicine she needed. Stammering, crying with dry eyes, Chugalim burst through the crowd and gathered in her own.

Half carried between Horton and Wilcox, Eric reeled to his turf hut. He had forgotten his revolver. Anyway, he lacked strength to take it back if Roy chose to keep it. His mind was like a lighthouse in fog. He scarcely knew who walked beside him. At last he found himself on his own pallet, too tired to rise and lock the door behind his departed friends—too dulled to care whether his enemies stole upon him in his unguarded hour and put out his flickering light. . . .

NAN had not followed her friends home. Wind-weared, and buffeted by an inner storm, she had crept into a cavelike hole in the bank, for a brief rest. Shivering, she crouched down and buried her face in her hands. When she looked up, Fireheart's slanted eyes were peering into her own.

"You mighty big fool," the squaw told her somberly. "White Chief mighty tired—sick—go lie in hut. Why you no go with him, lie beside him, hold him in arms? He no love you!"

"Yes . . ." The white girl's lips trembled; Fireheart saw them. "He does love me."

"He love you—he want you—still you no go. He no love Fireheart—think she ugly squaw—but if he call me, Fireheart come quick. No lie beside him—no hold him in arms—just sit by him, bring him food, watch over him while he sleep."

Nan leaned forward, holding her breath. "But I thought you hated him!"

The squaw's ink-pool eyes shifted right and left. "Love, it like grass—cut off, stamp down, always grow again in first rain. You see him fight boogya, save little girl he not even know, make squaws' heart jump in mouth, salty tears flow and burn. But what you do, girl he love? You no go, get in arms, feel lucky! You snap finger, think about Roy. You heap big fool!"

The white girl rose gravely; startled, Fireheart, too, stood erect. "I am a fool, Fireheart, but not in any way you can understand," she said in low, resonant tones. A dim smile played over her wistful mouth. "I'm going to go now—to Eric's arms."

She turned and strode away, into the teeth of the gale. The fire in the squaw's eyes burned out, leaving them like charcoal in rain, as she stared after the wind-buffed form. But Nan had not told her true—she did not head straight for Eric's hut. A lingering sense of obligation to Roy

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made her go to him first—to tell him her decision and give him one last chance to plead his cause.

Harried and hustled by the wind, she flung open his door without knocking. But she stopped at the threshold, alive to some deep drama moving here, when Roy looked up and met her gaze. On his face was a look she had never seen before—at once grim, jubilant, masterful. What had changed him so? In one glance, she found the answer. His arm had dropped to his side, and in his hand he held Eric's revolver.

Staring, she crept farther into the room. "Where did you get that?"

"Eric handed it to me—the fool—before he went after Chikak."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"I'm going to keep it." Roy's tone was rough and strong. "What do you think I'm going to do with it—give it back?"

Her heart glowed with swift anger. "He trusted you with it. You can't betray that trust!"

"Can't I? We'll see. Talk to Eric about trusts, not to me. Have you ever known me to be turned aside by anything but a cold fact?"

No, she never had. He was only being true to himself. Yet her eyes grew hard and bright.

"Does anyone else know you have it?"

"Sandomar knows. His eyes are quick—he must have seen Eric pass it to me. But no matter—I intend to publish the fact this evening."

"Do you mean—you're going to take command?" She spoke very quietly.

"I mean nothing else. Why not? Do you think for a minute I can't do what Eric did, and do it better? I've never had a chance—that's all. I'm not one to ignore facts—to attempt the impossible—but now the main fact is in my hand! My turn has come. Eric's reign is over."

"What if he tries to take the gun?"

"He won't try it, in the first place. It was his whole strength—and he let it go. If he does try it, I'll give him one in the leg."

SHE did not question this grim declaration. She knew that Roy had had military training and was a cool, quick shot. "You won't go that far!" she warned. "If you do, you'll have to shoot me, too."

"That's plain drill, Nan. Anyway, there'll be no revolt. The king is dead—long live the king."

He spoke with hard humor, yet she knew by the glitter of his eyes that he was coldly exultant, bitterly in earnest. "The new administration is going to be based on facts, not fancies," he went on rapidly. "The head's going to rule the heart—and pretty sentiments will be kicked into a cocked hat. I'll handle Sandomar, all right. He knows that to the victor belong the spoils. And I'll force the Aleuts to break their taboo and go for help. With fair luck, we can be back in civilization before next spring."

"Home again?" The girl drew a long, troubled breath. "I wouldn't let you betray Eric even if you could put me in my own house tomorrow."

"In your own house—or in mine!" He strode toward her and took her hand in a strong grip. He swayed toward her—kissed her lips. "You must come to me, now. We'll make our vows in the queer little chapel. What do you say?"

"I say—that I'm still going to choose Eric. I'm going to stand by him."

"Dearest little fool!" Roy smiled masterfully. "But you'll soon see the light. Now, take it easy, while I look over this gun. Eric said to examine it before I fired it. I suppose he wanted to be sure I'd get the hang of it."

He began to unscrew the ramrod from beneath the barrel. Forgotten, Nan walked to the open door and stood gazing out at the gleam-swept moors. Vainly she tried to untangle reality from illusion.

AT LAST she was called from her thoughts by movements at the door of the kashga. Eric's enemies were massing there, and she sensed something ominous in their quick gestures, their crouched bodies. Presently Sandomar wheeled, Garge at his flank, and led his pack down the village road.

Nan watched him with the narrowed gaze of a hunter. He did not move fast, but in an odd shuffle, somehow violent and terrible. His head was thrown forward—he suggested an old ape. Instantly she knew that the truce of the storm was over. She turned with a choked cry: "Roy!"

"What is it?"

His hoarse tone arrested the frantic sweep of her gaze and made her postpone everything, for a brief second, while she scanned his face. It was not the same she had seen ten minutes before. The pride, the mastery, the exultation that had shaken her so had passed like a flame; it was turning gray as ashes.

Why? He had not seen the charge up the village road toward Eric's hut. Why did he stare so blankly at the revolver in his hand?

"Now's your chance," she implored, with a swift instinct to encourage him. "Those brutes are going after Eric—cut them off, and show them who's master!"

But he stood like a figure on a totem pole. "I can't... you don't understand..."

The dull voice made her flesh crawl. "Oh, Roy—don't fail me! There isn't a moment to lose!"

But he only shook his head, baffled... impotent...

Desperate, she ran toward him, snatching for the revolver. She expected him to cling to it, but his hand opened like a fainting man's. She caught the weapon—shrieked—and sped out the door.

Sandomar's crew had not yet passed the hut. They saw her dash out in front of them, the weapon gleaming in her hand, and fly down the row to Eric's door. Crying, she burst into the shadowy room and dropped to her knees beside the prone figure on the pallet.

"Sandomar's coming," she gasped, as she held out the revolver.

Eric was still in the stupor of fatigue, his face like plaster. Could he rally to meet this emergency? She did not guess—she knew!

A moment before she had seen a manly countenance change to a death mask at the shadow of physical danger. Now she saw the phenomenon reversed. The sagging muscles of Eric's face flexed like live rubber; the dead eyes filled with light. In one bound, bold and free as a salmon's, he was on his feet. The next, he was in the doorway—deadly cool, sinister, dominant.

But only the wind rushed in at him.

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ing her few treasures salvaged from the wreck, waiting for her in the adjoining room.

He unstrapped his revolver, hung it on the wall in easy reach, then drew her gently to him. "You're tired, aren't you, Nan?"

"We've had two trying days."

"I'm going to keep you up only a minute—just long enough to ask you a question—then you can curl up in there, on the seakins."

The tenderness in his voice and gaze touched her profoundly. She cared for him more than ever. "What is it, Eric?"

"I think I already know the answer—but I want to be sure. Do you love me?"

She looked into his steadfast eyes a long time before she ventured a reply: "I'm so fond of you, Eric... more fond of you every minute. But I don't think it's the real thing—yet. You want me to be honest, don't you?"

"And the real reason you married me was so I can protect you? Because you had to make a choice between Roy and me?"

"I think that had a great deal to do with it." Her gaze fell.

"But perhaps you will learn to love me, soon—as I love you?"

She pressed his hand against her breast. "Very soon, I think—if you'll just let me learn it in my own way—my own time. Just be tender with me, Eric."

"I'm not one to drive a hard bargain, Nan," he told her in his slow, grave way. "You will be safer as my wife, but that safety does not carry with it—a price." He kissed her hand.

Her eyes looked like startled crystal pools surrounded by dark rushes. "You will wait for me—to learn to love you?"

"There is your room." He motioned over her shoulder. "You'll find a new bolt on the door. Go in it when you like."

DOUBTING himself and his creed—cursing the idealism that kept him from his heart's fulfillment—Eric lingered alone by the flickering lamp. His exaltation of the previous hour had burned to ashes. He made no move toward bed. At last he rose from his stool, yearning toward Nan's doorway... half crossed the room... his heart was racing...

But the way was not open. What he had fancied was lasting peace was only an hour's armistice—a breathing spell in the thick of the fight. To the victor belong the spoils—but the enemy was not destroyed, merely hard pressed.

There was a sudden violent shock, like an earthquake, leaping through the turf walls and under his feet. He had time only to raise his eyes when the dome of the roof collapsed in ruin, and a two-hundred-pound boulder crashed through and thundered to the floor.

It was like a cold meteor hurled from the sky. The wind of its fall was an icy blast on Eric's face, and the abyssal horror of the thing rustled up the hair of his head. It struck the driftwood block where he had just been sitting, crushing it into the earth.

Death had missed him by two paces, but he had not come through unscathed. The shock to his nerves and heart was of stunning force; besides, a block of turf had struck his head, making him reel against the wall. The room was streaked with fire. Nan, springing up with a scream in the doorway, divined the truth at once.

An implacable enemy had carried the stone onto the roof of the barabara—with his unsustained strength tugging it to the very dome. Through a crack between the blocks of turf, or a loophole bored out beforehand, he had located Eric's position; then he had lifted the savage missile high in his simian arms and hurled it down.

BUT this was only the beginning. Events swept on with the fatal momentum of a snowslide. The surprise attack had already staggered the victim; before he could begin to recover, a second blow fell. It was like a bayonet rush after artillery barrage.

Peering down through the yawning hole, the attacker saw he had missed his mark. Howling, he plunged through; and the further collapse of the roof under his feet shot him into the room with a violence only second to his thunderbolt. Nan saw him like a figure in a bad dream among the falling clouds and dust—bulging teeth bared, neck swollen and arms misshapen by the flexing of great muscles, deep-set eyes blazing tigerlike in the flickering light. His leap, too, was more like a tiger's than a man's, and she expected a jackal to come creeping after.

Eric made one hopeless effort to defend himself. He lunged out from the wall, but his movements lacked their familiar lithe-ness and panther power. The fight ended before it began. Sandomar's arm stretched slow and long, an odd, raking blow with open palm and hooked fingers. Eric was hurled back against the wall, only to wilt to the floor.

Nan screamed with all her breath. To see the vigor and strength she knew so well utterly fail, to behold the splendid muscles quiver and go slack like a speared seal's, broke her last grip on reality. The rest was a dark fantasy that made a blind spot in her brain. She could recall it only in broken fragments—Eric's dull open eyes... the curious swirl of Sandomar's wiry hair... the lamp flickering from the wind of his violence...

Yet a mind within her mind kept fighting cool and strong. Her screaming stopped with a rattle—her hand flashed to her mouth... If he attracted Sandomar's eye her only hope of saving Eric and herself was lost... She watched him in frozen silence, but he did not turn his head.

She had forgotten. He was deaf! She must not forget this again. It was his one weakness. Her eyes began to recede far into their sockets. Their light grew steely and gray.

Sandomar stood leaning over Eric, watching him as a cat watches a stunned mouse. It was a jungle posture impelled by a jungle instinct—nothing he had ever done had shown the subhuman workings of his mind better than this vigilant and deadly scrutiny of his fallen prey. There was no hatred, a purely human emotion, in his heart; otherwise he would have quickly seized the chance to crush Eric's skull. His rage was impersonal, like that of a grizzly bear for a steel trap just gnawed from his paw. And the one thing that prolonged Eric's life was that he made not the slightest motion. Perhaps some lingering sixth sense bade him lie still; possibly he was too far gone to raise his hand. At the first stir, Sandomar's quivering maul would have lashed down.

Slowly his guard dropped. His tense

form relaxed a little as he saw that his prey lay helpless.

"You cheated us, eh?" he mumbled in his low-pitched monotone. "You didn't take the girl, after all. Now I'll take her, but I'll have the gun first."

He began to grope at Eric's hip. Failing to find the weapon, he patted Eric's side, breast, the pocket of his blue coat. . . . Behind him, in the dark doorway, Nan's fainting heart swelled and grew strong.

Where was his revolver? Her mind moved clear and sure. Instantly she remembered seeing Eric unstrap the weapon and hang it up. Peering feverishly, she saw its blue-steel barrel catch the lamp-gleam on the opposite wall.

She began to stalk across the room behind Sandomar's back. Even now it was hard to remember that he was deaf—that she need not guard against sound but only against the flick of her shadow on the floor—that she had best run before he turned his head, saw her, and reached for her with his terrible arms. Steady and straight her hand sped; her fingers clasped the butt. Stealing back two strides, till she was directly behind her enemy, she slowly raised the barrel until she saw his bullethead over the sights.

She must not miss the first shot! Never in her life was she so cool, so steady. She deliberately chose his head for her target rather than his back—to destroy his brain, to make him fall like Swede had fallen, lest he break Eric's neck in his dying struggle.

Even the frantic yell above her head did not throw off her aim. . . .

"Behind you, Sandy!" It was a shrill cry of utter terror and fury.

It was Garge, on the way to overtake his runaway mate, thrusting his hand through the gaping hole in the roof. In one glance he took in the still figure in the white parka, the lifted steady wrist, the leveled barrel that never twinkled in the light, and its certain target beyond—and he never dared dream but that he had come too late. He saw Nan's finger jerk back against the trigger. . . .

Again that futile click! When she heard it—when Sandomar did not crash—the fire and powder of her life seemed to fall too. Her spirit thrashed in its moorings as though it would break free, and the room turned black before her eyes.

The rest was confusion—whirlwind—chaos. Shrieking, she pulled the trigger again and again. Warned by a swirl in the air, Sandomar looked up—saw her—came lunging; at the same instant Garge pitched down into the room. Only because the jackal fell in the tiger's way, throwing him headlong, did she escape his maul. In the second's respite, she dropped the useless weapon, threw back the bolt of the door, and fled down the village row.

AS THE clouds drifted from Eric's mind and the light crept back into his eyes, he saw Sandomar rear up and peer after Nan, then kick Garge out of the way, and recover the gun. He must have seen Nan's futile effort to fire it, because he handled it with simian curiosity, holding it close to his eyes. Pointing at the floor, he pulled the trigger. As the hammer clicked, he grunted in brute wonder.

"The thing won't shoot," he muttered to himself.

It was a strange anticlimax. Forgetting

his late victim, the ungainly figure squatted on the floor and began to unscrew the ramrod. As in a grotesque dream, Eric saw Garge clamber to his knees, and come creeping near to watch. Their heads were close together as Sandomar worked out one of the cartridges and held it to the light.

Grunting, he pulled back the hammer to look at the breech. Then he raised his head and blinked at Eric across the room.

"You cheated us with this thing, too," he said in his dead monotone.

Anything might have happened next—a surge of rage—violence—but what did happen was impossible, incredible. Sandomar looked from Eric to the weapon, then threw back his head with a hoarse bellow of laughter. His big hands scratched at his ribs; his mouth gaped wide as the inhuman bay rang through the ruined roof far into the silence of the night.

It stopped as suddenly as it began. "He's all right, that fellow," he told Garge. "Kept us marching around like school children for three months with a gun that won't shoot." He started, bit his lip, and turned to Eric with a malignant grin. "It was a good joke you played. Now I'm going to play one on you."

ERIC gave no outward sign, but in his inner mind he turned on the tap of his emergency strength. Still half paralyzed from the blow he had received, he called on all the battered forces of his brain, nerve, and sinew to prepare for a last charge. Sandomar's jests would be worse than his furies.

"You think this gun's no good, but I'm going to show you it's good enough to kill a man," Sandomar went on quietly.

He looked at the pearl handle, ribbed with steel. It suited him, so he grasped the barrel in his huge palm. With his left hand flat on the floor in an ape posture, he started to roll forward.

Eric's brain gave a signal. The strong wrench of his will somehow hurtled him to his feet. At the same instant, Sandomar heaved erect with dog-fangs bared and arms spread wide. Drawing a knife that made little wicked lightnings in the shadows, Garge leaped to cut off the victim's escape.

But Eric did not jump the way they expected; neither did he back to the wall to fight. He had only one chance, and he played it with all the innate valor of his soul. Weaving to avoid Sandomar's rush, he sprang toward the oil lamp. He would have picked it up and hurled it, if he could, but the quarters were too close. Instead he kicked it over. There was one instant's brilliant glare, revealing all three antagonists in frozen motion, then the room went inky black.

Sandomar was deaf. He lived by light. When it went out, it was as if he had died—a rattle rose in his throat and he could not move a finger. Now was the time to dispatch him, provided Eric had a weapon and could first kill Garge. But Garge slashed right and left, cursing—and Eric's hands were empty. He must run—to live and fight again.

Ducking low, slinking along the wall, he made for the open door. A second later the night wind was in his face, and he was free. . . .

(To be continued)



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Wizard Corn Pads

Silk Train

(Continued from page 27)

including myself. It's no work; fact is, you'll get paid for a free ride."

Men waited alertly the next day as the Maru Yiochi warped to her pier. Hatches were already open. With the securing of the hawsers, men swarmed aboard the ship, dropping into her hold. The boom swung, winches rattled, the sling swept over her side and downward. Immediately trucks began to clatter across the docks, through the loading sheds and over steel plates into specially built baggage cars; loading progressed simultaneously for the entire ten-car train. In the midst of the activity, with a gun at his belt, was Jack Hailey.

Two hours went by in driving effort, incessant clatter. A switch engine coupled on and steamed its impatience. Trainmen compared watches. The last compact bale was stacked. The conductor's arm rose and fell.

"Highball 'er out to the yards and get going!" a yardmaster shouted.

A big "Pacific" type locomotive, waiting at the yards, took the place of the switch engine. Two short blasts sounded, and the big "Pacific," heading the first silk train of a new era, wheeled out of the yards and through the slowly rising country toward the entrance of Fraser Cañon.

Gradually a slow roll came into the movement of the train, like the first effects of the waves of an open sea. Jack Hailey went into the combination coach, fitted with seats and stanchion bunks of the army type. Chief Bangor staggered away from the little gasoline cooking plate, splashing black tea from an unsteady cup.

"That hogger thinks he's hauling the mail," he said.

The conductor grunted:

"Got to. Schedule calls for three hours and twenty-one minutes into Balkan Bar."

The speed of the train increased; the view from the windows became a blur; the coach rocked and swayed; on curves it seemed to rise on one side as though the wheels were being lifted from the rails. A sickening sensation shot through Hailey. The old feel of responsibility which had finally kept him out of the engine cab had returned; mentally he was on the seat box again, worrying about a hundred eventualities. It was tough work up there in the cab on such a trip as this.

THEY reached Balkan Bar. The guards dropped from the combination car vestibule and scattered themselves along the train. Three of them lounged; Jack Hailey stood intent. A big relief "Pacific," alive with power, was shunted into the place of the other engine. Time was precious; this was merely a divisional pause for safety before the mad journey began anew. Up went the conductor's arm, and down again; a whitish-gray column shot from the engine stack.

"Two minutes late," muttered Hailey.

Night came. The rear brakeman, the conductor, and the two other guards started a game of pitch. Hailey sat apart, listening for the sound of the whistle, the rumble of culverts, the concentration of noise as they swept close to rocky, mountain walls.

Kirlocks Junction was passed; with a fresh engine and train crew, the desperate run proceeded to Red River.

Another division came and went. Then sunrise on high-flung hills. A long whistle sounded from the engine. Brakes tightened, eased, and tightened again. The conductor hurried to the vestibule, to lean far out, with arm extended for orders, handed up on a hoop by a station operator. He came back disgustedly.

"Slow orders. Couple of air slides reported from Hastings Head."

Hailey turned angrily.

"That knocks the schedule."

"Better knock a schedule than put a train down the bank."

"Sure," agreed the ex-engineman; a strange note in his voice surprised him.

The train slowed at Hastings Head, moved cautiously through dragging minutes; then again the frenzy of speed began. And Hailey thrilled to it.

THE silken thundered into Jackson Park, fifteen hours from Vancouver by this fast schedule, and shrieked its way out for Bedford. Grade still confronted it; it was impossible here to make up time. But at last the engine tipped over the brow of the final hill; Hailey heard a slight hiss of air, followed immediately by an easing, as the hoghead kicked off his brakes and let 'er roll. Only then did he seek his bunk.

But at Edmonton he awoke, to take his place on guard, scowling with the knowledge that with flat prairies stretching for hundreds of miles, there had been a heavy addition to the penalty of lost time.

"What was wrong with that hogger out of Bedford?" he asked. "We must be nearly an hour late."

The chief looked over the top of yesterday's paper.

"Probably slipped us some darn' ground-ma," he said.

"Dead from the ankles up, when they've given him the railroad!" Hailey growled.

After that, he was silent. But suddenly he became alert again with the realization of speed. A queer, galloping shudder had come into the train. Stations whistled past. Furrowed wheatfields revolved like tremendous disks.

"We've got a hogger now!" he exclaimed. Two divisions farther on, he brought back the exultant word that they were now only a half-hour late on schedule.

Winnipeg came and went, fifty-one hours out of Vancouver—a limited train requires at least eight hours more. The last of the prairies whirled into the background. The bush of eastern Manitoba moved in close to the right of way. Again slow orders held up the silken. Again it fought to regain its loss. There was a drive in Hailey's every movement now, like those of a man striving valiantly to aid a human being in difficulties. Once more night came, with the splash of rain against car windows. Again Hailey slept, only to awaken to disappointment. More slow orders, for soggy track and flooded culverts. They clashed onward to a divisional stop, now an hour and sixteen minutes late on schedule. Hailey turned to the chief, yawning in his bunk.

"Mind if I take the head end from here in?"

"What for?"

"We'll be getting to paved roads by morning. Somebody might decide they want a part of this silk."

"Rhubarb!" growled the chief. Then, squinting, "Oh, all right; go ahead."

Hailey trotted forward to the engine. The head brakeman nodded. The fireman ignored him. The hoghead reached for his whistle cord. They were away again. Pale with memory, Jack Hailey settled back against the coal gate doors, the old nervous intensity upon him, the watchfulness, the responsibility, even though another man's hand was on the throttle.

INTO the dawn the engine clashed its way. The morning went by, in roaring, staggering speed. Seconds were clipped from the handicap, then minutes, one after another. Noon came and went. Over switches and frogs, past yard hogs and rattling lines of freight cars, the silken moved into the Tatco Yards, twenty-one minutes late on schedule, and with only a single division between this terminal and Boundary.

There was a change of engines here. Jack Hailey slid out of the gangway to the ground and walked toward the rear as the relief engine coupled on. At the third car he turned with sudden interest. Standing beside the relief engine was an aged figure intent upon his sacred duties with a long-nosed oil can. Hailey moved forward—he began to run.

"Pop!" he called. Fogarty straightened, beaming his greeting.

"The chief told you, eh? I put a wire through to him as soon as I knew I'd been the lucky bidder for the run." Then, with divination, "Oh, I guess he forgot it."

Inadvertently he looked toward his engine. The younger man's eyes followed; instant rigidity shot through him. It was the 6103. But he only said:

"I'm riding the head end into Customs with you."

"Good," said Pop, and returned to his oiling.

"Are you all right, Pop?" Hailey asked.

There was a whiteness about the older man's skin, and heavy circles under tired eyes. He looked like a man far past seventy.

"Oh, I was up all night," Pop said casually. "The old woman's pretty sick. But I feel great," he protested. "I'll get the baby into Boundary with a couple of minutes to throw away."

But once the signal had sounded, once the crash of switch and frog had vanished into the smoothness of the main line, Jack Hailey rocked against the coal gate and wondered. The man on the seat box seemed ancient; no longer was there a sturdy red in his wrinkled neck; it was leaden gray. His hand on the throttle was lined with blue veins. Hailey glanced toward the fireman. If anything happened to Pop, that dumbhead couldn't make the time. And this was the 6103!

More, he knew that something was already happening. He alone could see it, he who had worshiped this old man from childhood. Pop wasn't looking open the throttle in a way to gain time. He seemed unable to force himself to take chances on the curves. He didn't lick loose the brakes with the proper feel for swiftly regained

speed. This was old territory to him. Every tree and bush told him that Pop wasn't making the time!

A half-hour went by; not a minute had been gained. At last Fogarty appealingly turned his face, ghastly gray, toward the younger man. The fireman was busy at the stoker valve, the brakeman occupied with the blur of scenery. It was a useless appeal; for Pop to quit his throttle in this emergency would be confession to cause far more interest from higher-ups than he desired. This was the best road on the system, there could be little excuse if Pop didn't roll in on time. But Hailey knew he could not aid. This was the 6103.

The younger engineer leaned back against the coal gate, weak, tired. But suddenly he straightened. Let it be the 6103! Let it be a hundred 6103's, each with a worse history. Shopmen had made her perfect. Trackwalkers guarded her thunderous path. There were orders which he must watch, but there were also four others to help him. Suddenly the subconscious confidence which had been piling up all across the continent surged into realization. No longer did he feel that the man in the cab was alone; there were hundreds, thousands behind him, bracing him with the precaution and precision of ceaseless workers, in yards, in offices, on track, at telephones and telegraph keys, in round-houses and shops. Once more Pop Fogarty looked back. Hailey bent forward in mock agony, and rubbed his stomach. The old man caught the signal and nodded. An instant later he reeled out of his seat box.

"I'm sick!" he groaned.

The brakeman hurried to support him. The fireman lurched across the deck. But Hailey shot before him.

"I'll take 'er!" he shouted. "You keep that steam up!"

"You know it!" the dumbhead yelled in a tone of relief. He didn't want that throttle.

JACK HALEY'S left hand clawed upward as he wedged his tired body into the seat box. The stack began to bark with a new tone; soon it had blurred in a staccato reverberation to the impetus of swift-working steam.

The stoker ground more fiercely. The roar of progress increased. Tremendous, lurching shudders ran through the 6103. Speed limits were off, clear signals showed ahead; faster and still faster went the giant engine with its precious tonnage reeling in its wake. Stumped against the coal gate door, Pop Fogarty sneaked a glance outward at the constant swish of passing telegraph poles. Then he settled back in satisfaction. There were no worries now.

At least, there were none until the next day, when the Brass Collar summoned him to inquire just how sick he'd been. He'd been deathly sick, said Pop Fogarty, but he felt fine now. Just something he'd eaten. And he left the office grinning.

A week later, the 6103 wheeled out of Toronto, with the glare of an open fire box splashing its salmon red against a black sky as the Boundary Express began its journey of the night. A fire hand hooked the throttle a notch wider. Calm eyes watched the lane of light ahead. The fireman glanced out his side of the cab.

"Clear block!" he called.

"Clear block!" answered Jack Hailey.



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They Call Him "Crazy"

(Continued from page 31)

to take out any more insurance. Perhaps you have enough; maybe too much. But I would like to consult with you regarding your policies. If I think you have too much, I'll advise you to drop some of it."

That said, mind you, in an era when practically every agent in America was advising clients to load to the limit.

By dramatizing his actions, appealing to prospective clients in original ways, Pennock distinguished himself in his crowded field.

You received a post card of congratulation from your insurance agent on your last birthday, didn't you? Pennock is credited with originating that business custom. It's just one of the little things he devised to help you remember him.

Pennock's rise was so steady that he decided to establish his own agency.

When great success came, Pennock remembered the promise to help others made in his prayer on that rainy day in the mid-West. He tried to keep his word. "But I soon found," he said, "that writing checks for charities was a bore—job—at least for me. Finally I discovered that I'd have to give myself if I wanted any happiness in this world."

With that thought, Pennock took up a hobby. Quietly, without giving a full reason, he began to absent himself from his home on Sundays. When Mrs. Pennock, after their leisurely Sunday breakfast, had started to church, Pennock would get into his runabout and drive off from their country home near New York, saying, "I'm going to my office for a while."

He told his family and associates that he preferred to be alone.

But he wasn't alone. A strange assortment of persons began calling at his office Sunday mornings; and each Sunday noon he would lead a little procession out to lunch. One Sunday they would be stoop-shouldered, hesitant men. The next week, bright-eyed young men and women, not always too well clad.

You've guessed it!

PENNOCK made a hobby of getting jobs for others, placing ex-convicts fresh from prison and youngsters striving for a foothold.

For years his office has been a port of call for the despondent, those facing the future, seemingly, without hope. His method of aiding them is very simple—in the telling:

First, he tries to discover what a person is best fitted for—"too many of us are round pegs in square holes," then he tries to fire that person's imagination, so that he or she will plan what to do a year, two years hence, after getting work.

"If people will think clearly, and act originally, the scrap's half won."

There was the case of a little blue-eyed girl who came to his office last spring. Friends had directed her to him.

Pennock was busy, and she was asked to wait.

"I'm sorry—I can't wait—tell Mr. Pennock the rocks may not be there tonight."

A wondering secretary took that message in. Pennock's voice boomed over the partition.

"Send her right in—this business can wait."

It was rather a shabby girl who was ushered into his office—but one whose eyes still flashed fire.

"I just wanted to tell you—"

"Wait, wait!" Pennock commanded. "Sit down, child, and tell everything to an old man."

"I—I want to work for somebody, Mr. Pennock—I'm broke—I—"

"Where did you sleep last night?" he asked gently.

A wan little smile played over her face. "That was what I wanted to tell you—on the rocks, up in Riverside Park. I had to sleep somewhere. But I'm—I'm afraid the rocks won't be there tonight."

"And sleeping on the rocks—" he began, but she interrupted:

"Oh, I didn't mind it, so much. There were stars up above me; and if I had been in a room, I wouldn't have seen them. And there was a gentle breeze through the trees—almost like music at times—"

"Wait a minute!" Pennock commanded. "Did you ever write much?"

"In college my themes—"

"Fine! Now you sit still, right there, for two minutes."

SEIZING his phone, he called a friend who was operating a real estate subdivision. His voice boomed over the line:

"Bill, I've promised to do something for you, some day; I'm going to do it now. What you need, in opening that new group of home sites, is some attractive advertising. . . . No, I'm not trying to sell you advertising. But I'm going to send a young lady to you—she's going to write some letters for you, old boy; letters to *shut-ins* in Manhattan, telling them how glorious it is to have a home where one can look up at night at the stars. The kind of letters that are going to sell your houses for you, Bill."

"No, you can't see her today. She's busy in my office now. But I'll let you have her tomorrow. . . . If I were you, I'd try to get her for about thirty dollars a week; that is, to start."

Pennock hung up the receiver with a chuckle.

"There you are, child! Now, first of all, I'm going to send you out to get—well, you and my stenographer better have luncheon. And this afternoon you come back here and read up on advertising—and then sit down and write a sample letter or two. And don't be afraid to tackle the job—just write something like you told me."

Pennock so fired that girl's imagination that today she is a successful advertising writer—and still learning. Before, she was only a fair stenographer.

"You understand, though, I'm no altruist in following this hobby of mine," Pennock explained to me. "I'm selfish. I get a thrill out of following it—and if it helps another chap, fine! I do not help people to do them good, but to be good to myself. By interesting myself in other people's problems, I find I am solving my own. I'm not a 'good man' at all. No crazy man can be an angel, can he?"

Pennock admits disappointment, to a degree, in his hobby.

"Today, my strongest enemies are among those I befriended. Human nature is that way; so many are inclined to bite the helping hand. But what if I am nipped a bit, now and then? I had a kick boosting someone up. If he forgets to even say thank you, what's the difference?"

There was the case of an ex-convict whom Pennock helped the day he was released from prison. This man, quite clever in his own field, was placed in a city far distant from New York. Now and then Pennock heard from him. He was progressing, was becoming a pillar in his community. No one knew his past.

One day a particularly appealing case was presented to Pennock—a case where much money was needed to aid an incurable and his family. By this time Pennock had got such a thrill from his work that he reasoned, "Why not let somebody else plunge in with me? The water's fine!"

He thought of that particular convict. So, without referring to any past, he merely outlined the case to him, concluding his letter, "I can handle this alone—but I thought you'd like to chip in with me. I think you'll get a great kick out of it—even if there's no reward in heaven. Want to come in with me?"

By the first mail possible Pennock received an answer saying this:

"Am I my brother's keeper? Please do not write to me again."

Pennock merely shrugged his shoulders, tore up the note, and dropped it in his wastebasket. But there's another letter, and from an ex-convict, too, that Pennock didn't destroy. It's from—suppose we call this chap "James Blank." Blank was a skilled mechanic—still is!—and Pennock placed him in New York.

Now and then Blank would drop in and tell Pennock how happy he was, how well he was doing. But one Sunday morning his face was troubled.

"I just want to say thank you—and say good-by, Mr. Pennock. My mother is sick in Detroit. I've got to go home to her."

MANY weeks passed. Then came a letter from Blank, reading, in part:

"... This is to say good-by to the only white man I've ever known. No jobs out here for cons, and I'm at the end of my rope. Good-by."

Pennock realized that in his home neighborhood Blank was known as an ex-convict. No wonder he could get no work!

"I had an idea Blank would either kill himself or go back to crime," said Pennock. "A temporary loan would do him no good. What he needed was a job. If I brought him to New York I could get him another one—but he had to stay there with his sick mother."

"What could I do? An idea flashed into my head. So I wrote a telegram."

That telegram was addressed to "the kindest-hearted man" in the plant of a large automobile company. And it said:

"Won't you please have someone go to see James Blank at ——— Street, and offer him a job in your factory? He's an

expert mechanic, trying to go straight. If you do that, you'll do one of two things: Save a man from committing suicide or else save society from a criminal. He's going to kill himself or return to crime."

When Pennock handed that long message into the telegraph office it was refused. "You've got to name that kindest-hearted man," he was told.

"How do I know who he is?" Pennock retorted. "Let me speak to your boss."

From boss to boss Pennock went, until finally he reached one of the highest officials. That man laughed, saying:

"Certainly, we'll accept this telegram, but we won't guarantee delivery."

Pennock stressed one point in that telegram—under no circumstances should his name be mentioned if Blank was approached.

MANY weeks passed, and Pennock forgot the matter. One day, when, oddly, he was feeling blue, a letter reached him from Blank. It began this way:

"Jesus Christ still lives, and miracles still happen. I was just about to bump myself off, when I thought I'd take another shot at prayer. I prayed and prayed—prayed for a job—asked God to let people forget I was a con. And that night, when I thought that prayer was wasted breath, a nice-looking man with spectacles on drove up to our house, and came in.

"He said he was from a big automobile company and that he had heard I was a good mechanic. Said they were searching for good mechanics. Would I come? And I did, Mr. Pennock. And he gave me the job. And I've moved off to another section where nobody knows my past, and I want you to know how good God is."

That is Pennock's prize letter. "It's more valuable to me than a letter signed by Napoleon would be," he said. "All it cost was half a day perusing the telegraph company to send my telegram."

One day a man's voice said over Pennock's phone:

"Penn, I'm sending a man to you today whom I hope you can help. If you can't, he's sunk. And he has a wife and three children. It won't help the community any for him to pass out."

At three o'clock a tall, well-built chap in the middle forties was ushered in—a man who, not long before, had been a crack newspaper editor. He had gone to Washington, had become an official in the Department of Labor—and then had lost out.

That man had been out of work for eight months, and his last penny was gone.

Knowing the man's splendid record, his intelligence, Pennock shot at him:

"How'd you like to be the personnel director for a big manufacturing plant upstate? You should be the ideal man for the place. I'll get you that job if you promise me one thing—that you'll demand a salary of \$15,000 a year."

"Mr. Pennock, I never made that much money in my life!"

"Any objection to making it now?"

"Of course not! But I haven't the nerve to ask it."

"Haven't, eh? I wish I could shoot a bit of nerve into you—this is a good position, just waiting for a fifteen-thousand-dollar-a-year man. A cheap man is not wanted."

Pennock spent the better part of an afternoon bolstering up the man's courage.

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STUDENTS OF YESTERDAY

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"Did he get the \$15,000?" I asked.
 "No, he didn't," Pennock told me. "I think his nerve sort of failed him. All he got was—\$10,000 a year!" Pennock chuckled, adding, "Not bad, since it was more than he had ever made in his life."

Pennock believes that there are two sure ways of making money: "One is by doing nothing, thinking nothing, seeing nothing but money—all the day. You'll get it," he said. "But that isn't my way. My way is to tell everyone I don't want it. Then it seems to gravitate to me."

His business philosophy can be phrased in a sentence: Do the job in an original manner, so as to catch the attention and win the approval of the other man.

Recently he was trying to sell an idea to a wealthy New Yorker. "Wait a minute, Pennock," said the man. "I want to ask you one question: How is it you retain your youthful viewpoint on life, your zest and enthusiasm in matters that don't pay you a cent?"

Pennock answered, "Let me ask you a question in return—how much money do you give to charity each year?"

"Quite a good deal—over \$100,000."
 "What do you get out of it?"
 "A letter of thanks from the treasurer."
 "I have a new idea born this minute," Pennock exclaimed. "You know there's an Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor. Well, I'm going to take ten men, just like you, who, having spent all their lives accumulating wealth, experience no thrills and gain little satisfaction in giving away their money. I'll form them into an Association for Improving the Condition of the Rich."

HIS friend smiled, and repeated the phrase Pennock has heard so often: "You're crazy, Pennock."

But the following day that same man sent for Pennock, saying:

"I don't think your idea is so crazy, after all. Ten men of unlimited wealth, unlimited time and influence might at least be able to help toward the solution of some of the world's problems."

So, the Association for Improving the Condition of the Rich was chartered.

Dean John T. Madden, economist of

New York University, has been appointed Economic Adviser of the Association. Pennock will be Psychological Adviser.

Just what will this Association do? These two paragraphs, from the charter, seem significant:

"To offer them (the members) a new vista of life, in which they may thrill again to their own boyhood dreams and ambitions, see them develop through others, look upon life with a new, fresh, buoyant interest, and again see the world through the eyes of youth."

"To offer opportunities for them to give, not money alone, but something of themselves and their influence in developing ways and means along practical lines for a solution of a few of the many human problems which are faced both by individuals and by groups."

If all this comes about—
 I think it will be the result of a lonely, starved youth's looking up into a rainy sky and praying:

"Dear God, give me a chance. If you do, I'll help others. . . ."
 God took him at his word.

The Knight's Errand

(Continued from page 41)

Everybody wants to marry Tyra, but she ain't having any."

"That's the trick. I don't want to marry her. I'm anxious to marry my own girl."

"Oh! You gotta girl?"

"Sure. She's beautiful, fragile, cruel, merciless, and marvelous."

"I gotta girl, too."

"My buddy! Then you can understand. My girl thinks I'm lazy. She claims I haven't any persistence."

"Oh! What a laugh! I'll sign a testimonial that you're more persistent than an actor out of work. But what's the rest of the large idea?"

"I must meet Miss Karlson. It's a test; see? Hard to do, but must be done—just to prove I can."

The young man nodded. "I getcha. Say, listen; I'll tell Kramer and he'll tell Karlson. She's a good scout."

"Who's Kramer?"

"Publicity man. It's a swell yarn."

THE reception hall, who desired some day to crash the publicity department, held long and earnest converse with Mr. Kramer. Mr. Kramer grinned. It did look like potential publicity of a different sort. He introduced himself to Greg—liked him—and sought Tyra Karlson.

The star kept him waiting. She was in conference with her manager.

"They'll never let you go," he was declaring heatedly. "Your last option expires next week. You've got to hold out for three thousand dollars a week."

"But, Fredereck—that is too much. They offer me fifteen hundred, and I am happy to take it."

"You'd rather have three thousand, wouldn't you?"

"Oh! mos' surely. But I do not desire to lose what I may get."

"You won't. When we go to that conference this afternoon, just let me do the talking. I'll handle 'em."

"I am scare", Fredereck. I think any-

way I accept fifteen hundred. That is much money. Maybe at the conference this afternoon I do not do what you wish."

Disgustedly Frederick flung out of the room, ignoring Mr. Kramer of the publicity department. Mr. Kramer secured an audience with the slim and beautiful creature who was rapidly becoming the new sweetheart of American films.

Mr. Kramer knew the lady very well indeed. He knew that she was very human, very kindly, and possessed of a keen sense of humor. He impressed upon her the value of a fine publicity yarn at this time when the question of a new contract was about to be discussed. And he painted a most interesting picture of Greg Conroy.

Tyra was fascinated. She had never entirely recovered from her bewilderment at American methods and this transcended anything else she had heard or thought: a healthy, wea thy young man desiring to meet her in order to prove to his ladylove that he could accomplish the impossible. The situation was intriguing. Kramer reported to Greg.

"Oke!" said he. "Be at the big gate at four this afternoon. Tyra will pick you up and drive you to your hotel. She's got a coop that she drives herself. Will that do the work?"

"Marvelous! You have snatched victory from defeat."

"Mind if we snap a picture before you drive away?"

"I'd love it, Mr. Kramer. I may need proof."

Mr. Kramer wisely refrained from dilating upon his publicity scheme. "She'll just drive you to the hotel, Mr. Conroy. Then she's coming back to the studio."

"That's great. You're a life-saver."

Greg dispatched a wire to Midge:

ENCENSOR STOP SKOAL STOP OVER THE ALPS LIKE NAPOLEON STOP TAKING PRIVATE DRIVE WITH LADY IN QUESTION THIS AFTERNOON STOP NOW FOR THE TROPHY STOP LOVE

At three o'clock an answer reached him:

I AM PREPARING TO RECEIVE YOU WITH OPEN ARMS STOP IF YOU SUCCEED I SHALL BE CRUSHED HUMBLE CONTRITE AND WILLING LOVE MIDGE

At fifteen minutes before four o'clock, Mr. Gregory Conroy was present in force at the main gate. He beamed upon the friendly gateman and confided that his mission was about to be crowned with success. The gateman was congratulatory. "Some saps has all the luck," he said.

But the gateman was an ally. It was he who saw Tyra's high-powered coupé ease out of the garage near the wardrobe building and head for the gate, and it was he who threw open the gates.

TYRA came impetuously. It was a feat in motor magic: one second the car was at the garage, and the next at the gate. Greg, more enthusiastic than he cared to admit, stepped forward to flag the platinum-blond young lady. The gateman described it later to a friend:

"It was just a coincidence. Miss Karlson was comin' fast, and this poor goof Conroy seemed like he was afraid she'd pass him by. So he steps out into the street to stop her, and I dunno whether she was drivin' faster than she thought or if he was moving with more speed than he intended. It was the bumper and the right fender that socked him, and at first we thought he was dead, but then it turned out he was only knocked cold and bruised up. Anyway, they got introduced awful abrupt."

"What happened then?"

"Well, a feller come runnin' over from across the street and said he was a Doc. He gave Conroy a gain'-over and said he was not hurt serious, but that he needed some good nursing. Tyra drove off with him." The gateman dropped his voice to a mysterious whisper. "An' listen, fella—I got ideas which I ain't sayin' nothin' to

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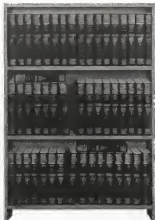
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nobody about. I think that dame took him to her house."

"No!"

"Yeah! I'm tellin' you! She was scared, she was, and she turned off up K Street yonder like she always does when she's headed home."

And so passed three hours. . . .

GREG CONROY struggled back to consciousness to find a bearded face hanging over him. His side, right arm, and right leg ached excruciatingly. Then he looked beyond the doctor and observed Miss Tyra Karlson.

"I never believed anyone would really ask this question," whispered Greg, "but I'm forced to. Where am I?"

"Miss Karlson brought you to her home," announced the doctor. Then, with his friend's interest at heart, he said severely, "It was all your fault, Mr. Conroy. You stepped in front of her car."

"Correct! My fault entirely."

Tyra came closer and beamed upon him. "You will not make a suit against me in the courts?"

"Don't be silly. Even if I live I'll have nothing but gratitude."

The doctor snorted. "Live! You're not hurt at all. Just a couple of ribs cracked and a few minor bruises."

"Thanks, Doctor. Until you explained everything I thought I was suffering."

"Oh, it may hurt a trifle, but it doesn't amount to anything. I advise the hospital for two or three days—"

"He shall stay right here," stated Miss Karlson. "I have knock' him down and now I shall nurse him back to well."

Eventually, the medical man departed—somewhat disapprovingly. Greg suffered, but was happy.

The following morning his pain had diminished, but Tyra's anxiety had not. Despite Greg's insistence that it was all his fault, she assumed the guilt.

"I have no right to hurt anybody," she declared passionately. "Even you."

She atoned by efficient, tireless, and individual nursing. Once Greg grinned and she inquired the reason.

"Nothing," he explained. "I just happened to think of a telegram I could send Midge, but I'm afraid I'd better not."

"Your sweetheart?"

"Yes. She's a fine girl. Brunette."

"She is very foolish to send you where you will meet me. She does not know will you fall in love with me."

"She trusts me, Miss Karlson."

"Then she is two times foolish. But I hope you will marry her."

Greg insisted that Miss Karlson return to the studio but Tyra would not. She had reduced this healthy young man to a state of wreckage and was determined to nurse him through. Once Frederick, Tyra's manager, telephoned, and she stated briefly that she would not be at the studio that day or the next. Tyra wasn't coming, and no arguments invited.

There followed two days during which Greg Conroy mended swiftly. The ribs were painful, but not unbearably so, and he was treated royally. He was in high good humor, for now even Midge could not claim that his acquaintanceship with the renowned Tyra was casual. He told Tyra of his quest, and she immediately provided him with a lock of her hair, declaring that all Americans were crazy.

At the end of the third day the doctor discharged Greg, after warning him to guard his ribs with extreme care. Mr. Conroy realized that cracked ribs would render his enjoyment of a house party slightly less than nil, and so telegraphed his regrets to his host. Then he wired Midge:

HERO RETURNING WITH BOOTY STOP
AM NOW OLDER AND WISER MAN WHO CAN
CONQUER THE WORLD IF HE FINOS IT NECESSARY
WHICH IT ISN'T STOP LOVE PLUS

MIDGE met him at the train. He was pardonably prideful.

"Here's the trophy. Guaranteed genuine. It was acquired without the use of force, duress, or undue influence."

A taxi rolled insinuatingly up to the curb. Greg stood discreetly back until it had stopped completely. Inside the cab he seated Midge on his undamaged side. She inquired the reason for his particularity.

"Structure slightly dented, Midge. It's a long story. Now tell me about us."

"What is there to tell? You went, conquered, and clipped. Was it fun?"

"That's a moot question, my dear."

"I fancy it wasn't easy."

"It certainly wasn't. Being treated as an escaped lunatic was tiresome."

"But you persisted—after the manner of all the great captains of history. You fought through to the bitter end and scaled the heights. You are wonderful, Greg; colossal; stupendous."

"Sure—sure. I've tried to tell you that before, but you wouldn't believe me."

"I'm contrite. I would like to crown you with bay leaves—or something. You've given me a new appreciation of your sterling character, if any."

"Spare my blushes."

"Willingly." Then, womanlike, Midge asked a question: "Was she nice? Did you see much of her?"

Greg laughed. "Oh! plenty. She made a profound impression on me."

"Also contrariwise," said Midge.

"Meaning what?"

"I drove to your apartment on the way to the station. Here's an airmail letter for you—from Miss Karlson."

EAGERLY, Greg opened the letter. He read it aloud:

My dear Mr. Conroy:

I have first to say I hope you are recovering from how sudden we meet. Also I desire to write that you have performed for me a big favor. My company they offer me only fifteen hundred dollars a week on a new contract, and I am glad to accept it. But then we have our accident and I take you home with me and forget all about those financials and my manager he tells the company that I will not even talk to them because I must have two times that much money, and right away they think it must be true because I am not worried and so they sign the new contract for three thousand dollars. So, my friend, if I do not be worried about you, then I would be worried about the contract and I would not make so much money now. I thank you again because you arrange this for me in such a surprise way. I think it would be nice if you got marry and came to visit me on your honeymoon. I like you very much.

Knowing nothing about the Hollywood adventure, Midge was rather bewildered. She gazed upon Greg with new eyes.

"You're really very impressive," she confessed humbly.

Greg looked around. "I've never done it before," said he, "but I think this is a good time to start."

"You've never done what?"

"Kissed a girl in a taxi. Of course, if you object . . ."

"I'd love it," she said.

Considering the fact that Greg and Midge believed that they were not unduly emotional, it was an enthusiastic kiss. Midge's arms were around Greg, and suddenly Mr. Conroy winced and said "Ouch!" Midge pulled away.

"What's the matter, dear?"

"My ribs."

"How did you hurt them?"

"Well, I didn't—exactly. It was Tyra Karlson. I'll explain."

"Never mind . . ." She put her hand in his.

"But perhaps, Greg, it might be more sensible not to visit Hollywood on our honeymoon."

Beatty and the Beasts

(Continued from page 69)

In training a lion is to convince it that it will not be hurt. This lesson Beatty teaches very simply. He never even scares a cat without strong cause, and soon its fear of harm disappears. The next thing is to convince the animal that it can't hurt its trainer, which is more difficult but very important. Beatty begins by fastening a collar about the beast and securing it. Every day Beatty approaches closer to the animal, finally permitting it to claw and bite the bristles of an old broom he carries in his hand. Presently it learns that no

good comes of this and carries over the association of immunity to the wielder of the broom. Then it is probably ready for work. If Beatty should guess wrong about this there just wouldn't be any show that night.

Some of us occasionally have the sad experience of being double-crossed by a friend. We are usually very much disappointed, but glad to see our erstwhile friend in his true colors. Beatty, similarly, is sometimes let down by one of his staunchest supporters among the lions, and the ex-

perience has been a good bit more than disappointing. Nero, pictured on page 69, has done more for him than any human could ever do; on two occasions Nero has saved Beatty's life by springing on tigers which were attacking him. But these instances of devotion don't mean a thing; Nero has himself twice given Beatty the most horrible maulings of his career, and as a tangible reminder of the perfidy Beatty will carry through the rest of his life an arm that has been chewed almost to the point of future uselessness.

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Are We Getting a New Idea about "VALUES"?

By
BRUCE
BARTON

I want to talk a little about my friend Sir Josiah Stamp, perhaps the foremost English economist. He was economic adviser to the Dawes Commission and is now president of the London, Midland and Scottish Railway and a director of the Bank of England. When King George hurried back to London last year, at the time of the cabinet crisis, it was Sir Josiah who was selected to meet him at the railroad station and give him the inside facts.

With all his honors, Sir Josiah is simple, gracious, and unspoiled. In April, 1930, we visited him and Lady Stamp in their comfortable home, with its old-fashioned garden. We talked somewhat about the economic situation.

He said, "You Americans have not yet faced the full facts. This is not merely a temporary setback in your stock market. It is not an ordinary 'panic.' It is something bigger and more far-reaching than we have ever had in the world before. You must get yourselves prepared for a good, hard fight."

At that time we were having quite a "spring rise" in our security markets. To my shame I confess I thought even Sir Josiah might perhaps be a trifle influenced by his countrymen's prevailing gloom. The succeeding months have showed how very right he was.

After dinner we took a walk. We went to the home of Charles Darwin. On the gatepost is this simple tablet:

HERE CHARLES DARWIN LIVED AND THOUGHT FOR FORTY YEARS. AND HERE ON APRIL 19, 1882, HE DIED.

We followed the path along which the scientist used to take his afternoon walk. We saw the chair where, in spite of ill health, he worked away on the book which has probably had a greater influence than any book published in the past hundred years.

Sir Josiah recalled the visit of Gladstone to Darwin in that room. Gladstone, the political idol, the Grand Old Man, was at the time at the height of his fame. He did all the talking. His presence filled the room. It would have astonished the towering statesman if someone had said, "History will judge

your permanent influence to be less than that of this frail naturalist." Yet, so it has proved. Most of the parliamentary debates that seemed so important in that day are fading out of memory; most of the legislation, the "measures for economic recovery," and so forth, are dead. But the *thinking* of a quiet man who sat and worked and thought for forty years—that thinking still molds the minds of men.

From the Darwin house we rode a few miles and then left the car to climb over a fence into an attractive meadow and grove. Sir Josiah stopped and pointed to a stone bench with an inscription carved upon it. "This is historic ground," he said. "Here Wilberforce, the philanthropist, stood in conversation with Pitt, prime minister. And before that conversation was finished they had agreed to introduce into Parliament the bill which resulted in the abolition of slavery from the British Empire."

It was a grand walk. We never mentioned the depression, nor "economics," nor any of the material problems of the world. These all seemed less significant than the memory of men who had dealt with values eternal.

A few weeks ago I met Sir Josiah again in a New York hotel.

"This is my third visit to America since your stock market crash in 1929," he remarked. "The first year I found among you a feeling of annoyance. You were resentful that your swift upward march to wealth should have been temporarily interrupted. You were sure the interruption would last only a few weeks or months at the outside. But you were irritated that it should have happened at all."

"A year later I found your annoyance replaced by concern. But this time I find still a different attitude. You are in the grip of an almost hysterical fear. In my judgment, the fear of this year is just as completely unjustified as was the unbounded optimism of 1929."

And then he added these unforgettable words: "We used to talk about 'moral values' and 'material values' as though they were two different and contradictory things. This depression must have taught us that they are the same thing, that without moral values there can be no material values. You have in this country the same large population as in 1929, just the same resources, the same potential wealth. But in 1929 your material values were distorted by a moral debauch of greed; now they are distorted by a moral delirium of fear.

There is only one basis of wealth, and that is character."

These are not the words of a preacher, remember, but of an economist. How impressively they have been illustrated by the events of the past few months! Ivar Kreuger's vast enterprises are worth billions until there begins to be a doubt of Ivar Kreuger's character. Then the billions disappear overnight. In more than one American industry shares were bid up and up until the rumor came that the management had let greed override integrity. Immediately everybody wanted to get out at any price at all.

Slowly but surely through the nation and the world is spreading a different kind of thinking than we had three years ago. Our conversation reflects it. So do our books and magazines.

Money and "economics" will be important always; no wise editor can ever neglect them. But you have only to turn the pages of this issue to be reminded how many and what varied other interests there are. Life is mystery, and no one knows it better than my favorite writer of detective stories, Dashiell Hammett. Life is love, and here you have it charmingly in the opening story. Life is an adventure in happiness, as Hardcastle Pennock has discovered. It is the lure of far countries, says Roy Chapman Andrews. It is awe, says Archibald Rutledge, and faith.

I close with a confession: Clemenceau, when he arrived in America, drove straight to the Museum of Natural History without waiting even to unpack his bag. He could not rest until his eyes had beheld the skeleton of the giant *dinosaur* *tyrannosaurus* about which he had corresponded with Roy Andrews for years. That museum is only half a mile from my house, yet not until a few weeks ago did I ever give Roy a chance to show me the dinosaur or the other wonders of the museum, including the remains of the earliest man yet discovered, a man who worked and loved and worried ninety million years ago.

Immersed in the struggle of "material" things, I—and you and all of us—too often let curiosity diminish and enthusiasm fade. We lose our perspective; we are so busy making a living that we forget to live. But there is a new stirring in our minds these days. We are broadening our interests; we are re-laying the foundations of faith. We are beginning to understand what Sir Josiah means when he says that "without moral values there can be no material values."

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